SR/EDUCATION-TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 19, 1970 / 50¢

# EDUCATION/70'S

## END OF THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

BY PETER SCHRAG

## CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE

BY PETER MARIN

## THE SCHOOLS WE WANT: A FAMILY DIALOGUE

BY NAT AND MARGOT HENTOFF

## WHO NEEDS SCHOOLS?

BY JOHN H. FI

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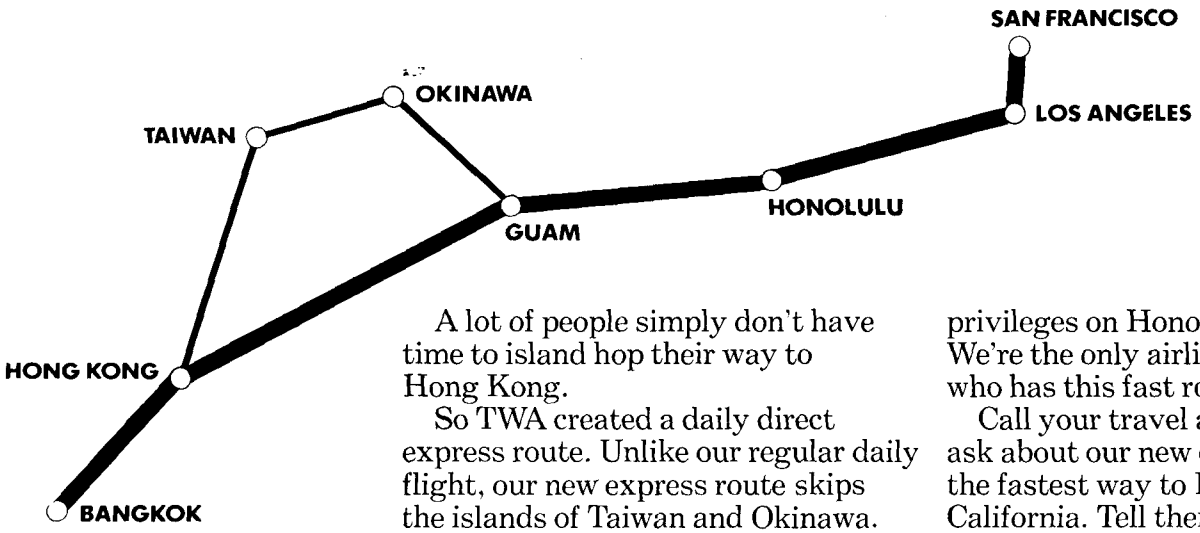


A lot of people simply don't have time to island hop their way to Hong Kong.

So TWA created a daily direct express route. Unlike our regular daily flight, our new express route skips the islands of Taiwan and Okinawa.

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Call your travel agent or TWA and ask about our new express flight 745: the fastest way to Hong Kong from California. Tell them you're pressed for time.

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September 19, 1970

# Saturday Review

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**Education/70's**

*Tenth Anniversary Issue*

*Cover design: Bob Cato*

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Norman Cousins, President and Editor; William D. Patterson, Executive Vice President and Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Vice President and Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Vice President-Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Vice President-Programs; Joseph S. Iseman, Secretary; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $10 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIII, No. 38, September 19, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
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For this special educational issue of *SR*, it seems appropriate to quote several new Doubleday Anchor Books which are certainly supplementing my education.

From Ishmael Reed's brilliant bursts in an introduction to his 19 NECROMANCERS FROM NOW, an "anthology of original American writing for the '70s":

*"I was to learn that White authors, as well as Afro-American authors, are neglected by the American university. Before I arrived at Berkeley, there was no room in the curriculum for detective novels or Western fiction, even though some of the best contributions to American literature occur in these genres."*

From WHY TEACHERS STRIKE, edited by Melvin Urofsky:

*"Local control and community involvement in education are part of the history and the myths of American education..."*

From PSYCHEDELICS, edited by Bernard Aaronson and Humphry Osmond, this report of an individual turned on by morning glory seeds:

*"Upon opening my eyes . . . the first book I perceived was the Holy Bible . . . Strangely, the smooth, burnished pages felt like human skin. I fondled, kissed, and caressed the pages. For the first time in several hours, I had found some degree of tranquility. . ."*

In MAO TSE-TUNG ON REVOLUTION AND WAR, I found Mao on the military-industrial complex—his own:

*"Every Communist must grasp the truth, 'Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun.' Our principle is that the Party commands the gun, and the gun must never be allowed to command the Party. . ."*

From the new preface to Kevin Phillips' THE EMERGING REPUBLICAN MAJORITY:

*"My own feeling, as a Northeasterner born and bred, is that no region of the country has a worse record—from the Federalist era to Herbert Hoover—of defending worn-out and institutionalized political credos."*

Doubleday Anchor Books are no longer a new idea—but they continue to be a great one.

*L.L. Day*

**EDITOR-AT-LARGE**

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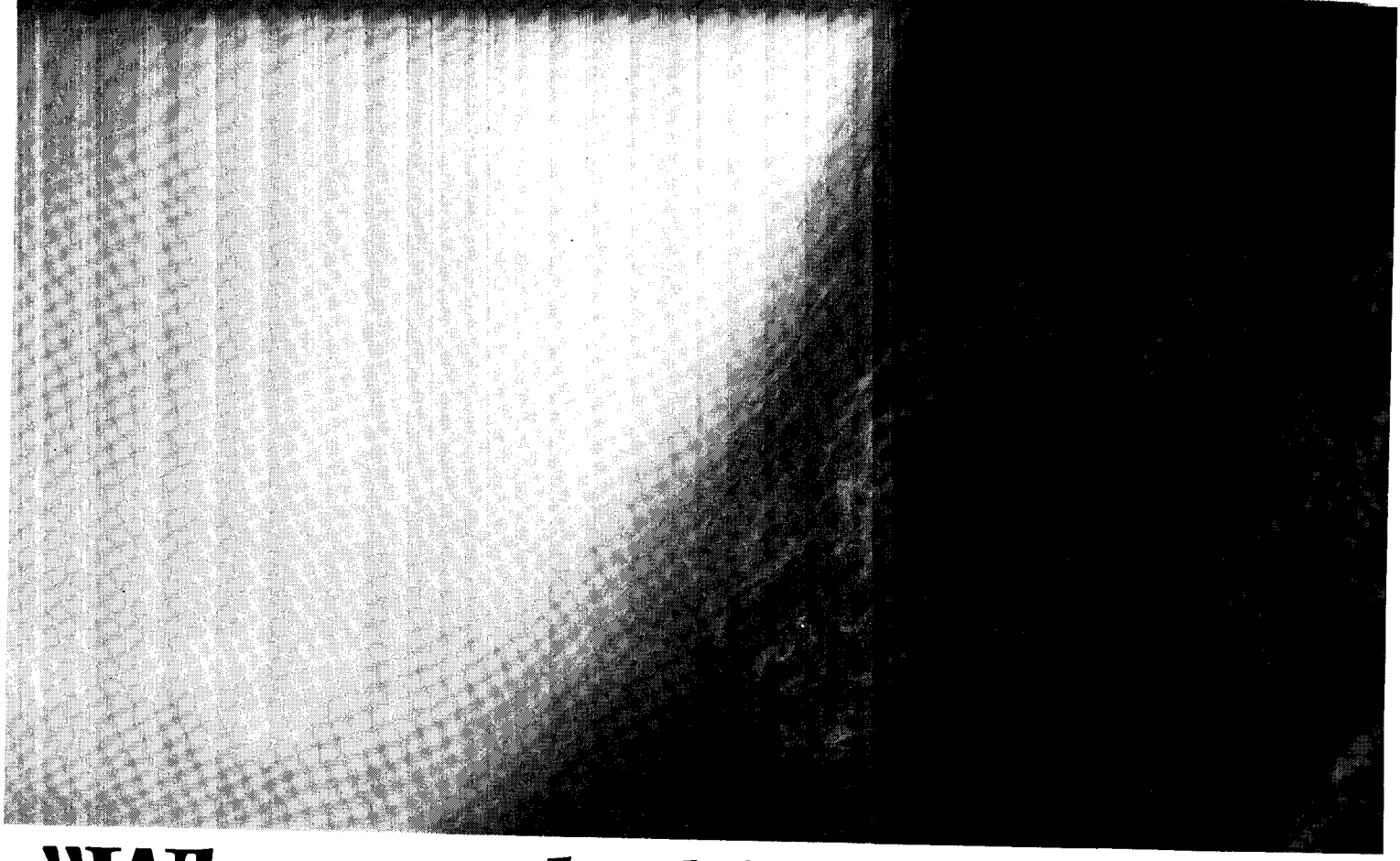

# "Who was the black American

Matthew Henson was the only American to share Robert E. Peary's historic adventure in 1909. But hardly anybody knows about him. That's because black Americans don't always show up in the school books children read. This didn't stop Miss Mary Loretta Champine, supervising teacher at Albert Ives Elementary School in Detroit, from helping her students learn about Henson and others like him. She did it with a special class project that gave her entire school a fresh look at black history.

**"I asked each student to write a story."**

"Everybody in my class chose a famous black American to write about. Each child gathered his own information, then the class put together a program where the children read their stories to a full auditorium. Some of them even found recorded speeches, music, pictures, and anything

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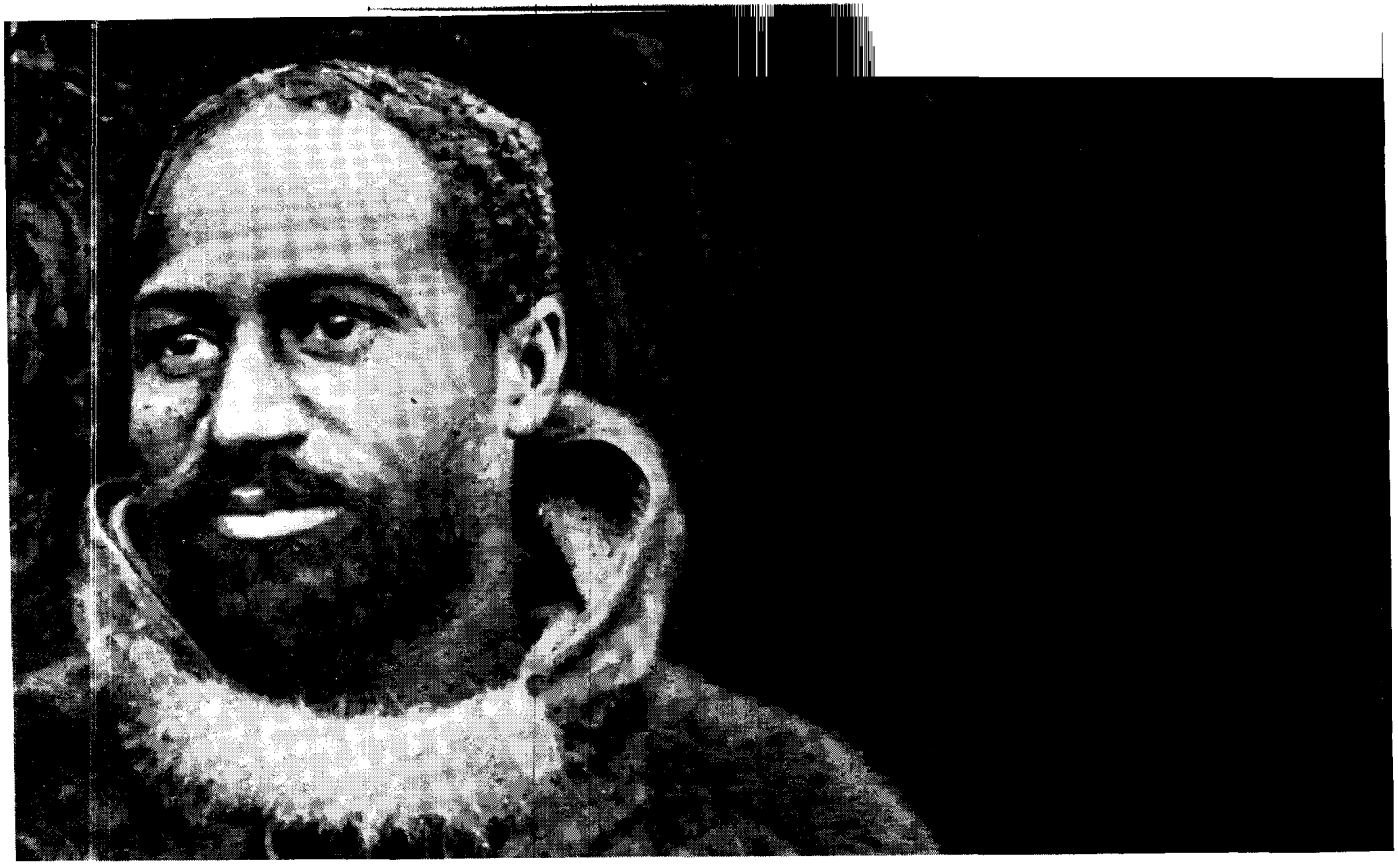

# with Peary at the North Pole?"

else they could think of to dramatize the lives of the personalities they were talking about.

**"Special booklets showed each student's work."**

"Next we prepared a booklet on spirit masters, and made copies for each child to fill in. There was one page where he listed his sources of information, and one with blank picture frames where the child drew pictures of the people he learned about. Other pages had challenging crossword puzzles, fill-in questions and name-matching lessons, where the student showed his knowledge about the other black Americans featured in the program. The final page is where each student told what he learned from this experience and what he enjoyed most about it.

**"I've never seen them so proud...."**

"We put all the booklets on display on our bulletin board, along with photos of the students and their written program reports, where all the other children could read through them. I know this gave everybody in my class a great sense of achievement, self-confidence and brotherhood because that bulletin board held something we could all be proud of."

Special projects make classwork exciting, but creative teachers like Miss Champine know that the excitement and pride last a lot longer when students see their work displayed and recognized. If you'd like to see more ideas on keeping your students involved and interested, plus examples of how other teachers are doing it, write for our new "Creative Teaching" brochure:
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# Phoenix Nest

*Edited by Martin Levin*

## The One and Only

IN A RECENT interview Salvador Dali insisted he is the first man in Spain to see the sun rise. His home stands on the easternmost tip of the Costa Brava, and he gets up early.

Unlike records that involve numerical figures, a claim such as Dali's is something I suspect most of us can never read without wanting to disprove. And having failed to disprove it we immediately begin to speculate on its converse. First of all, aren't the Balearic Islands a part of Spain? And they're about seventy-five miles nearer to the dawn than anywhere between the Pyrenees and Africa. If Dali had specified the Spanish mainland only, his claim might have been valid. But as hardly anyone can tell what he's talking about when he speaks English, he may well have been more precise than he sounded. So we can let it go at that and close the atlas.

But half a minute later it's open again. If Salvador Dali is the first man to see the sun rise, who is the last man on the Iberian Peninsula to see it set? A Portuguese, obviously, and a man who would be living a little to the west of Lisbon. And this provokes the recollection that it is not Portugal, but Ireland, that is Europe's most western country, and that the most western town in it is Dingle. So, to put the imaginary claim on a continental basis, the last *European* to observe the setting of the sun would be someone who lived between Dingle and the coast, or possibly on one of the islands that hug the coast. And even that wouldn't be true if there were a Kerryman who made it a practice to sail his curragh out in the Atlantic whenever the great golden ball was about to dip.

On that reflection the atlas can remain closed.

But only for three days—because by the end of the week a newspaper arrives with the claim that it is "the first newspaper published in the world every day." And it is, to be sure, being the *Fiji Times*, 101 years old. "Suva," it explains, "is just west of the International Date Line, where the new day begins." (This may be one of the most explanatory mastheads in all journalism—possibly setting up another kind of record.)

Well, the *Fiji Times* would hardly take up its stance on an insecure premise, but still, just to make sure, let's look at a map of the Pacific. Here we can discover—kidding ourselves we knew it all along, but had forgotten—that the International Date Line isn't straight by any means, but weaves back and forth before dropping down to the bottom of the world. The Chatham Islands and the Tongas, therefore, might have challenged Fiji's claim, but presumably neither publishes a daily; so Suva it has to be.

Which, then, would be the *last* newspaper to be published every day? Samoa, Midway, and the most western of the Aleutians are all in the running, and though the mind wavers momentarily with thoughts of U.S. Army newspapers a quarter of a century ago, the honor will have to be awarded to the *Honolulu Advertiser*—even if being the last isn't a distinction anybody in mid-Pacific is going to boast about.

Anyway, to a Chicagoan it all makes a change from townships that are the world's greatest producers of plastic combs or of purple shoelaces, or from world-famous restaurants that nobody outside Illinois has ever heard of.

—FRANK LITTLER.

## The Automobile, History of (1896-1984)

THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION engine was successfully joined to a chassis and four wheels in Germany in 1896, or '7, or '4. It looked funny, and the people who are always around to say such things said "get a horse" and "who needs it" and "ha ha."

Later, in the United States, a young Irish lad figured that what was holding up the parade was the difficulty in making repairs and getting parts to fit; so he began an assembly line. Somebody else flattened out a couple of roads; the Irish lad raised salaries to $5 a day; another lad cornered the gasoline market by making the railroads give him special rates, and the horse was dead.

This may be the place to remark that the Irish fella had to establish systems for giving his money away and so did the fella in the gasoline game, but nothing much happened with the man who flattened the roads. There may be a moral here but probably not.

The REO was named for R. E. Olds, and so was the Oldsmobile. Chevrolet was a racing driver. Stanley was a Mr.

(*Continued on page 96*)

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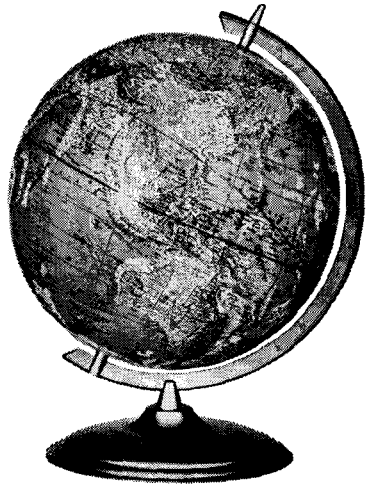
GLOBES OF DISTINCTION



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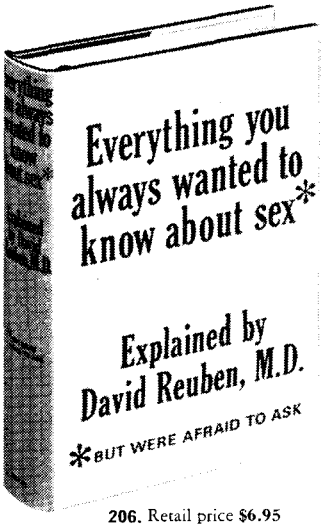


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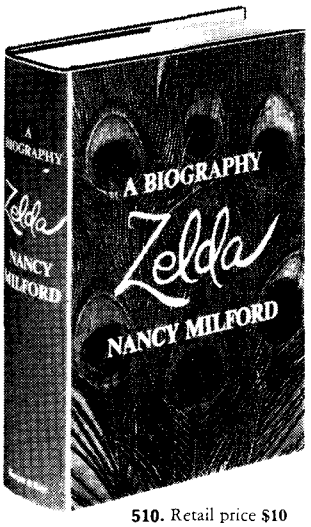


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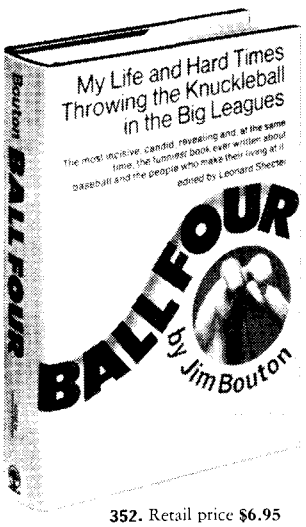


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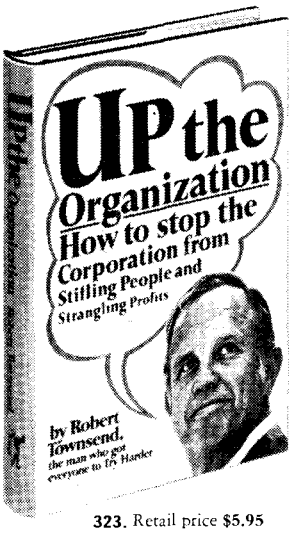


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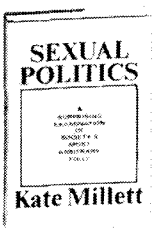


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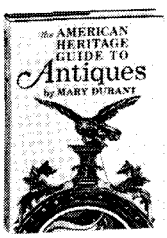


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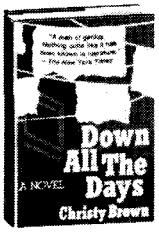


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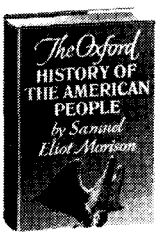


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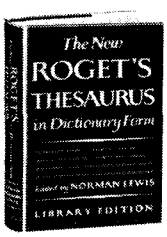


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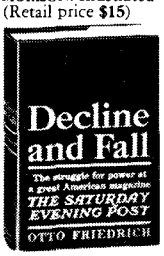


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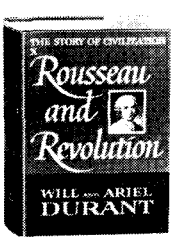


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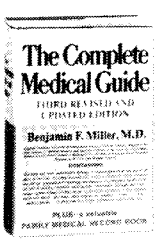


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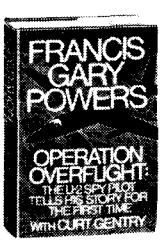


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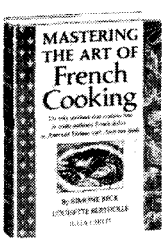


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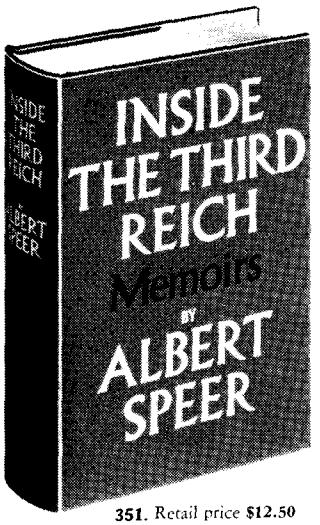
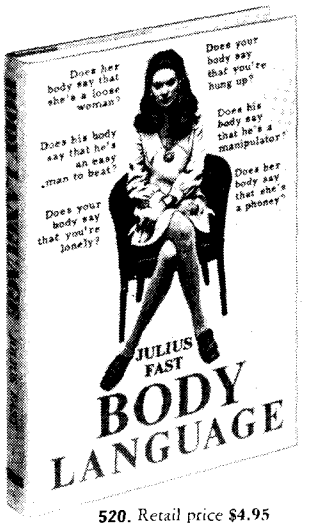



**351.** Retail price **$12.50**


Does her body say that she's a loose woman?
Does your body say that you're hung up?
Does his body say that he's an easy man to beat?
Does his body say that he's a manipulator?
Does your body say that you're lonely?
Does her body say that she's a phoney?
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BODY LANGUAGE

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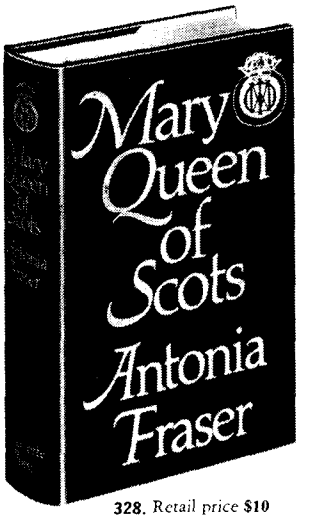
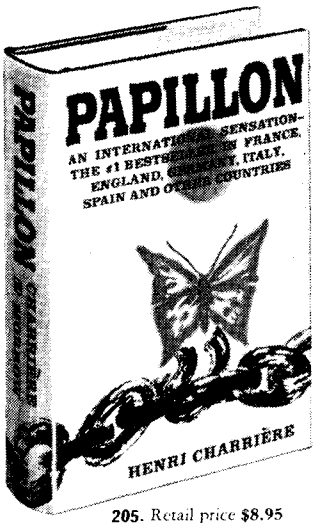



**328.** Retail price **$10**

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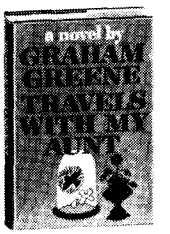


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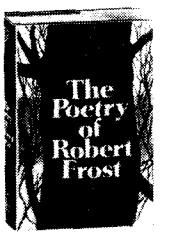


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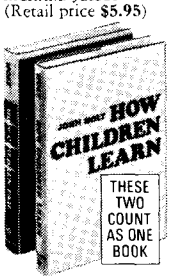


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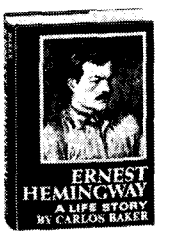


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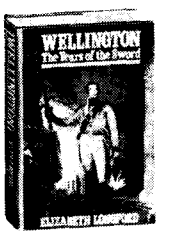


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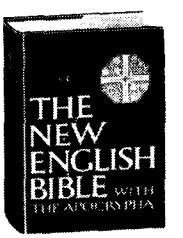


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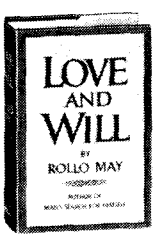


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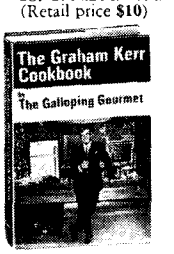


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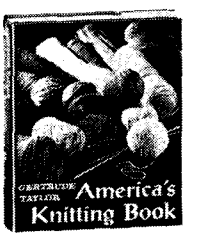


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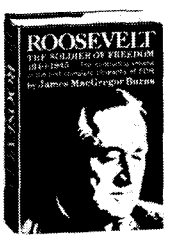


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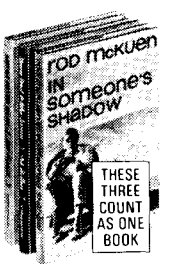


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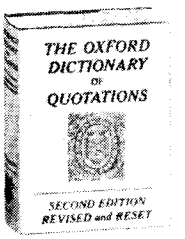


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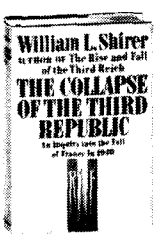


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# Top of My Head

*Goodman Ace*

## She's Back Again

I DON'T KNOW if you were here when I told about the night my TV set allegedly started talking back to me. Well, it happened again when a performer paused to say, "And now a word from our sponsor."

"That's a euphemism," I alleged. "You said 'a word'—and you've been going on endlessly to allege that 'If you have iron poor blood, you need more iron in your blood, and you better get that iron poor blood ironed out or you'll have tired blood.' Both I and my blood are tired of hearing about it."

That's when She—my TV set, my lady of psychedelic color and psychopathic entertainment—screamed at me: "Quiet on the set! If, as you allege, you can't sit through a commercial, go to your refrigerator and get a bottle of beer. Go stretch your coffee break, go buy a Plymouth, go rinse your mouth, go scrub your sink, go dry up your wetness, go fizz your dentures. Go do any of those untidy things that every man who doesn't have iron poor blood allegedly does when a commercial appears. I'm tired of listening to you rave and rant at me. You're making me so nervous I could jump off a ledge," she alleged.

"Oh, aren't we in a bad mood tonight!" I said.

"Well, I've had a horrible summer. I'm just getting over a bad case of the reruns."

"Me too," I replied. "Second reruns of shows that should have had their last run after their first run. And third and fourth reruns of movies that have at last run their long course."

"Nevertheless," she said, "you do realize that without sponsors there would be no television."

"No television," I ruminated dreamily.

"Just a minute, sir. You sound as if you are ruminating dreamily about not having any TV any more. Where would you be if you had no TV to appear on to talk about your new book *Ladies and Gentlemen, Easy Aces*, with a recording of one of your programs inside the cover, published by Doubleday, end of plug."

"Thanks, but I don't go on TV because I don't look like this."

"Whatever that means. I'll admit you're no Pat Paulsen."

"Thank you, I think. But tell me, what new goodies have you planned for us this coming new season?"

"I know you just can't wait," she alleged, "but that's classified information."

"Well, can you tell me this: Will the situation comedy programs be 'relevant' and 'aware'—make a comment on the current scene?"

"Oh, come on—who wants relevance and awareness? TV entertainment is a pleasant escape."

"So's a prison break. Just because we're a captive audience, does TV have to operate in a vacuum? Do you know that in all the years that *Lucy* has been on TV she has never received a Mother's Day card? Do you know that the Dick Van Dyke family never sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner on TV? And, with one or two exceptions, no TV situation comedy has ever recognized any other holiday, or any war, or high interest rates, inflation, integration, or China? And you know why? Because of 'residuals.' In a second or third or fourth rerun, programs, which had been filmed years ahead, cannot be scheduled according to holidays, or social problems that may be out of style by the time they are repeated. That's where the big money is, in the reruns. That's the profit system."

"What are you—a Communist or something?"

"Now don't start that kind of smear talk. I'll cut you down to an end table. Instead of a bowl of waxed flowers in your hair, you'll be wearing an ash tray."

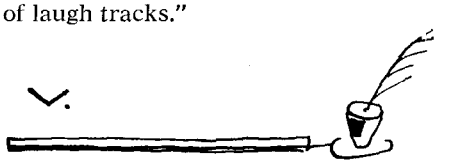
"But you keep complaining about my comedy. I give you plenty of good serious programs. Also you're forgetting this is an election year. How about all those politicians I'm going to bring you this fall?" she asked.

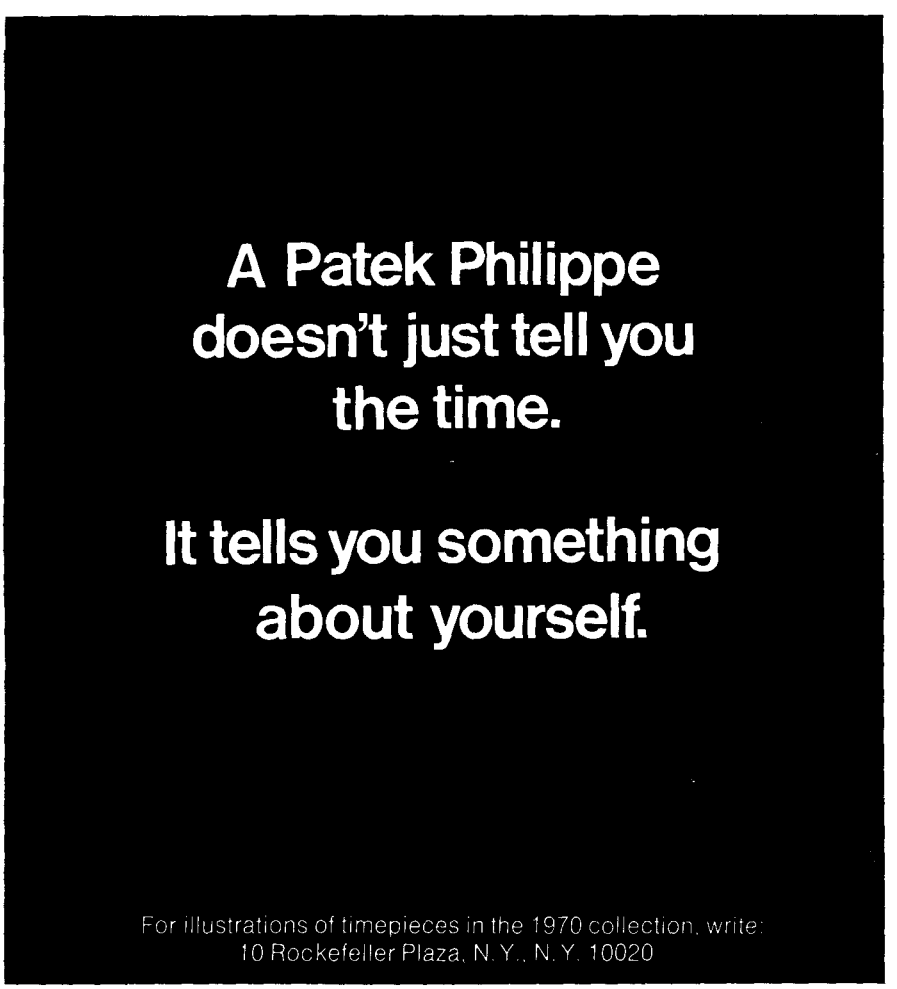
"Well, we're back to comedy again. Are you in favor of equal time on TV?"

"Why not? But politicians ought to choose catchier titles for their shows to get good ratings. Something like *Pettifoggery Junction*, or *The Fulbright Saga*, or *What's My Lyin'?* You're not laughing, sir."

"Neither are you, for a pleasant change."

"Oh, that reminds me," she said. "Excuse me. I have to go can a fresh batch of laugh tracks."

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—*Kingman Brewster, Jr.*

"There is something very pernicious about liberal arts education."
—*Dr. S. I. Hayakawa*

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—*H.S. Student Union Leaflet*

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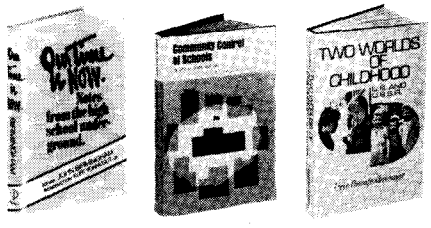


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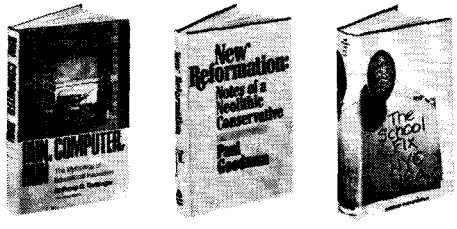


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# Trade Winds

*Cleveland Amory*

**Our Sign of the Times** came from Arnold Lott, senior book editor of the U.S. Naval Institute at Annapolis. Mr. Lott advised us that Annapolis has just received an order for fifty copies of a book it published twenty-seven years ago. The title: *Hand to Hand Combat.* The purchaser: the university bookstore at Kent State.

**Elsewhere** on the back-to-the-trenches—or rather the colleges—scene, Hope and Ellen Davis of Washington, D.C., suggest, as a peace gesture, that colleges hold beauty contests. Their categories follow:

For the School of Science:
Math Dept.—Miss Calculation
Foreign Affairs—Miss Alliance
Bus. Dept.—Miss Management
Phys. Ed. Dept.—Miss Fit
School of Mines—Miss Lead
School of Liberal Arts:
Eng. Dept.—Miss Spelling
Journ. Dept.—Miss Print
Drama Dept.—Miss Direct
Music Dept.—Miss Conduct
Foreign Lang.—Miss Pronunciation
Counseling—Miss Guide

"These eleven girls," the Misses Davis apprise us, "will be judged on their poise and personality. And," they add, "one of them will win the coveted title of Miss Demeanor."

**Meanwhile,** Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Gillies of St. Simons Island, Georgia, favored us with our Letter of the Week—from the Atlanta *Constitution*:

> Ft. McPherson—I am so disgusted with letters from your readers who criticize the country, the newspapers, the system, and the government. If these people have the gumption to write, then they should have the nerve to sign their names to their belief. These type people are a disgrace to America. If they believe their way is right, then they should be proud to sign their letters.
>
> A Reader
> (Do not use my name.)

**Abroad** there was trouble too. Mrs. John L. Kraemer of New York took the following item from a London dispatch to *The New York Times*:

> The guests at the charter dinner of the Edinburgh Merchant Company wore stiff shirts, white ties, and tales.

Ask us no questions, we always say, and we'll tell you no tails. And, over in Paris, there was oldest-profession difficulty—as witnessed by Arthur Cohen of Los Angeles, who sent it as a Paris dispatch to *The Los Angeles Times*:

> The Paris red-light district was established 700 years ago by King Louis IX, France's honored St. Louis. It was closed in 1946 after charges that high officials, including a miniature of interior, were part owners of one of the best-known houses.

Well, if we've told you once, we've told you a thousand times: Watch out for those *petits bourgeois.*

**Finally,** Clara F. Wiley of Hudson Falls, New York, discovered one of our Advertisements of the Week—merely by reading on her Ozark Air Lines ticket envelope, Ozark's Group Travel Plan:

> It's so easy. Ten or more persons making confirmed reservations and travelling together from their point of origin are eligible to go Ozark at 80% of the one-way 1st class propeller or jet coach fare on a one-way trip and 133 1/3% of the one-way 1st class propeller or jet coach fare on the round trip.

If that's easy, we'd sure hate to take on Ozark's hard stuff.

**For some weeks** now book reviewers have been feeling the way authors feel just before one of their books is reviewed by such reviewers—in other words, nervous. The reason is that not long ago a member of the book-reviewing fraternity queried his local Internal Revenue Service man on the fact that he had counted as a charitable deduction review copies of books he had received and then given away. Revenue replied reasonably that they were indeed deductible—provided they had been listed as income to begin with.

That put the fat in the fire—in fact the fact that Infernal Revenue had inferred, or rather conferred, taxability on review copies started book reviewers all over the country not only giving bad notices to Revenue but, in some cases, giving notice period to their employers. Paul Flowers of the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, for example, was ready to appeal—on the ground that if he had to pay income tax on all the books that he received, most of which he did not want, then he would soon qualify as a charitable deduction himself. Thorp Menn of the Kansas City *Star* declared that if, on his $12,000 salary, he had to deduct, at their retail price, the 5,000 books sent to him yearly, he then would have a taxable income of $42,000 dollars and would owe the government $14,000 in taxes or $2,000 more than he earned.

At this juncture, Barry Bingham, Sr., of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* wrote to fifty publishers, book and newspaper, asking them to join together in an attempt to persuade IRS to reverse its stand. Wrote Bingham:

> The *Courier-Journal* loses a substantial amount of money each year on our book pages. We regard this expense as legitimate only because the book page is thought of as a reader service. . . . If, however, to the loss which already exists are to be added the very large costs. . . .

One who received this letter was Richard Taplinger of Taplinger Publishing Company. "This thing could spread," he told us, "from books to movies to art to almost anything. The whole promotion and publicity businesses would come apart at the seams. Somebody takes you out to lunch. He deducts you. But, according to this, for you it's income." Meanwhile Sanford Cobb, president of the Association of American Publishers, went a step further. "Somebody made the quip," he told us, "that under this ruling even the winetasters would be required to report the value of the wine they sipped."

On the serious side, however, and better news for the reviewers, was the fact that, primarily due to a letter of protest from the Authors' League of America, the IRS now has indicated that its previous ruling was limited to the situation involved (i.e., taking the books as a charitable deduction) and that it will now, as it puts it, "hold discussions with the association and other interested parties towards the development of guidelines on this complicated issue." "We have reason to believe," Mr. Cobb declared, "that the full implication of the ruling was not lost on the commissioner himself."

Who knows? Maybe people started sending him books.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1901)

(John) Mander:
*(The) Unrevolutionary Society*

Utopia is no-place. Yet we are bound to seek it, as we are bound to find it, in every place. For there is one task that is common to all human societies: the task of so ordering man's life that his potentialities may be realized, and not perverted into instruments of self-destruction.



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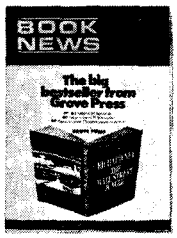


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# Manner of Speaking

*John Ciardi*

**THEY STOPPED AND SPOKE:** The one new dimension our age has given to the study of poetry is the poet's recorded voice. We have the words of earlier poets on their well-edited pages. Many of us have heard Frost, Eliot, Stevens, and William Carlos Williams read. Having been there, we could perhaps awe the young with our memories, as Browning was once awed by the elder, real or imagined, who moved him to write:

> Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you,
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new!

Now, in 1970, it is merely usual to listen to Frost, Williams, Eliot, or even Yeats reading their own poems. Yet imagine what it would be to have a similar recording of Shelley. The technical miracle is in the simple fact that all future Shelleys—barring some extraordinary mischance—will be available in this way to all future generations.

We even have come to the spoken anthology of poetry. Yale once began an extensive series of readings by poets, though the project seems to have been suspended for lack of funds. The Library of Congress offers a similar and continuing series running to many discs. It would take a catalogue to list the number of album-sized anthologies that have collected the readings of various groups of poets.

Now comes the Spoken Arts *Treasury of 100 American Poets* (thirty-six sides; SA 1040-1057, or handsomely boxed as SA-P-18; list $117; available until Oct. 20 at $79.95; individual discs $6.50), and, short of a whole library of individual recordings, I know of nothing to equal it as the basic voice-anthology for any collection of modern American poetry.

The poets represented range from Edgar Lee Masters (1869-1950) to Robert Kelly (1935- ). Counting from the first publications by Masters just before the turn of the century to what may well be Kelly's final publications in the next century (he will just have reached retirement age in the year 2000—if we make it), the *Treasury* may be said to cover a century of American poetry, and it covers it well.

Inevitably, alas, there are gaps. Elinor Wylie, Sarah Teasdale, Genevieve Taggard, and Kenneth Fearing seem not to have left any recordings. Hart Crane, as rumor once had it, did once record for a New York City radio station, but when Arthur Luce Klein of Spoken Arts finally tracked the rumor back to fact, it was only to find that the recording had been discarded in the course of a periodic thinning-out of the station's record library.

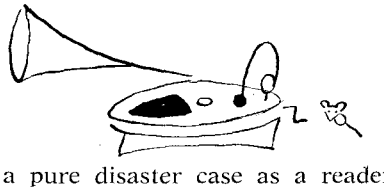
Other poets—Robinson, Lindsay, Millay—did record, but unsolvable legal problems prevented their inclusion in the *Treasury*. And though T. S. Eliot recorded extensively, the legalities that bind his estate made it impossible to represent him except by selections from "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats"—a compromise that may, in one sense, outdo unfettered choice, in that the fussy and doddering voice of Old Possum turns out to be identical with that in which Eliot read his most vatic passages—a fact I will certainly offer as an insight into the nature of literary man.

The experience of hearing poets read their own works—especially the experience of listening again after some interval—can have many surprises. Wallace Stevens, whom I had remembered as a rather bad and mumbly reader, emerges in this recording as a good one. Pound, whom I had remembered as a miserable reader, emerges as more miserable than I had remembered. Marianne Moore, always a poor reader, shows no improvement in the present selections. But Sandburg, who had always sounded merely windy to me, moved me powerfully in these selections, especially with his grand reading of "Wilderness." There are few gifts as happily received as a chance to revise an opinion upward, and I had another such bonus from Babette Deutsch—what a good poem her "Homage to John Skelton" is, and how well she reads it!

By and large, however, the younger poets emerge as better readers than their elders—perhaps because they have grown up with the microphone as a natural accessory. I especially relished the readings of William Jay Smith, John Brinnin, William Meredith, Howard Nemerov, and Richard Wilbur, all of whom have firm speaking voices and all of whom use them with a clear and proud respect for the language in their mouths.

Some voices—Snodgrass's and Viereck's, for example—take a bit of getting used to but soon fall convincingly into place. One of the pleasures of listening is in hearing how different voices, coming on as they do with highly individual timbres, inflections, intonations, and breath groups, do find their poems and soon seem to become inevitable to them.

Among the "younger" poets (if the word may be taken here to mean "not yet certifiably ancient") only Elizabeth Bishop, one of our best writers,



is a pure disaster case as a reader, not only chewing her lines with a flat and embarrassed insensitivity to them, but often pushing them off her palate as if they were a bad taste.

Yet everything is a clue, and every clue offers one more insight. The final creation of any good poet is the personality he invents, not in any one poem but in the total of his works. To hear the poet's own voice sounding his lines is to sense that personality in an especially vivid way. When the reading is bad, the clue is uncertain. Yet even then we learn that the poet hears not as his voice projects but as his inner ear imagines. When the reading is good, we hear voice and inner ear coming together and we guess that the two can never meet, that there are variables to the imagined sound of the poem and that they cannot all be sounded in any one reading. And always, of course, we have the sense of the personality of the voice we are hearing.

These are valuable additions to our sense of poetry and of the particular poet we are hearing. The voice-anthology offers us such additions to our sense of a whole period of poetry. Among such anthologies, I must believe, the Spoken Arts *Treasury* is a collection that will not soon be rivaled.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*Dr. Harry Weintraub, Principal, drops in on Miss Simmons' class during a Distar™ reading session. Distar arithmetic and language programs also are used in the school.*

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*A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the Distar Systems, published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.*

Ruth Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Principal. Between them, they've taught and observed all kinds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally disadvantaged.

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"When the children learn these sounds, we teach them how to put several of them together. All of a sudden, they're reading words. And do they feel great!

"Our District Superintendent, Dr. Anthony Ferrerio, introduced Distar to two schools in our district last year after hearing how successful it was in schools around the country.

"I'm very enthusiastic about it. I know my kids will be reading *stories* before they get to the first grade. And that's really something."

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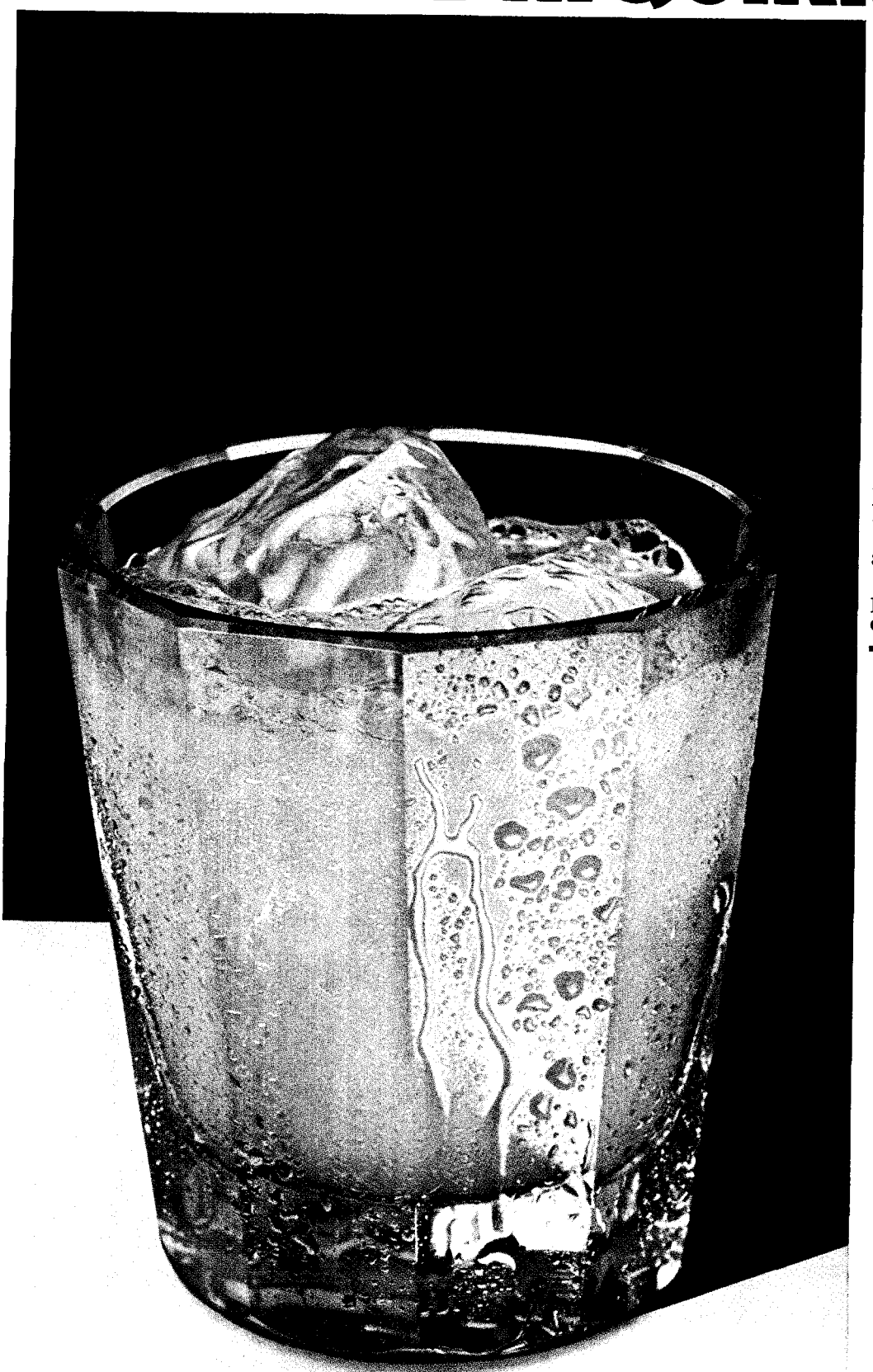

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*Saturday Review*
September 19, 1970

# Criminal Justice In Times of Turbulence

"Can complexity and anxiety cause us to doubt that freedom is the child of courage? Shall we fail to remember that nothing can so weaken security as the loss of liberty?"

by RAMSEY CLARK

In its most direct contacts with crime—prevention, detection, apprehension, conviction, and correction—the American system of criminal justice fails miserably. Since most crime is never reported to the police, the agencies of criminal justice are ignorant of most of the conduct they are designed to control.

Of the several million serious crimes reported annually to police, barely one in nine results in a conviction. Murder is usually reported, and 86 per cent of all reported murders lead to arrests. Among those arrested, however, only 64 per cent are prosecuted and but 43 per cent of the cases prosecuted result in convictions. Of persons prosecuted for murder, 19 per cent are convicted of a lesser crime, such as assault, arising from the same incident, and 38 per cent are acquitted or dismissed. Fewer than one in four of the murders known to the police result in a conviction. In the case of robbery, the ratio is one in twelve.

For the most common index crimes —burglary, larceny, and car theft— which include 3.8 million of the 4.5 million index crimes reported in 1968, fewer than one in five led to an arrest and fewer than one in twelve resulted in a conviction. If you commit a serious crime and it happens to be reported to police, the chances are better than four in five no one will ever even be arrested; more likely, moreover, your crime will never be reported, and if reported the chances of acquittal or dismissal are high. Preventive efforts by police cannot be effective when risks of detection, apprehension, and conviction are so slim.

Less than two-thirds of the cases in which charges are filed against individuals for murder and robbery can be prosecuted; often the evidence is inadequate. In some cases the person charged may be innocent. In many others prosecution is frustrated through failures in the offices of district attorneys and through delays in the courts, because the police were given erroneous or incomplete legal advice, because available evidence was not developed, or because young, understaffed, and undertrained lawyers performed ineffectively. Long backlogs in the criminal docket force many dismissals: Witnesses die or disappear, evidence becomes stale or lost, and the very importance of proceeding is diminished by antiquity.

Long delays in many trials, moreover, dissipate any deterrent effect that might possibly result from conviction. Deterrence through prosecution arises from the belief that a wrongful act will result in conviction. As we have seen, it rarely does. But even if conviction were certain, the deterring effect is mimimal unless it is also swift. A speedy trial is essential if there is to be a relationship between wrongful conduct and correction.

When the record of rehabilitation by correctional agencies is considered, the failure of the criminal justice system is compounded. While there may be only one conviction for every fifty or more serious crimes, only one-fourth of those who are convicted will go to prison, and most who are imprisoned will commit subsequent crimes. Thus even among the very small portion of all the people who commit serious crimes and are ultimately convicted, the system rehabilitates fewer than half. Rehabilitation is the major chance the criminal justice system has to reduce crime; yet even here it fails.

It is difficult to conceive of a criminal justice system operating in our environment, however sanguine we may wish to be, that could quadruple the present percentage of convictions. But even with such an increase in effectiveness, we would still not have convictions in a majority of the crimes reported. And without improved correctional capability any increase in convictions is more likely to increase than decrease crime. Society cannot look to convictions as its best protection against crime.

The criminal justice system is a process in which each stage must contribute to the same goals—the prevention and control of crime and the rehabilitation of offenders. Performance at one level must be efficiently coordinated with the next—police to prosecutor to judge to jailer, not only within the same jurisdiction, but between various functions in different geographic jurisdictions as well. If police are not effective in preventing crime,

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RAMSEY CLARK is former Attorney General of the United States. This piece is previewed from *Crime in America,* to be published by Simon & Schuster this fall.
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prosecution, courts, and prisons are flooded. If police fail to solve crimes, prosecution cannot proceed and courts cannot do justice—the rest of the system never has its chance. When a district attorney's office inadequately or dishonestly presents cases developed by police, the deterrent effect of the process is lost. Guilty persons are not convicted and the public is not protected.

If courts have huge backlogs and are unable to reach criminal cases for many months, burdens are placed on police, who may be confronted with a series of crimes committed by people released on bail pending trial; prosecutors face the difficult task of keeping up with witnesses, constantly reviewing old matters and endeavoring to present stale evidence when trial is reached; jails will be overcrowded with defendants who are not released pending trial.

For the accused, delay often means an increased opportunity to commit crimes or a diminished chance for rehabilitation because of continued exposure to forces heading him toward crime—the old gang, the broken home, the narcotics habit—because crimes may be committed while he is waiting trial, and because associations and experiences in jail before trial may produce more crime. For the innocent person accused of crime, delay means prolonged anxiety. If the accused is held in jail pending trial, his ability to obtain evidence or witnesses to establish innocence is reduced; innocent or not, he also risks losing his job, the breakup of an unsupported family, exposure to homosexuality, violence, and antisocial attitudes.

Finally, if corrections fail to rehabilitate, then all the efforts of police, prosecutors, and judges can only speed the cycle of crime. Longer sentences tend to harden people who spend years waiting to be released; they do not deter others on the outside; and they impede rehabilitation of the persons sentenced. On the average, the number of prisoners released each day is equal to the number incarcerated, regardless of the length of their sentences. The question is not how long they were in jail, but what they will do when they are released. Public safety depends not on the length of the sentence, but on rehabilitation.

No single effort can perfect the criminal justice process within a given jurisdiction. Merely to add more police, or increase the district attorney's staff, or provide additional judges, or build a new jail will not be enough unless that happens to be the single deficiency of the system within that jurisdiction. There is no such jurisdiction. Nor can protection be adequate within one jurisdiction if that in other jurisdictions is poor. Not even a good city police department can effectively control crime when adjoining jurisdictions protect gambling, prostitution, or drug use. Cooperation among police departments in different cities is necessary to combat gambling syndicates and robbery, burglary, and stolen-car rings that work from city to city. The apprehension and return of wanted persons and the detection and transmission of evidence and witnesses may require the assistance of several jurisdictions.

Weak prosecution and long delays in criminal trials, moreover, affect people outside the jurisdiction involved. Every day persons with indictments pending in several distant states are arrested on new charges in states they have only recently entered.

When wardens confine first-offense juveniles in jail with hardened criminals, as happens to more than 100,000 youngsters a year, and prisons release inmates bent on further crime, distant places and people are affected. Inmates released from the brutal Cummins and Tucker prison farms in Arkansas later have committed crimes in Missouri, Texas, and California. Because we are mobile and interdependent, agencies of criminal justice must be strengthened throughout the country to be fully effective anywhere. There is no way in our open society that one city or county or state can protect its citizens adequately when crime is rampant elsewhere in the nation.

Effective coordination among agencies of criminal justice, therefore, is imperative. Beginning in 1966, the federal government sponsored the creation of state coordinating councils, comprising local police, prosecutors, courts, and corrections officers within each state. After the passage of the Crime Control Act of 1968, these councils were established on a more formal basis and financed to provide opportunities for coordination, assessment of priorities, more effective distribution of funds, and education.

Even more important has been the creation of Urban Criminal Justice Coordinating Councils designed to plan effectively for entire metropolitan areas and to coordinate all agencies within the system. The greatest needs of criminal justice within a metropolitan area can be determined only when a professional staff with access to necessary information and experience can survey all activities. Mayor John V. Lindsay, with the support of the Vera Foundation, has provided a model for the nation and invaluable leadership for criminal justice through establishment and support of such a council in New York City.

Despite these efforts the criminal justice system, which has been tragically neglected in America for generations, remains a system in theory only. At a time when our major domestic concern is crime and violence, the nation spends more on household pets than on police. For all police, prosecutors, courts, and corrections—the entire federal, state, and local criminal justice process—our annual expenditure by 1970 was barely $5-billion.

Until the last several years our annual expenditures for the criminal justice process increased by about 5 per cent, barely enough to keep up with population, inflation, and the higher cost of newly developed and badly needed equipment. Among the

*"Your peers, Elaine."*



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consequences of this neglect is that the addition of more of the same is likely to be harmful investment. More untrained police in communities where relations with the public are hostile, where crime isn't reported, where riots are a constant risk is not in the public interest. More judges where there is no effort at court administration, where techniques of efficient docket control are not developed will only diminish the role of the individual judge and the chance for equal justice. More juvenile detention homes that brutalize the young, more jails where homosexuality is rampant, more prisons hardening criminals will not enhance the public safety.

In a climate of fear it is ever more difficult to adhere to basic principles of government. There is constant pressure to reshape law enforcement and to give additional power to the federal and state governments. Through such pressures, we could easily lose liberties that not only are essential to human dignity but that are basic to crime control itself. It will take a stern, even fierce, self-discipline to maintain civil liberties and due process. Pragmatism nourished by anxiety can blur the lines of the framework of government and important principles within the processes of criminal justice until they disappear.

Local government has always been the basic source of law enforcement in America: the sheriff, constable, and policeman. As the nation grew, new jurisdictions were established to serve new needs. With automobile and highway traffic, most states for the first time entered law enforcement with substantial manpower. As urbanization, mobility, mass population, and interdependence slowly increased, the federal government took on more investigative and enforcement functions. Nonetheless, the local base survives, and must survive. Of more than 400,000 full-time law enforcement officers throughout the nation in the late 1960s, fewer than 26,000 were in federal agencies. The states, though varying widely in relative size and jurisdiction, had fewer than 45,000 officers. Local jurisdictions employed the remainder, more than 80 per cent of all civilian law enforcement. The New York City Police Department alone has more than 30,000 officers.

Local law enforcement is divided into more than 40,000 jurisdictions. Considered by itself, this figure demonstrates the irrelevance of much of our government structure to present and future needs. The fragmentation necessarily impairs effectiveness and reflects absurd and debilitating stresses and distortions in the model of government. Many believe, therefore, that a national police force is desirable. With it they see professionalization, integrity, efficiency, and effectiveness. England is their model. But they fail to understand the major currents of need in mass society and the practicalities of American law enforcement. Perhaps the FBI with 6,500 agents can be efficient. Could it be efficient with 300,000 agents?

*"It was a lovely evening, Gladys—all except that part where you made those choice remarks about Spiro Agnew."*

To be effective and efficient, law enforcement must be close to the people and must serve their particular needs. However professional, in the climate of our cities and a nation of our size and diversity, a general police agency controlled from a distance cannot be effective. Participatory democracy is a real force reflecting the need of the individual to have some voice in matters that affect him most. It is no passing fad—nor is the desire for community control of essential public services such as schools, police, health facilities, welfare, employment agencies, pollution control, and garbage collection. The support, the confidence, the personal familiarity of the public are necessary for the police to do their job. These qualities can be developed only on the streets where people live. Anyone who has been through the frustrations of seeking action from Washington or the state capital on a local project can imagine the limitations of a national or statewide police force. In major urban areas, even city hall is too remote. Local precincts alone can know and sensitively meet the needs of the people.

A reason more than adequate in itself to avoid a national police is the immense concentration of power it would pose. The FBI has as high a concentration of power as should be permitted by people who want to be free. The diffusion of federal civilian investigative and enforcement authority among numerous agencies, state police with a cumulative manpower greater than the federal force, and the dominance of local law enforcement are essential to liberty. The risk of concentration of police power in America today exceeds that of any earlier time because the disparity in power between the individual and the state is so much greater. The dependence of the individual on government is very great. With the development of the computer, the penetration of electronic equipment into the innermost recesses of our private lives, and the anonymity of the individual even in his own neighborhood, the risks inherent in a national police force are intolerable.

The federal government has a role in law enforcement and an important one. But that role must be clearly and sensitively defined and the definition carefully adhered to. The federal role starts with the protection of its own operations. Customs violations, federal tax infraction, agricultural, postal, and drug inspection are essential to the exercise of federal responsibilities. Federal agencies must also support local law enforcement agencies in the channels of commerce—investigat-



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ing interstate thefts or the transportation of kidnap victims across state lines —and must liberate local criminal justice agencies from organized crime. Because of the neglect of criminal justice, the most important federal activity is to provide leadership, financial resources, research, and models of excellence in its own areas—the FBI, the U.S. Attorney, the federal courts, and the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

The state governments also have a distinct role, but state agencies are no substitute for local law enforcement. Since some of our states are as populous today as great nations once were —California and New York approach twenty million people—a state police can be as dangerous as a national police. State law enforcement experience, moreover, has been limited. A majority of the states have no significant police jurisdiction beyond highway patrol: 70 per cent of all state expenditures for law enforcement are for traffic regulation. The states must also maintain the integrity of their functions, provide model laws and systems of criminal justice, set standards, train personnel, and service rural areas, but the major law enforcement task of the nation—urban police service—must be left to local government.

Unless local government can meet its responsibilities, find adequate sources of revenue, attract skillful people, and provide excellent service, the federal government will be drawn into the field. With every major and stubborn problem of the last half century—transportation, social security, welfare, education, housing, agricultural surplus, labor relations, race relations —we have seen the people turn to Washington for resolution. However, the country can no longer afford this.

While it is essential that police functions remain under local control, different considerations govern prosecution, courts, and corrections. Offices of prosecution, court systems, and correctional services have been created within different political jurisdictions to meet different needs and serve different functions. The number of prosecutors and judges is small compared with police. The significant criminal laws they enforce and interpret nearly always apply statewide. Effective case management and efficient use of the time of judges require a number of judges who can be used interchangeably and assigned where the work is. Unless judges are part of a state system, this is impossible outside the largest cities, and the largest cities, nearly always afflicted with huge backlogs, lose the assistance of judges who can be transferred temporarily from less busy areas.

In prosecution, career development and opportunities to advance are enhanced by larger district attorney's offices. A statewide system can attract and retain more competent attorneys. As nearly as possible, prosecution policies within a state—Buffalo and New York City, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, or Phoenix and Tucson—should be the same. The laws are the same. The same legislatures enact them. If offices of prosecution fail to coordinate their efforts, prosecution is likely to be discriminatory and to lead to a substantial waste of resources and loss of opportunity.

Corrections, like other government activities, grew through history to meet needs or fill interests that usually have completely disappeared or drastically changed. Most city and county jails, often situated across the street from each other, offer no hope for rehabilitation. They manufacture criminals. Consolidation into agencies that have the ability to rehabilitate is essential to crime control. Generally, therefore, strong state systems offer the best opportunity for rehabilitation. To offer the range of medical, psychiatric, psychological, educational, vocational, and other skills required, and to provide flexible community services, correctional agencies must be large enough to attract and fully utilize personnel appropriately trained for such a range of services. It is the state correctional systems we should work hardest to perfect.

The Federal Bureau of Prisons can provide leadership. It can engage in research and demonstrate new techniques. But because the vast majority of all prisoners are, as they should be, in state custody, the states must be the focus of efforts to improve corrections. Someday the quality of performance at the state level should enable states to assume responsibility for federal prisoners. But this will not be soon.

Only two federal prisons have been built since World War II. Both are outstanding institutions. The adult institution at Marion, Illinois, closely affiliated with the University of Southern Illinois, is recognized throughout the nation as a research center. The Robert F. Kennedy Youth Correction Center at Morgantown, West Virginia, opened in 1969, should soon be the world's most advanced institution of study and demonstration in the field of juvenile delinquency. Despite the quality manifested by the Federal Bureau of Prisons, new support for desperately neglected state services should be found before a new federal building program, which could include jails for pretrial and transfer detention, imbeds an expanded and undesirable federal service in concrete. Prisons are durable institutions. Once built, they last for generations.

Careful and continuous review and reformation of jurisdictional lines among federal, state, and local offices of police, prosecution, court systems, and correctional agencies are vital to overall and individual performance. We must adhere to those principles of federalism and self-government that provide both essential protections and best performance. We must recognize that agencies of criminal justice are part of a system in which each jurisdiction is dependent on others. All must function effectively or none will.

Divisions arise over injustice. Underlying such divisions as those between the powerful and the powerless, young

(*Continued on page* 51)

# Your Literary I. Q.

*Conducted by David M. Glixon*

## ANAGRAMMATICAL III

Column 1 is a list of famous authors with their names anagrammatized by Gabriel Schechter and William Mooney of Colgate U., Hamilton, N.Y. Column 2 is a list of famous works of fiction and drama—by those ten authors—with their titles similarly scrambled. You are expected to unshuffle both columns (disregarding punctuation) and associate each author with his creation. The all-clear sounds on page 49.

1. SHERMAN SHEEN ( )
2. REDO RED HISTOREE ( )
3. REV. EMIL HELLMAN ( )
4. BRADLEE WADE ( )
5. JED RINGALS ( )
6. PARSON I. HASTE ( )
7. TAB VAGUE FLUTERS ( )
8. SWELIO H. CHARMERPORT ( )
9. T. J. WANTFASHION ( )
10. SHAMADY ROTH ( )

a. BRUTAL AMINE
b. S. VULSTER, VILLAGER
c. THE FORTUNATE NEVER HIT
d. A VERY MAD MOAB
e. THY OOZE ROTS
f. NICENE BOOTER
g. STY AILS RAT
h. SIERRA SECRIT
i. MA RULES DIGIT
j. THEY CRATE CHINER



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# THE DEIFICATION OF MAO

## His portrait has taken the place of ancestor tablets that had been the object of family worship.

by HOLMES WELCH

Respect — even reverence — for Mao Tse-tung, leader of the People's Republic of China, is no more surprising than for George Washington. Every father of a country commands it. Joseph Stalin, too, was compared to the sun, brightening the lives of the Russian people; his books, too, were compulsory reading. But neither Stalin nor any other national leader in modern times has become the object of religious worship. Yet this is what seems to have happened to Chairman Mao.

As far back as 1957, a lama from Tsinghai said of Mao: "We regard him as a buddha, a bodhisattva." (A bodhisattva is a buddha-to-be—the highest form of Buddhist saint.) From time to time such statements recurred, but without official sanction. It was not until the Cultural Revolution in mid-1966, after Mao's fifteen-kilometer swim down the Yangtze, that he began to be treated officially as someone more than human, larger than life, commanding a veneration that had previously been given only to supernatural beings.

In June 1967, for example, a Japanese news correspondent visited an exhibition of photographs at the People's Art Museum in Peking. The pictures showed rescue operations conducted by the army after an earthquake in Honan. One shot was of an old woman tearing up the picture of a bodhisattva. Her reason was that, when the earthquake came, it was Chairman Mao and not the Buddhist saint who had helped her. The next shot showed a portrait of Mao, instead of the bodhisattva, hanging over her family altar.

Soon it became quite common for a portrait of Mao to take the place of the ancestor tablets that, for the previous two thousand years, had been the principal object of family worship. By early 1968 not merely was there a portrait, but a kind of service was being performed in front of it. In January, according to *Peking Review*, Shanghai workers and Red Guards started each day by reciting from Mao's works and wishing him long life. In February and March, a New Zealand journalist touring communes in the far south found that the peasants had replaced all their pictures of gods with portraits of Mao. Before going off to work in the fields, the members of each family would recite a fairly long bit of Maoist "scripture"; in the evenings after work, they would study and discuss it together.

By May 1968 workers at the Peking knitwear factory were reciting a daily vow of loyalty to Mao. A Western diplomat visiting a hosiery factory saw the kind of "altar" before which this was done. The corner of one room was fenced off by red screens. In the center of the isolated space was a table with two vases of paper flowers (standard altar furnishings in China), and above the table hung Mao's portrait. Workers at this factory not only vowed loyalty to Mao and recited his writings here before and after work, but whenever their reflections on Mao inspired a thought during the day, they would enter the thought in a school copybook kept at the end of each row of machines. People in other parts of the country, whenever they put their minds on Mao's words, were often said to face in the direction of Peking, like Moslems toward Mecca.

Summer of 1968 saw addition of yet another feature of religious worship of Mao: offerings of food. According to the *People's Daily*, an old peasant woman who wanted to give thanks for a good harvest got her family to place bread in front of Mao's portrait, then salute and sing revolutionary songs. About this time a Japanese journalist asked some Red Guards if they were not making Mao into a god. They replied that Mao was better than a god since he was real and had actually led the people out of misery.

—*Pictorial Parade*

**"Mao is the Sage . . . the model for every man who aspires to virtue."**

These quasi-religious practices seem to have been exceptional in 1968. But in 1969 considerable evidence began to accumulate that every home and place of work—in the cities at least—had a "precious books" table on which were placed the four volumes of Mao's collected works and above which hung his portrait. Standing reverently before this table several times a day, people observed a few minutes of silence, then recited quotations from Mao's works, and finally vowed loyalty to him, holding their little red books close to their hearts.

The first service of the day was called "asking for instructions in the morning." The noon service was conducted before lunch, for which it served as a kind of grace since it was called "thanking [Mao] for his kindness." The evening service was "reporting back at night."

Apparently, the ritual had not yet become perfectly standardized, because accounts differ as to what was done on each occasion and as to the number of occasions each day. There may have been songs as well as quotations. Some factory workers held three services at home (on arising, before supper, and just before bed) and another three at the factory (before and after work, and as a grace before lunch). Even orthodox Moslems worship only five times a day.

Peking was not in the least ashamed of all this adulation of Mao. It published photographs of Maoist services in propaganda magazines for distribution abroad, including a photograph of the "meal of bitter remem-

(*Continued on page* 50)

HOLMES WELCH is on the staff of the East Asian Research Center, Harvard University. A specialist in the study of religion in modern China, he has published several books on Buddhism and Taoism.



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# Thinking With Your Blood

The Nazis were fond of shouting, "Think with your blood—think with your thighs!" Today, Nazism is kaput, but the woods are still full of people thinking with their blood, with their thighs—with everything but their brains.

Recently, for instance, the Knight newspapers asked 1,700 Americans how they feel today about last year's pioneering moon walks. Hundreds replied flatly that the moon landings were a put-up job, a hoax. "If you got into an airplane," one North Carolina man said, "and flew over that mountain there, and then came back and said you'd been to Asheville, how do I know you've been to Asheville?"

In Macon, a skeptical housewife asked how the *Apollo 11* telecast could have reached Georgia all the way from the moon, when her TV set doesn't even pull in New York. Others claimed the moon telecasts had been filmed in a crater-dotted wasteland, "somewhere out West."

These moon shot skeptics are by no means isolated weirdos. They are, rather, the nether fringe of a burgeoning cult of anti-reason. Increasingly, Americans of all backgrounds are buying the notion that rationality has had it, that conventional reasoning is a bore and a chore. The truth resides, it seems, in your thighs, your viscera, and your stars—but not in your cortex.

Writing in *Horizon*, Thomas Meehan noted recently that the United States has "no fewer than 10,000 full-time astrologers . . . plus 175,000 part-time astrologers. . . . Some 1,200 of the nation's 1,750 daily newspapers now run horoscope columns, whereas a few years ago only . . . ninety papers carried such columns." Meehan quotes Marshall McLuhan: "I *know* I'm a moon child, born under the sign of Cancer. I can feel it in my veins."

And in a recent *McCall's*, Nicholas Pileggi says astrologer Jeane Dixon has "sold more than three million copies of her books. . . . Forty million Americans . . . helped turn the zodiac into a $200-million business. . . . Thirty thousand customers a month receive 'personalized' . . . 'psycho-astrological portraits' from an IBM computer."

But astrology isn't the half of it. Many "occult underground" buffs make all their key personal decisions by studying tosses of the I Ching divination coins. Many more prayerfully consult the fateful tarot cards, change their names, jobs, and mates on numerologists' advice, or achieve ecstasy of a sort by cutting open live animals in devil-worship rites.

Since a rising tide lifts all the boats, the boom in mysticism has also put new life into that old-time irreligion: Spiritualism, palmistry, and phrenology are bigger than ever, as are city storefronts where one can buy dreambooks and voodoo makings. Last year more than two million ouija boards were bought in the United States—the biggest sales bonanza in forty years.

What is the nonbeliever to make of this bizarre scene? Is the occult underground for real? Or is it all just fun-and-games, and kidding any reporters damfool enough to take occultism seriously?

The answer seems to be that many millions of Americans really do believe their brand of mysticism enables them to bypass reason and see the truth direct, without any need for an (ugh!) intermediating brain. "What have science and scholarship given us," the lament goes, "but Hiroshima, Auschwitz, and herd conformity? The future lies with feeling, intuition—*knowing!*"

One would have hoped the human future lay, instead, with a fruitful intermingling of thought, feeling, and action. But the occultists do have a point: The legal-scientific mentality that dominates modern societies has certainly squeezed out of the common life almost all that is weird, wild, wondrous—and needful.

The problem, however, is not how to enthrone feeling and intuition, but how to bring the thought-feeling-action triad back into balance.

In the absence of such balance, a whole generation is coming of age hearing mysticism talked up on all sides, with scarcely an answering peep from the nonmystics, who either consider occultism too silly for comment or perhaps fear that the mystical "blood-thinkers" will shout them down if they dare speak out.

Because our scientists and national leaders have mostly remained silent, too many people actually believe the canard that science is a cold, clanking affair, flatly opposed to humanity, beauty, and wonder. Why don't more science teachers make it a point to show youngsters the glowing, psychedelic beauty of ordinary crystals, as seen through the polarizing microscope?

If intelligent Americans by the millions continue to buy the idea that you can find true beauty and heart's ease only by resorting to drugs and mysticism, this country is in for a rough ride.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if major national figures got up and made a strong case for a friendly, fruitful partnership between the rational and the intuitive, the pragmatic and the fanciful? Such a partnership would necessitate radical reorderings of society, designed to admit more warmth, wonder, and celebration into our institutions. But it might well save us from becoming a nation of blood-thinkers and sleepwalkers, capable of finding beauty and meaning only in mystical trance-ports—or in "psycho-astrological portraits" ground out monthly by your friendly neighborhood IBM computer.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.



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# Letters to the Editor

### Freedom's Commemoration

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S guest editorial "Festival of Freedom" [*SR*, Aug. 29] was very timely for American people already looking ahead to 1976 as an important anniversary of American independence. The bicentennial of American independence is, indeed, a time for Americans to commemorate their past. But the festival idea, suggested in too many circles of planning, is one that will have little lasting meaning for most Americans. It is more important that we concern ourselves with the actions that produced the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights and understand the motives of the men involved.

It is absolutely necessary in the midst of anniversary proceedings that we find meaning in this important period in our history for *all* Americans, whatever their family roots or ethnic backgrounds. This is hardly a festive time for many of our citizens who still struggle to realize the fruits of our independence. Thus, this is a time for all Americans to reflect soberly upon their past and to renew the hopes and aspirations that once pushed men to nobler deeds. It is a time for looking inward. Mr. MacLeish has alerted us to two possibilities for observing our bicentennial—festive celebration or meaningful commemoration. A "Festival of Freedom" looms large as a potential pitfall to a nation already satiated with "feasting and celebration."

ROBERT HARTJE,
Professor of History,
Wittenberg University,
Springfield, O.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH flatters Americans as "a great people which deserves to be greatly represented," after which he insists that we have betrayed our past. How reassuring that we can be both great and treasonous to our past at the same time. His assertion reads like a "historical law" of one of the radical historians of the New Left. The evidence he cites doesn't support his conclusion. And only the naïve will buy his argument that we are all collectively guilty of betrayal.

I hope Mr. MacLeish does not mean to imply that the District of Columbia police acting under the no-knock, break-and-enter law come off badly in comparison to Hitler's SS. I would guess the SS knocked on doors about as often as the D.C. police will legally and constitutionally (assuming the law is upheld) knock them down—not often. And such practices are not monopolized by fascist regimes or constitutional governments of a conservative persuasion. Perhaps MacLeish should check into Stalin's KGB and find out how many Moscow doors have been forced open. Many liberals supported and voted for this law, the same liberals MacLeish presumably believes would vote for the Bill of Rights if it were presented as new legislation today.

DAVID H. MURPHY,
Lebanon, O.

### Health Care Relief

I HAVE READ the special section "Health Care: Rx for Change" [*SR*, Aug. 22] with interest and approval. I, too, am convinced that, considering our professional potential and expenditure, our health record is criminal.

Since I teach medical students, I am involved in some of the desperate efforts to produce a curriculum that will resolve the medical crisis. We are not really sure what should be done or of the priorities, but we are committed to the belief that change is the cure. Virtually all these changes are taking place within the traditional four-year curriculum.

One obvious fault in medical education that has received almost no attention is that the "young" physician is usually over thirty before he has completed his training and is in a position to earn his living. No revamping of the four-year curriculum will alter this fact. We already have more in the curriculum than can be handled by the average mortal. We could produce physicians faster, however, if we took medical students straight from high school. The new British doctor is in no respect inferior to the American, but he is younger. We feel we cannot do this, not because American students are worse than European, but we tacitly admit by the practice that our high schools are a good deal worse. I doubt that medical schools can of themselves fill the four empty high school years, but we can save the student the four essentially remedial and often aimless years at college.

We will have better and younger physicians if we start with high school graduates and put them into a five- or six-year curriculum. It is possible to teach an eighteen-year-old student the necessary and basic facts of normal physiology and anatomy that are resented by the twenty-two-year-old medical student with four years of college behind him. These essential subjects are being shortened and eliminated because they are like more college. After four years of it, naturally, the twenty-two-year-old medical student is sick of college and yearning to learn something about sick people.

D. F. MAGEE, M.D., Ph.D.,
Creighton University,
Omaha, Neb.

*"Ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six."*

### No Corner on Know-how

WALLACE STEGNER, writing on "Changes in the Black Ghetto" [*SR*, Aug. 1], correctly asserts that the whites in this area of the San Francisco Peninsula have a corner on the money and the political power. However, I strongly disagree that the whites have a corner on the "know-how."

Having worked with many black residents of Nairobi (East Palo Alto) since 1956, I cannot understand how Professor Stegner could be ignorant of the "expertise and sophistication" that have existed so abundantly independent of the Counterpart organization. His basic assumption of the ignorance and incompetence of black people simply perpetuates the paternalistic, destructive approach that he purports to deplore.

It is ironic that in my adjoining community of affluent white Palo Alto our current situation is referred to as "the crisis." City Council meetings are highlighted by physical encounters between citizens and police and by threats to "burn down the city" if the acute housing shortage is not relieved. Over 250 people were arrested on July Fourth. Yet, we are a whole community of the "highly educated, skilled, and effective" whites extolled by Stegner.

BARBARA C. TURNER,
Palo Alto, Calif.



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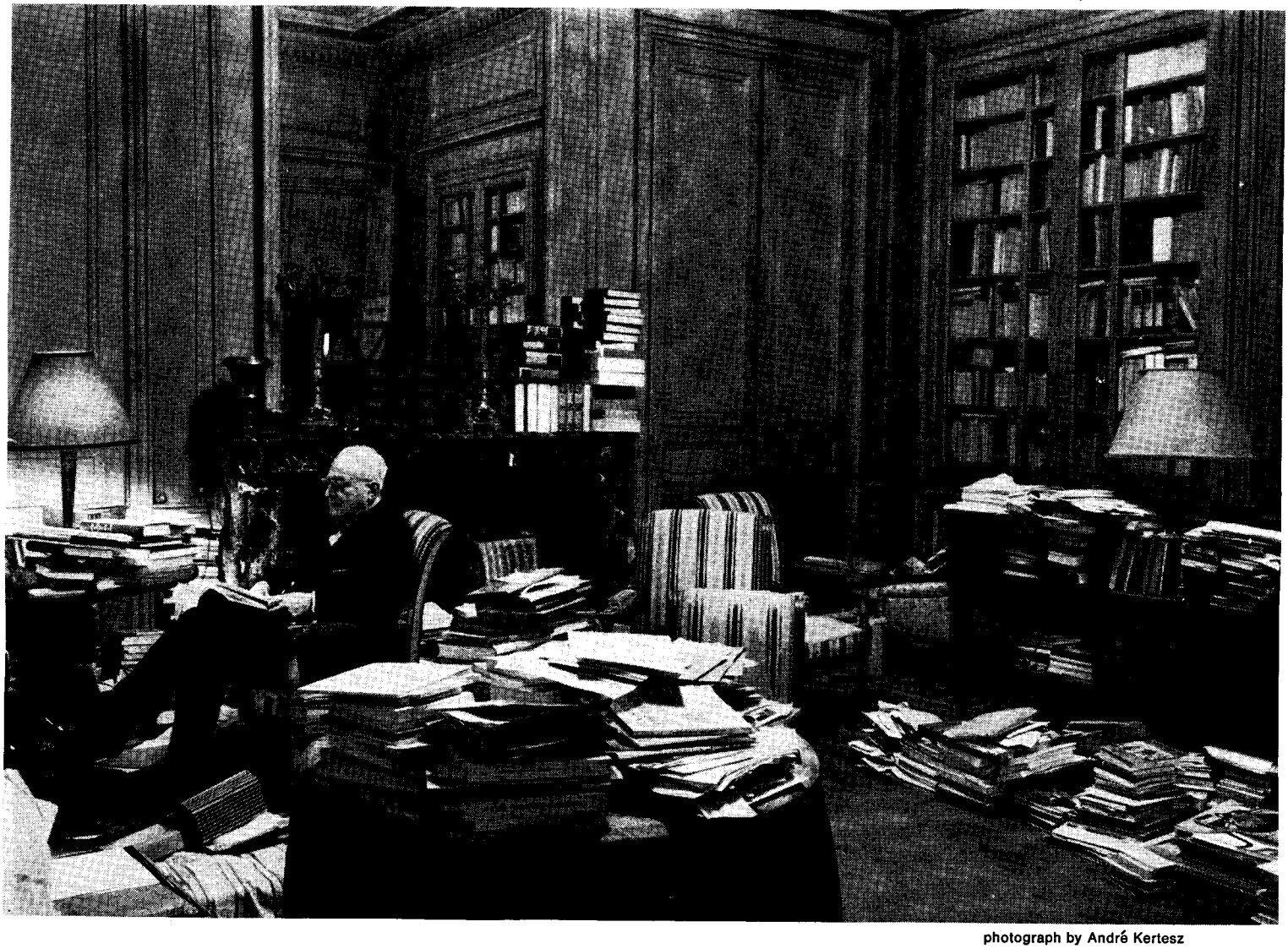
"Read the best books first,
or you may not have a chance
to read them at all."

Henry David Thoreau



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# An Eighty-Point Plan for Healthy Coexistence

by DAVID SCHOENBRUN

**COEXISTENCE AND COMMERCE: Guidelines for Transactions Between East and West**

**by Samuel Pisar**

McGraw-Hill, 558 pp., $17.50

The affairs of men do not flow with the regular rhythm of the tides, but in whirlpools, floods, and periods of drought, unpredictably and, seemingly, uncontrollably. The salvation of mankind depends on those rare periods when all the waters flow together in a great watershed of energy that generates vast changes, irrigates the human spirit, and produces a blossoming of human creativity. The Renaissance was one such period, the Enlightenment another. More recently the impact of the West upon Asia and Africa and the opening of new intellectual horizons by Darwin, Marx, Freud, and Einstein led to dramatic alterations in the human condition.

The most apocalyptic change of all has come in our own day, in the second half of this century. For the first time in all history, man possesses the tools and the knowledge to control nature—to create a paradise on earth, or to end all life on earth. In the critical decade ahead of us, the decade of the Seventies, decisions taken or not taken may result in the greatest progress ever imagined or in the end of the human story. Even President Nixon, a cautious man not given to flights of imagination, has declared that it is "now or never" if man is to rectify the pollution of land, air, and water, restrain his excessive procreation—which threatens famine for three-fourths of the human race before the century is out—and control, reduce, and ultimately destroy his murderous arsenals of atoms, germs, and gases.

In this first year of the decade of decision some progress has been made in each of the critical areas. Contraceptive devices, particularly the Pill, are in widespread use. Initial steps are being taken for pollution control on a worldwide scale. Noxious gases are being eliminated (though not always by wise methods), and their production is on the way to being arrested. Although the arms race continues, and new and more terrible weapons are being created, an important attempt to reverse the course was successfully initiated with the SALT talks between the Soviet Union and the United States.

To be sure, all these developments have been accompanied by bitter opposition from those on both sides of the ideological gulf between East and West who resist change and think mainly of profits or power, or who imagine that there really are ideological or geographical distinctions in any valid human sense. Social disorder, while undoubtedly dangerous, is nonetheless a sign of promising generative forces. Even power politics, the riskiest implement in world affairs, offers some hope. The cease-fire in the Middle East is precarious, but by arranging it the major powers have shown a sense of caution indicating that they recognize limits to their ambitions, and by accepting it the Israelis and Egyptians have also shown restraint.

Perhaps the most important and dramatic event was the first visit by a West German chancellor to Moscow and the conclusion of a nonaggression treaty, not substantive in itself, perhaps, for no such treaty has ever prevented war, but marking a genuine po-

DAVID SCHOENBRUN, author and university lecturer, covered European affairs as a CBS News correspondent from 1946-63.

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litical and psychological alleviation of tensions in Europe.

The current thaw, the so-called détente, is still too new, too fragile to offer hope of any fundamental change. The hope it legitimately inspires is that further steps can now be taken in a pragmatic way, offering advantages to both sides, so that they may learn to coexist with increasing security and mutual gains.

At this auspicious moment a book has come along that points the way, step by step, towards this goal, a book that is massive in its expert documentation and impressive in its quiet, even humble tone. It is *Coexistence and Commerce: Guidlines for Transactions Between East and West,* by Samuel Pisar, an eminent international attorney with doctorates in law from Harvard and the University of Paris. Pisar, who speaks seven languages, is a member of the Washington, D.C., and California bars and a barrister-at-law of Gray's Inn, London. He heads the Paris office of a major law firm specializing in trade and investment between the United States and the European Common Market, and is a director of a number of multinational corporations and banks.

His book is really two books, each again subdivided into two parts. The sections of Book One are entitled "The Economic and Political Context" and "The Commercial Setting." Book Two contains "The Legal Framework" and "The Settlement of Disputes." These headings, typical of the author's understatement, give no measure of the scope and depth of his study, which ranges through the political, economic, diplomatic, legal, social, and commercial aspects of transactions between West and East. For the general public it offers authoritative, specific, and compelling answers to the question we all ask: Can East and West learn to live together peacefully and constructively? For the international trader and lawyer, for the economist, the politician, and the academic world, Pisar's book provides a comprehensive and unique blend of research, scholarship, and practical experience. It has already received warm prepublication comments from a broad spectrum of American leaders, including Henry Ford, Thomas Watson, and Senators Fulbright, Javits, and Kennedy.

The idea of coexistence and commerce is not a new one, as Pisar would be the first to concede. But in the world of ideas what counts is not so much being first as being timely, cogent, and persuasive. Now is the time for a specific blueprint for practical exchanges. Mutual mistrust is still too great for any visionary grand designs, but all of us, whether communist, capitalist, or in between—particularly emergent peoples and frustrated youth—want to improve the quality of our lives. It is to this human demand that Pisar addresses himself in a detailed analysis of world trade and its procedures, statutes, and regulations under the contradictory concepts of seemingly incompatible systems.

Pisar, who gives full, frank exposure to the many serious obstacles to world peace through world trade, opens his book with the basic "assumption that the economic systems of both communism and free enterprise will survive into the indefinite future. Neither side will voluntarily dismantle its own social structure. . . ." But he also assumes, as do most reasonable men, that neither will "try to overwhelm the other with military force." Thanks to that stalemate, Pisar sees a "relatively cheerful prospect of coexistence and, with luck, constructive cooperation and competition."

Recognizing that those who yearn for détente "too often mistake a temporary improvement in the weather for a fundamental change of climate," he predicts that the arduous task of bridge-building will be periodically interrupted. However, "a common interest in survival and prosperity demands that the process go on." Pisar points out that the present Soviet leaders, "undeterred by Marx's dogma that 'business is theft,' . . . have found it expedient to adopt, wholesale, many traditional institutions, laws and practices conceived and perfected by private merchants over the centuries." He adds that "similar influences are coming into play in the case of China" and comments: "Evidently, 'command economies' can no longer immunize themselves from world market forces."

Pisar states that the Russians are aware of Western economic, industrial, and technological superiority and admit it openly. He cites a published report by three eminent Soviet academicians: "Comparing our economy to that of the United States we find that we are behind not only on the quantitative plane, but also—and this is much sadder—on the qualitative plane. . . . we are ten years behind in chemicals and infinitely behind in computer technology. . . . We simply live in another era." Russia clearly has impelling reasons to trade with the West in order to improve and advance her still trailing economy, industry, and technology.

But do we have equally compelling reasons to trade with the Soviet Union and China? Mr. Pisar observes that our principal allies in Western Europe, as well as Canada and Japan, think that we do. They subscribe to the Churchillian maxim—and Sir Winston was certainly not "soft on communism"—that "a fat communist is a peaceful communist." Only the United States, writes Pisar, worries about the possibility

*"Have you a card for someone who consistently defends your right to say it?"*



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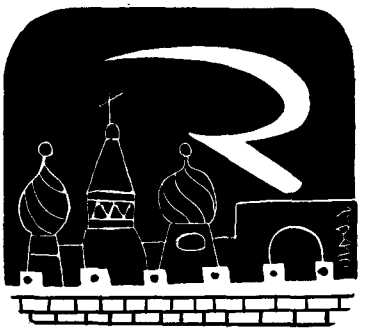
that "Western supplies build the biceps rather than the midriff of the communist system." Pisar concedes that American concern about building up a rival is legitimate. He gently remarks, however, that we tend to exaggerate our fears and impose more restrictions on trade than are needed. In any case, he argues, no economic lever is strong enough to prevent a great power like Russia from attaining its ends. Even a total boycott would only be a nuisance and would not significantly impair Soviet progress. Meanwhile, the enormous possibilities for profitable commerce seem to him to outweigh the dangers.



The author notes that the Soviet bloc represents one-third of the globe's population, one-fourth of its land mass, and an annual trade exchange of more than $25-billion. The "socialist market" extends to "three continents and more than one billion people." At the same time, it represents less than 30 per cent of the world's industrial output. Consequently it will not be a dangerous competitor for some time to come, while it is at present a potentially lucrative market for Western products.

Pisar maintains that in many ways the Soviet and American systems are moving closer together, at least in economic, industrial, social, and technological spheres. We think of Soviet industry as a state monopoly, and indeed that is the hard-core nature of the system. But there has been significant movement towards flexibility, towards acceptance of the profit motive and traditional trading practices. At the same time the United States, evidently not recognizing them as such, has adopted many institutions that resemble the Soviet: *e.g.*, the Commodity Credit Corporation, one of the world's giant state-owned organizations. Pisar points out that the United States Government is itself one of the world's largest traders outside the Eastern bloc.

He believes, therefore, that the time is right to make a greater effort to adapt to changing conditions and the imperatives of peace, not with summit conferences or attempts at unattainable political settlements, but through day-by-day, people-to-people

(*Continued on page* 44)

# Book Forum

## *Letters from Readers*

### Hark Instead to Thucydides

As one of those worried about the Pentagon's enormous power over Congress, business, and the American people to whom Sterling W. Clements recommends Seymour Melman's *Pentagon Capitalism: The Political Economy of War* [*SR*, Aug. 29], I am concerned that those friendly to the Pentagon are in fact carrying out the advice of Alcibiades to the Spartans more in the spirit in which Alcibiades originally delivered it than as Mr. Clements intended in his closing paragraph.

Alcibiades himself, a rather Johnsonian figure, was at the very minimum a friend of the Athenian war machine and more accurately was a demagogic imperialist, albeit with class. His rather belated theorizing about patriotism (which one should view in the light of his subsequent flight from Sparta to a position of some influence at the court of a Persian satrap) follows his dramatic escape from a delegation returning him to Athens for trial on charges of impiety. He is not quite, as Mr. Clements indicates, one who *consents* to lose his country rather than attack it, but "someone who doesn't march against his country when he has in fact lost it unjustly." He may well have suspected he would be convicted by kangaroo court, but he had provided an opportunity for a position of honor and eminence with the enemy if he should avoid trial by his fellow citizens.

I propose a more apt quotation from Thucydides, for those in a position to heed Mr. Melman's warning: "The thing that pinched them the most was the fact that they were fighting two wars at once and had fallen into so pathological a craving for victory that someone hearing about it before it happened would not have believed it possible."

James M. Heath,
Lewisburg, Pa.

### Nonheroes to Afro-Americans

As anthologist of *19 Necromancers from Now*, which includes an excerpt from Al Young's novel *Snakes*, I wish to express my outrage at the shallow "critical" approach Josephine Hendin used in reviewing this important work [*SR*, Aug. 22].

Does every work by a Black/Afro-American writer have to be a fictional treatment of the *Little Red Book*?

Soon, very soon, these "liberals" are going to learn that the heroes of Richard Gilman, Irving Howe, Maxwell Geismar, Jack Richardson, Harvey Swados, and Shane Stevens are not necessarily the heroes of the Black/Afro-American community.

We are organizing on both east and west coasts so that never again will people like Josephine Hendin or the "cannon fodder" brigade confuse us with the disturbing configurations which rest in the lairs of their psyche, breathing heavily alongside such long-term tenants as Sea Monsters and Dragons.

Ishmael Reed,
Berkeley, Calif.

### Climate for Dissent

T. Harry Williams's departure from reviewing [*SR*, Aug. 22] into the realm of Southern politics amuses, *i.e.*:

> . . . It was inevitable that John Brown should be rediscovered in our own time, *an age that cherishes dissenters and equalitarians and exonerates attempts to go outside laws that are deemed unjust.* (Italics mine.)

We're hardly in an age such as he describes, if one takes into consideration 1) a University of Texas administrative ruling against peaceful assembly on campus; 2) a Mississippi grand jury saying state troopers will shoot protesters (dissenters); and 3), the FBI in a national publication calling Black Panthers a "band of criminals" *without* trial (see June *Reader's Digest*).

We are hardly living in an age cherishing dissent, viewed in light of the above and the recent press muzzling by the Vice President of the United States and the Attorney General's "Bull Papal," as Jim Bishop says, taking away a newsman's right to report without intimidation from national police.

And this is also an age exonerating attempts to go outside laws deemed unjust? Poppycock. The Berrigan brothers considered the resolve not to kill a higher law than destroying public property. Both are in jail.

Emerson Rutherford,
Bryan, Tex.

### What's What in "The Masters"

In Robert K. Morris's review of C. P. Snow's *Last Things* [*SR*, Aug. 22] there appears the following remarkable summary of *The Masters*:

> . . . the problem of who should be elected head of a Cambridge college—the good-hearted, vacillating progressive or the formal, intransigent reactionary—resolves itself, after a great deal of whining, backbiting, and jockeying, in the choice of a dark horse middle-of-the-roader, and a scientist to boot.

The plot is, of course, exactly, should I say, the "opposite." The "good-hearted, vacillating *reactionary*" Jago gains progressive support against a "scientist progressive." The latter is elected, not a dark horse.

Gerhard Casper,
Chicago, Ill.



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**PROFESSIONAL SECRETS:**
**An Autobiography of Jean Cocteau**

**edited by Robert Phelps, translated from the French by Richard Howard**
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 331 pp., $8.50

**COCTEAU**

**by Francis Steegmuller**
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 583 pp., $12.50

**JEAN COCTEAU**

**by Bettina L. Knapp**
Twayne, 179 pp., $4.95

*Reviewed by Tom Bishop*

■ Seven years after his death the myth of Jean Cocteau, so carefully cultivated by him during his lifetime, continues to grow.Biographers, literary critics, cultural historians all find in him a nearly inexhaustible subject, for this most unusual man produced often highly original work and was an integral part—perhaps even a symbolic personification—of the most fertile creative period and place in the twentieth century, the Paris of roughly 1910-1930. The man and the work remain controversial, but there is no denying that those two decades of the young century were a remarkable time. It was then that the "modern spirit" was born and cultivated, that unknown artists from France and the rest of the Western world gained fame by systematically overthrowing the established forms of their art media.

If Jean Cocteau was an important innovator, he was not one of the towering geniuses; but his life touched—often intimately—many of the giants: Proust, Picasso, Satie, Stravinsky, Gide, Diaghilev, Apollinaire, Nijinsky, and others. In a century of almost constant avant-garde upheavals in music, painting, the dance, and literature, they led the most sustained renewal. Even now much of what remains vital in the arts has developed from roots formed half a century ago in a legendary Paris that no longer exists.

Cocteau sensed that his creative talents were not of the first magnitude. Even at the height of his success he was insecure, often doubted his abilities, and pursued the friendship of the great with obsessive zeal. But he also recognized and encouraged budding genius in others, and frequently aligned his own work with current innovations. Jean Cocteau's output is staggering in quantity and diversity, encompassing novels, plays, poems, films, essays, autobiographical writings, journalism, painting, and a voluminous correspondence. Much of this *oeuvre* is minor and some is frankly bad, but enough of it is outstanding, either intrinsically or as pure invention.

In 1917 *Parade*, a ballet conceived as a marriage of the arts, combined Cocteau's story line with music by Satie, décor and costumes by Picasso, and choreography by Léonide Massine in a production by Sergei Diaghilev's Ballets Russes that captured a certain music-hall flavor. It remains a landmark in French stage production. *The Wedding on the Eiffel Tower* (1921) was among the early French modernist experiments with theatrical techniques, and *Orpheus* (1926) remains one of the key works in the modern French theater: its strongly anti-realistic modernization of a Greek myth, with anachronisms, contemporary language, and a sense of the magic, paved the way for numerous modern plays based on ancient legends by Giraudoux, Anouilh, and Sartre. And *The Infernal Machine* (1934), a retelling of the Oedipus story, is, according to Francis Fergusson, "a masterpiece of modern theater." To reinterpret the Oedipus myth, Cocteau draws both on Sophocles and on later frames of reference: Freud, Hamlet, and even the rising cost of living. The ancient concept of fatality is joined with modern (though, in Cocteau's interpretation, naïve) notions of psychological determinism.

Just as significantly, Cocteau provided an important manifesto of anti-realistic theater in the preface to *The Wedding on the Eiffel Tower*. He calls for a frank acceptance of the stage as make-believe, stressing the illusion of reality over the reality of illusion—an esthetic which he not only followed himself in many of his works but which has proven to be basic to contemporary drama.

While Cocteau left his strongest mark on the theater, it is by no means the limit of his importance. *The Children of the Game* is a haunting novel of youth, classic in form yet highly original in its portrayal of a brother and sister living in a bizarre world of their own. As a film-maker, too, Cocteau achieved distinction. His first venture in movies, at a time when he knew nothing about the medium, was that remarkable attempt to depict the functioning of the poetic imagination, *Blood of a Poet* (1930), a milestone in cinema history and still frequently shown. Subsequently he learned the métier and made a number of films, including the charming fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast* (1945) and the movie version of *Orphée* (1949).

Much of Jean Cocteau's work is weak, derivative, inconsequential. But his failures do not diminish his major accomplishments, and hardly justify some of the harsher criticism aimed at him. Doesn't an artist have the right to be judged by the best of his work?

Many of the attacks on Cocteau were directed less at his work than at his person. The flamboyance of his life, his need to call attention to himself and to irritate, made him a perpetually controversial figure. And irritate he did. When Cocteau died, François Mauriac wrote:

> His death yields up to me the secret of the uneasy feeling he gave me: I am astonished that he was capable of doing something as natural, as simple as dying, something so unstudied. This time he is not trying to pass off for a sleeping poet; he is the sleeping poet. I am sure at last that he really is what he appears to be and what he no longer pretends to be, since he is dead.

For some it became fashionable to belittle the work at the expense of the man or vice versa. "His masterpiece was his life" was a favorite meaningless cliché; "Jack of all trades" was meant to disparage Cocteau's forays into so many genres, without acknowledging that he was the master of some.

His detractors notwithstanding, the best work of Cocteau survives, and his life—seventy-four turbulent years, from 1889 to 1963, spent mostly in the limelight and in the company of great creators—retains its fascination for a generation that is remote from World War I and the Twenties. Far from being relegated to oblivion, Cocteau has become more and more a subject for critical study. Three new books, each quite different from the others, offer insights into the man and his work.

*Professional Secrets* is an "autobiography" made up of selections from dozens of Cocteau's books, compiled and edited by Robert Phelps and admirably translated by Richard Howard. Each chapter is introduced by a "calendar" for the period covered, describing Cocteau's activities, his involvements, and his tribulations from an objective viewpoint that complements the poet's own necessarily colored vision.

Most of *Professional Secrets* is enthralling. There are vignettes by Cocteau of the people—mostly celebrities—in whose orbit he moved or whose path he crossed at some point. In his recollections Cocteau brings to life the spirit of an extraordinary period: the creative activity, the friendships, the feuds, the triumphs and the setbacks. He is a keen portraitist of appearance and movement, but less penetrating when he tries to depict his real understanding of his subjects' psychology. This flaw is itself revealing, since it points to Cocteau's egocentric side and his willingness frequently to remain on the surface of things.

As a critic of literature Cocteau can



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also be dazzlingly superficial and thus fail to comprehend essentials:

> Style cannot be a point of departure. It is a result. What is style? For many, a complicated way of saying simple things. . . . A Stendhal, a Balzac even . . . tries above all to hit the bull's-eye. Nine times out of ten they succeed, somehow. It is that *somehow* . . . that way of taking aim, of firing fast and unfailingly, which I call style. A Flaubert thinks only of taking aim. The bull's-eye is insignificant. He oils his gun. . . . What a splendid figure of a man! what a hunter! what style! What does it matter . . . if the marksman hits the target, so long as he takes aim masterfully, gracefully, and above all, not too quickly! How far Flaubert's so-called realistic scenes are from reality. *Madame Bovary*, for instance, in which the consciousness of taking aim swaggers on every page, swarms with unrealities. A series of salon tableaux.

Similarly, his several pages on Proust provide a few brief, anecdotal glimpses of the novelist while betraying Cocteau's incomprehension of his art. ". . . with Proust, as with others, poetry is never where you expect to find it. His hawthorns and his steeples are so much décor. His poetry consists of an uninterrupted series of card tricks, shifting speeds, the play of mirrors." It would be difficult to misunderstand Proust more. Cocteau is on safer ground when he deals with artists whose esthetic position is more compatible with his own—Picasso, Stravinsky, Radiguet.

Compared to the vivid, provocative first half, the latter part of *Professional Secrets* seems dull; but, then, the last twenty-five years of Cocteau's life lacked the earlier vitality. In this section Mr. Phelps's choices are not always happy. He includes a long, rather insipid description of a girl's neurosis; he reprints far too much of the diary Cocteau kept during the filming of *Beauty and the Beast*, sparing us neither Jean Marais's boils nor Cocteau's own various troubles, ranging from eczema to a broken carburetor. One need not go so far as to say that some writers outlive themselves; perhaps they simply live too long for the good of their autobiographies.

At the outset of his book, entitled simply *Cocteau*, Francis Steegmuller draws a fine but important distinction between the fact and fancy of what Cocteau writes about himself: "Cocteau would probably be the first to insist that his allegedly autobiographical writings are the materials not of personal history but of personal myth." That is undoubtedly true, although it need not be an accusation, as

(*Continued on page* 45)

"Portraitist of appearance and movement . . ."

*—Illustrations from "Cocteau," by Francis Steegmuller*

**Drawings by Cocteau, top to bottom: Stravinsky playing "The Rite of Spring," Picasso and Stravinsky, and Cocteau, a self-portrait. Right: Cocteau at one of the megaphones in "Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel."**



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# Bitter-Coated Sugar Pills

by PAULA FOX

In the last few years a new kind of children's fiction has made its appearance. Its manifest intention is to deal with things as they really are, to confront reality. But at its core is a substance that is sticky and familiar. Soap. These fictions, these bitter-coated sugar pills, make a parade of subjects formerly excluded from children's books—subjects that can be subsumed under the headings of familial and social wretchedness, psychological disorder, sexual distress. It is not the themes that are at fault. After all, children's literature, like all literature, can treat any subject without incongruity, providing imagination is not lacking. Rather, it is the breathy unction with which they are presented, the factitiousness of their resolution, that so debase the human experiences these stories purport to deal with honestly.

Real and terrible events are rigged for that new reality supermarket where sexual deviation, divorce, estrangement, drugs, pubescent sexual stirrings, menstruation, and accidental pregnancies among the nubile are packaged as so many commodities for the newly liberated child who, the implication is, formerly resided in a fool's paradise. Let children in on the "truth," on the "facts of life"; no more goody-goodiness. But we are as much at fault as those benighted Victorians in our conception of what a child is and how he feels life. We imagine that reality fairy tales are morally superior to fantasy fairy tales. We offer simulacra of truth to escape truth.

The major fact of life has already been learned by any five-year-old child, though he lacks the self-consciousness to utter it: Life is hard. It's a struggle, as well as a joy, to learn to see, to hear, to walk, to speak, to explain oneself. Childish suffering is no less suffering than any other kind: to cry out alone in the dark, to wait without comprehension of what you are waiting for, to endure pain without comprehension of why you must feel pain, to bear the inexplicable irritations or rages or silences of parents and other grown-ups, to lie and be found out, to lie and not be found out, to be helpless.

Read *Childhood*, by Maxim Gorky, or the opening chapters of James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, or Tolstoy's *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth*, or the early section of Rousseau's *Confessions*. Read Blake:

> My mother groaned, my father wept,
> Into the dangerous world I leapt;
> Helpless, naked, piping loud,
> Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Read the poems of black children, poor children; look at drawings by the abandoned and orphaned; read the ordinary compositions of any random group of fifth-graders. They already know about disappointment and dread, about longing and hope.

Children have a desire to please, to learn what it is the adult wants to teach him. If what is taught is banal and fatuous, a child will learn to be fatuous and banal too, even at the expense of his hard-won experience. Perhaps it is at the point where a child has learned to dissimulate that he at last joins the "grown-ups."

We offer sentimentalized information about copulation, tricked out with patronizing argot, as insulting to young readers as those "youth" movies ground out by aging film-makers whose purpose, one knows, is not only high-minded but also passionately financial. At last, we are letting the ignorant child in on the secret.

Yet the real secret we keep to ourselves because we lack the courage and imagination to say it. It is the knowledge of what it is to be human, the knowledge that we are human from the first second we leap into the world, and wail out our first breath. But that secret can only be revealed by the eternal mystery of the imagination, which works gaily with the most terrible truths. We have falsified matters by stressing the distinction between children's and other literature. Distinction is not division, Coleridge said; when the light of the imagination shines, there are no longer children and adults, children's literature and adult literature—only human beings trying to be human.

PAULA FOX's most recent book for young people is *Portrait of Ivan*.

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

**Clocks and More Clocks.** *Written and illustrated by Pat Hutchins. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $4.95. The child who is just beginning to be interested in the concept of time should be pleased with this lighthearted picture book, especially if he sees the humor before the end of the story. Mr. Higgins, plump and perturbed, buys a clock to check the accuracy of the one he found in the attic, then another to check the first two, then a fourth. No two of them agree. So he calls in the Clockmaker, who moves gravely from clock to clock, finding that each agrees with his watch. Impressed, Mr. Higgins buys a watch like the Clockmaker's, never realizing that the discrepancies between his clocks are due to the time it takes him to get from one to another. Ages 4-6.

**The White Horse.** *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Tony Chen. Harper & Row.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. A quiet, introspective child, Jimmie Lee feels alone though surrounded by others: "My school is so big. There are many, many children. I do not know them. They do not know me." On a class visit to the zoo, Jimmie is engrossed by the animals, sure he is in silent communication with them. He dreams of a white horse who carries him far into the sky, a flight of fancy that is poignantly real. The monologue is effectively simple and direct, its pristine quality echoed by the precise drawings and its fantasy by the changing color of the background. Ages 4-6.

*—From "Sally Go Round the Sun"*

**A Story—A Story: An African Tale.** *Retold and illustrated by Gail E. Haley. Atheneum.* 34 *pp.* $5.95. "Once, oh small children round my knee," begins the tale of how Ananse, the Spider Man, won from the Sky God his precious golden box of stories so that men might enjoy them evermore. The book is unfortunately prefaced by a page of explanation that is not likely to quicken audience interest, but the style of the story itself is lilting and flexible. Both the writing and the strong, bright woodcut illustrations have the right mood and tempo for this legend about the clever hero of a whole body of Ananse tales. Ages 5-8.

**Sally Go Round the Sun: Three Hundred Children's Songs, Rhymes and Games.** *Collected and edited by Edith Fowke. Musical arrangements by Keith Macmillan. Illustrated by Carlos Marchiori. Doubleday.* 160 *pp.* $6.95. This big, handsome, cheerfully illustrated collection was awarded the 1970 Book of the Year for Children Medal by the Canadian Association of Children's Librarians. The material comes from a primary source—the children of Canada, the songs and chants having been taped by Edith Fowke, a Canadian folklore authority. Many of the selections will



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be familiar to American children. Guitar chords and piano accompaniments are given for many songs, and the arrangements are simple. Adults will use the book with children, of course, but many of the games and songs are just right for nine- or ten-year-olds to use alone. Ages 6-10.

**But Ostriches . . .** *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Crowell.* 46 *pp.* $3.95. "Over the streams/ and over the shallows/ Over the marigolds and mallows/ Over the meadows/ and the narrows/ Orioles fly/ and hawks, and sparrows./ But OSTRICHES . . ." Thus, combining silky poetry and observations on bird life, permeated with humor and illustrated with delicate felicity, the redoubtable Aileen Fisher draws a profile of the ostrich. He does not bury his head in the sand; he has a communal incubating system; he sings not, neither does he fly. All in all, delectable. Ages 8-10.

**Uhu.** *Written and illustrated by Annette Macarthur-Onslow. Knopf.* 55 *pp.* $4.50. "He came and went, between May and September, like a feather on a puff of wind . . . upsetting our whole existence. . . ." Uhu was a baby owl, found under the nest from which he had fallen. He became a tyrannical little pet whose unexpected propensity for clowning and predilection for human companionship endeared him to the author. The soft and delicate pictures show a fluffy, white nestling with round-eyed gaze, mock-ferociously "fighting" a piece of cloth or flapping energetically to gain attention. Although the writing is intermittently vague, Uhu's story contains an affection and appreciation that are communicated with relish. Ages 8-10.

**Otto and the Magic Potatoes.** *Written and illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking.* 48 *pp.* $4.95. Otto, the giant dog, again proves himself a hero in another improbable yarn with elaborate structure, nonsensical plot, and impeccable illustrations. The imaginative details of the pictures, their subtle use of color, and their humor outshine the story. A wealthy fanatic who raises monster roses and potatoes steals Otto because he wants to discover why the dog doesn't spurt water and deflate when pierced with a spear, the way the potatoes do. The potatoes are used to put out a fire, thanks to Otto's ingenuity, in an ending that seems grafted onto the story—which is nevertheless original and amusing. Ages 8-11.

**Three of a Kind.** *By Louise Dickinson Rich. Illustrated by William M. Hutchinson. Watts.* 151 *pp.* $3.50. There have been quite a few books about young children who were mentally retarded, but few that describe those who are emotionally disturbed. Benjie is one. His grandparents, who live on a Maine island and are foster parents to eleven-year-old Sally, have taken Benjie, who is four, for a long visit. Sally is jealous of the silent, withdrawn little boy at first, then moved to assume the role of a big sister. Sally's patience, the fun of having a lively runt kitten as pet, and the warmth of a family life without tensions effect a change in Benjie.

*—From "But Ostriches . . ."*

The development is convincing, and the story is told from Sally's viewpoint, so that the community's matter-of-fact attitude towards Benjie is implicit. Ages 9-11.

**Kneeknock Rise.** *Written and illustrated by Natalie Babbitt. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 118 *pp.* $3.95. It was firmly understood by all those who lived near the Mammoth Mountains that any peculiar circumstance was due to the malevolent influence of a mysterious creature on the bleak and rocky heights of Kneeknock Rise. Egan, visiting Uncle Anson in the little village at the foot of the terrible cliff, hears the strange wail of the Megrimum during a storm. Taunted by his cousin Ada, he climbs up, and finds that the Megrimum's "voice" is caused by a hot spring in a cave, but when he tries to explain this to the villagers, they will have none of it. So Egan goes home, silenced. He has learned that people treasure their superstitions—a point made lightly. The story is told in a yeasty style, and its characters and dialogue are sturdy and witty. Ages 9-11.

**Ahmeek.** *By Jane and Paul Annixter. Illustrated by Robert Frankenberg. Holiday House.* 63 *pp.* $3.75. When a beaver colony becomes overcrowded, the older kits are driven away by the community ruler. Ahmeek, puzzled at first by his father's slashing attack, swims off with good grace to gather supporters, find a mate, and start his own colony. Although the beaver hero has a strong personality there's no sentimentalizing. To the contrary, the black-and-white drawings capture the grim facts of the ceaseless fight for survival. The story has good style and is excellent nature lore. Ages 9-12.

**Nothing Ever Happens Here.** *By Carol Beach York. Hawthorn.* 103 *pp.* $3.95. Elizabeth lives in a dull and conventional small town. Bored and vaguely restless, she daydreams of a glamorous life in the city and of coming back to Green Falls to impress her friends. Certainly there is nothing to thrill her in the fact that the second-floor apartment in her home has been rented to a new couple. But she overhears some odd conversation between fluttery Mrs. Hollis and her husband, and wonders what it is that terrifies Ruby Hollis. With the advent of violence Elizabeth is shocked into an appreciation of the safe and familiar—and that's the story. It is distinguished by the threadbare honesty of the characters, their dialogue, and the poignancy of their lives. Ages 11-13.

**Sea and Earth: The Life of Rachel Carson.** *By Philip Sterling. Illustrated with photographs. Crowell.* 214 *pp.* $4.50. Rachel Carson had never seen the sea when she enrolled at college, and she wasn't particularly enthralled by having to take a course in science. But her interest in nature had been nurtured in childhood, and the teacher was gifted, so Rachel changed her major from English to biology, and went on to specialize in it at Johns Hopkins. With the submission of an article to the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1937, Miss Carson, who had always enjoyed writing, embarked on a distinguished career as a science writer of rare literary quality and as a notable champion of conservation. Philip Sterling's biography is objective in tone, smoothly and seriously written, and thoroughly documented with an impressive list of sources. Ages 12 up.

**Sounds and Silences: Poetry for Now.** *Edited by Richard Peck. Delacorte.* 178 *pp.* $4.50. This is indeed poetry for today, a fine compilation in twelve sections: the family, childhood, isolation, identity, realities, illusion, dissent, communication, love, war, pain, and recollections. It includes some newer poets, quite a few song lyrics (by the Beatles, Pete Seeger, Malvina Reynolds), not too many frequently anthologized poems, and several selections from such older voices as Stephen Spender, Robert Frost, Louis MacNeice, and W. H. Auden. All were chosen with discrimination and nicely arranged. The tempo is definitely now. Ages 12 up.

**Unbought and Unbossed.** *By Shirley Chisholm. Houghton Mifflin.* 204 *pp.* $4.95. The indomitable black congresswoman from New York pulls no punches in describing her life, her career, her opinions of the political scene in the United States, and her thoughts on some of the major issues of our troubled time. She discusses with fierce candor the militant young, black politicians, the subjugation of women, and the lack of response and sensitivity on the part of those in power. Shirley Chisholm writes extremely well and speaks with authority and conviction. She believes in the system, but doesn't believe it is working; she wants to help make it work. For young adults.

**Country Editor's Boy.** *By Hal Borland. Lippincott.* 313 *pp.* $5.95. Hal Borland's boyhood, described in *High, Wide and Lonesome* (Lippincott, $5.95), was spent on an isolated homestead, and he met the twentieth century when he moved to Flagler, Colorado, in 1915. The town is Everytown, USA, and it is as memorable as Main Street, although not as sharply depicted. These reminiscences of three years of adolescence are permeated with Chautauqua, the first flying machine (pilotless) to appear in Flagler, the Saturday movie serial, the print shop, and, above all, the town and its people. The writing is remarkably vigorous and direct, with no hint of nostalgia. For young adults.



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**A FRIEND OF KAFKA AND OTHER STORIES**

**by Isaac Bashevis Singer**
**translated from the Yiddish by the author and others**

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 311 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Curt Leviant*

■ *A Friend of Kafka* is Isaac Bashevis Singer's fifth short-story collection, his seventeenth book. And his prolificacy is showing. Although a new dimension has here been added—five stories about the United States, and one each set in Israel and South America—the creative concentrate that once had been synonymous with Singer's fiction is now thoroughly watered down. With the growth of his fame there has been, I suspect, a concomitant growth of demands on him by magazine editors, forcing Singer to become a manufacturer of stories—or, worse yet, non-stories—publishable only by virtue of his name.

A few good tales might be the saving factor in any writer's collection; with Singer this can no longer hold true. His last two volumes contained more signs of mediocrity than of genius. Regrettably, this is even truer of *A Friend of Kafka*. There may be an explanation for this trend, but with an artist of Singer's stature explanation is no excuse.

In the Yiddish world it is well known that Singer wears two hats: one as the belletrist I. B. Singer, the other as the journalist who, under the nom de plume Isaac Warshavsky, contributes weekly pieces to *The Forward*, a Yiddish daily. The stories published in it are admittedly melodramatic, sentimental, sensational, written expressly for the more ephemeral newspaper market. The journalistic pseudonym is for run-of-the-mill work; he signs his real name to fiction he assumes will last and by which critics will judge him. But, if the pieces in *A Friend of Kafka* are any indication, Singer has been dipping more and more into the trunkful of material written by his alter ego Warshavsky.

As might be expected from a Singer collection, the stories deal with Jewish life in Europe or with Old World Jews who have migrated to new worlds. There are stories of the occult, fictionalized memoirs, character sketches, and storybook tales. The title story, "A Friend of Kafka," tells of Jacques Kohn, a shabby old man who assumes the air of a celebrity. It has no plot but many incidents: little bits of gossip and sleazy anecdotes about Kafka interspersed with the adventures of Kohn himself.

"Guests on a Winter Night" is an anthological story, composed of memories of the author's life in Poland. The erroneous presumption is that three or four unrelated fragments and interludes, bound together by narrative legerdemain and given a clever title, can make a unified story. The young narrator describes in sequence his rabbi father and a man who comes to consult with him about his harridan wife; a coffee shop and its characters; the narrator's brother and sister; and, finally, an elderly, pious aunt, around whom an independent story should have been built.

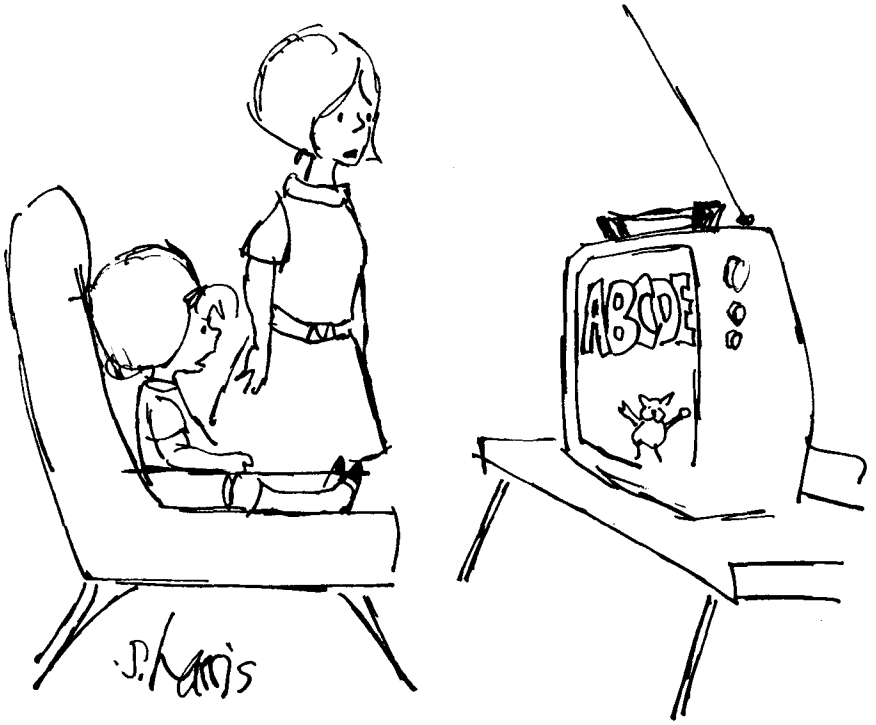
Taken as a whole, "Guests on a Winter Night" is a mishmash.

One paragraph from the story, however, a description of the old woman's prayer book—the possession as sancta—is worth quoting, for it preserves an ethos in Jewish writing that is rarely seen nowadays.

> . . . her thick prayer book . . . was bound in wooden covers and had a brass clasp. I often browsed in this prayer book. It had prayers and lamentations not to be found in other prayer books—recitals for fast days in memory of the martyrs of Chmielnitzki's time, Gonta's time, ordeals in Prague, in Frankfurt, even in France. The pages were yellow from age, spotted with droppings of tallow from candles and with traces of tears. God knows how many grandmothers and great-aunts had used it. It had an aroma of the Days of Awe, of smelling salts used on Yom Kippur; it reminded one of Gentile edicts and God's miracles for His tried people. Some of the supplications and liturgies were translated into Yiddish-German with a script that looked half written and half printed.

Stories like "The Chimney Sweep," wherein the hero becomes clairvoyant after a blow on the head only to lose the gift after a second blow, or the inept "The Riddle," which tells of the poor relationship between a husband and wife, typify the nadir of Singer's creativity. The former story is mechanical in its invention; in the latter one never really understands the enmity between the couple nor the woman's motivation for running off with a peasant. In "Altele," the tale of a girl who seeks both traditional and magical remedies to alleviate her barrenness, the necromantic elements are stale, the characters unlifelike and manipulated. Here Singer seems to go through the motions of storytelling almost as though it were an obligatory task rather than a pleasure.

Another mechanical story—really an extended joke—is "The Primper," which centers on a woman who loved finery so much that in her old age she converted in order to avoid the simple linen shroud that accompanies a Jew to his grave. The ending of this tale—a totally irrelevant anecdote—further displays the fragmentation of Singer's fiction. In all the above stories there is much busyness, resembling the su-




*"I thought 'Sesame Street' would have a different alphabet this year."*



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perfluous stage movement that a director occasionally employs to pad a weak play.

Another disturbing aspect in this collection is the choppy, repetitive self-characterizations:

> Oh, I forgot to introduce myself: Sam Gilbert. In Yiddish my name is Schloimele. That's what my mother calls me. I came to this country at the age of five from a village in Poland—I forget the name. It always slips my mind when I try to recall it. . . .
>
> It's somewhere near Radom. I remember mud, deep mud; the women wore high boots, like men. I'm writing a play myself, but right now I'm producing one by my friend, Sylvia Katz, a talented girl.
>
> —"Shloimele"

> . . . As you see me now, you must think that my family was some low scum, that I was born in a poorhouse. Nonsense! My father was a merchant. On my mother's side, I come of ritual slaughterers and lumber merchants. I'm from Hrubieshov. My grandfather was a leader of the community there. My father owned a store—pots and hardware. We were not wealthy, but we got along quite well. My mother had borne eight children, but only two sons remained alive—myself and my brother Bendit. My name is Avrom Wolf.
>
> —"The Wager"

> Why don't you describe my life? Don't think I've always been a champagne-drinking lady. I wasn't born in this country. I was born in Europe. My parents spoke Yiddish. I used to speak Yiddish myself, but I've forgotten most of it. We lived on the East Side and my mother kept boarders—and everything else that goes with it. I don't have to tell you how immigrants lived in those days. We had three dark rooms, and a toilet in the hall. My father worked fifteen hours a day in a sweatshop.
>
> —"Fate"

> In our family we don't turn gray. My grandfather died at ninety-three and he had hardly any gray hair. He was a blacksmith. On my mother's side, they were scholars. I studied at a yeshiva—I was a student at the yeshiva of Gur, and for a while in Lithuania. Only until I was seventeen, it's true, but I have a good memory. When I learn something, it stays stuck in my brain.
>
> —"Powers"

After a while many of these stories sound alike, even though their plots and locales vary. Themes, structure, techniques blend; the soap-opera quality surfaces.

The negative aspect has here been accented to show what can happen to a writer who becomes careless of his own reputation and willfully succumbs

(*Continued to page 46*)

WHEN FOLKS RETIRE FROM JACK DANIEL'S
they find things to keep them busy, but they also manage to keep an eye on the Hollow.

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**THE COUCH TRIP**

**by Ken Kolb**

Random House, 248 pp., $5.95

*Reviewed by Nicholas A. Samstag*

■ Baird is this sort of nice guy (except he has too much of an eye for the ladies), who lives happily in San Francisco with a wife and daughter he adores. His wife finds out about the eye part, acute separation ensues, and grief over the broken marriage combines with an infallible instinct for trouble to carry the woebegone husband down to Los Angeles. There he assumes the credentials of a dead man and takes over the practice of a psychiatrist who happens to be away in Europe recuperating from a nervous breakdown.

It figures that Baird, a layman in so many ways, might have some fairly unorthodox ideas about psychiatry; he supplements what comes naturally with enormous but haphazard binges of research in the recuperating Dr. Matlin's medical library. The inevitable pratfalls are entertaining, enlightening, and curiously beneficial to all concerned, especially the patients.

None of the ironies of the situation escape "Dr. Baird," who kind of grows on you. "I am my own psychiatrist, with a fool for a patient, a do-it-yourself kit tucked away in a corner of my left frontal lobe," he confesses early on. Much later he begins to suspect that "Life itself is the God I worship. So of course life has got to be good. . . ." The beneficiaries of this wisdom include a neurotic housewife with a mild case of sexual ennui, a sex-starved minister who has lost his faith and his wife more or less concurrently, a brilliant speed freak, and a nymphomaniac. Consider the possibilities. Baird does.

There is not one false note, not even among the incredible convolutions of plot necessary to explain how such an imposture might happen. Nice touches abound, as when Dr. Matlin, very much down and out in London, wonders morosely over his kippers and fried tomatoes "why anyone, even a maniac like Hitler, should want to occupy this country. . . . German cooking was a march played on a tuba and bass drum, but English cooking was an endless dirge on an old bassoon." And there is Dr. Matlin's secretary, whose shorthand "became indecipherable within a matter of hours, as though it were written in sand near an incoming tide."

For extras, there are the greatest literary acid trip since Tom Wolfe and Ken Kesey met the Blue Meanies, and healthy dollops of sex. A good dirty book, it should make a good dirty movie. Or perhaps, someday, when television has grown up, someone will buy it for a good dirty series.

*Nicholas A. Samstag is an editorial writer for the Providence Journal.*

**THE BISHOP**

**by Bruce Marshall**

Doubleday, 278 pp., $5.95

*Reviewed by David Dempsey*

■ This novel by the author of *Father Malachy's Miracle* is so well stocked with churchly types, so enclosed, so dependent upon knowledge of Catholic protocol and the hierarchy of the priesthood, that a non-Catholic wandering into it cannot, at first, help looking for an emergency side exit in case he wants to escape. But that would be a mistake. *The Bishop* is a humorous story about a serious subject, Pope Paul VI's encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, which reaffirmed the Church's opposition to all forms of artificial contraception.

The turmoil this caused among lay Catholics is well known. The soul-searching it brought on the clergy, however, has largely taken place *in camera*, so to speak, and it is on this private world that Bruce Marshall opens the lens. The dilemma faced by the average parish priest, who hears confessions and is beseeched for counsel on the subject, is not the same as that of archbishops, who make pronouncements. As one of the former says: "It is our duty to tell our people . . . that they are bound to obey the encyclical, although of course it will be perfectly all right for them if they don't, because then they will be exercising their right to obey their conscience as defined by the Vatican Council; but of course we mustn't tell them so."

So far, so good. But what if the priest doesn't tell them? Father Spyers is opposed to the encyclical, although out of loyalty to the Pope he defends it. At the same time he preaches that cruelty to animals is a worse sin than artificial contraception. This draws the wrath of his bishop, the Right Reverend Bede Jenkins.

Reverent to a fault, although seldom right, Jenkins threatens to suspend the priest, and finally goes off to Rome to consult the Pope. Meanwhile a young Catholic mother asks Father Spyers's permission to take the pill because her doctor has warned her that another pregnancy will be fatal. He refuses, and eventually she goes mad.

The pill is but one of the items in Mr. Marshall's catalogue of compassionate complaints. Mostly, he is having fun at the Church's expense, and in a fashion that lets a man have fun without losing his faith. Monsignor Basil Powell, for example, is called upon to dissuade Sister Juliana from rescinding her vows, only to surrender to her charms through the confessional grille. (Love at nonsight?) Ultimately they both leave the Church, have a brief fling as lovers, and decide to carry on God's work in mufti. Like so much of this novel, what begins as a tactical exercise in humor ends as a saving grace, a witness to the value of a Christian belief that transcends its institutional limitations. Mr. Marshall can be very, very funny, but he is not kidding.

In a prophetic ending it is suggested that young Father Spyers, the troublesome rebel, will someday be Pontiff. He has already dreamed of such a future. The author sees him as the independent man struggling to resolve the conflict within the Church without betraying his own conscience, one who regards the Church's conscience as a personal ethic free from dogma.

This may be optimistic. It is as difficult to become slightly Protestant as it is to become slightly pregnant. Yet John XXIII made it work. Why not Father Spyers?

*David Dempsey criticizes modern fiction for various publications.*

## Suddenly This Left-handed Life

**by Ernest Sandeen**

Look out, we're about to knock something over, knuckles,
knees, elbows, shoulders, hips and feet
stick out in all at once gawky directions,
they bump objects the dusk warps out of place,
we feel them totter, we don't know what they are
except their blunders thud to the bone, familiar.

Our heads however graze tall things altogether
strange, they set them teetering like metronomes
that won't stop, we squeeze our blood small, they won't stop,
they keep on waving at us like hello or good-bye.



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**THE YEARS OF MacARTHUR**
**Volume I: 1880-1941**

**by D. Clayton James**

Houghton Mifflin, 740 pp., $12.50

*Reviewed by Forrest C. Pogue*

■ Contemporaries of Douglas MacArthur found it difficult to be neutral about him. They either idolized him as America's greatest soldier, or found him absurdly theatrical or even potentially dangerous. In the first carefully documented and judicious treatment of the General's career to 1941, D. Clayton James has written a scholarly account that places MacArthur's activities for that period in sound historical perspective.

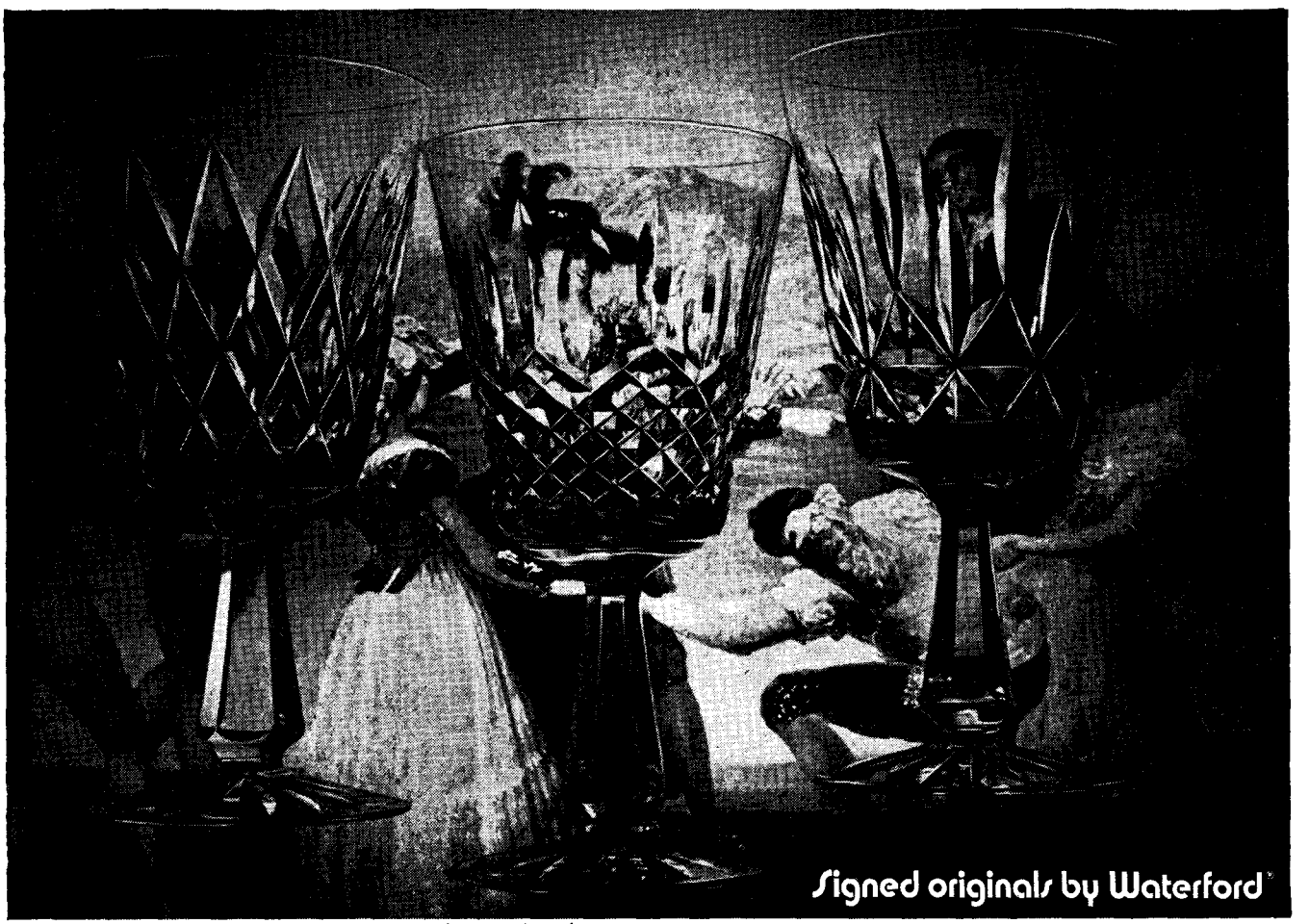
Clearly, the young cadet and officer suffered from the burden of a family tradition. Held like a mirror before him was the precedent of his Scottish-born grandfather, who became a successful political figure in frontier Wisconsin before serving for nearly two decades as an associate justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Driving the young man on was the reputation of his father—commissioned at seventeen, regimental commander before he was old enough to vote, commanding general, and military governor of the Philippines.

MacArthur was strongly influenced by his mother, daughter of a Virginia planter and commission merchant, whose Confederate brothers never quite accepted her Yankee husband. During her son's early years at West Point she lived nearby, passing on the merits of his roommates and reminding him constantly of his father's example. She remained absorbed in her son's career, and intervened on at least two occasions with fawning letters to General Pershing (" 'Dear old Jack' of long ago") to ask promotions for Douglas. Later MacArthur recalled that when he momentarily shrank from the ordeal he would face as Chief of Staff, she cabled him to accept, saying that his father would be ashamed if he showed timidity.

With a solid family background and an excellent brain (besides achieving one of the highest academic records in the history of the Academy, he served as First Captain) MacArthur made the most of his opportunities. In World War I, as a brigade commander of the 42nd Division in France, he equaled his father's earlier record as an able field commander and courageous soldier, winning citation after citation for bravery.

Had his military career ended before Pearl Harbor, MacArthur would still be remembered in Army circles for his combat record, his work as a progressive superintendent of the United States Military Academy, and his effective leadership for five years as Chief of Staff of the Army (under Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt). Much of his activity in the last capacity, during the Depression, was defensive—fighting off cuts in the Army budget and in the officer corps. Except for his reform efforts at West Point, the biographer declares, "he never went against the current of conservatism, which was dominant in American military thought between the two world wars."

The conservative strain was also apparent in MacArthur's political views. Professor James indicates that in the 1930s the General's attitude was strongly influenced by two men under whom he had served: "So far MacArthur's philosophy was a curious mixture of Hoover's individualism and [General George Van Horn] Moseley's nativism, and it was not clear which strand would ultimately be strongest in his thinking." He saw most issues in simple terms of right or wrong; his approach to ideological problems was "mystical and intuitive." "Like Moseley, he was convinced that America was



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endangered by the insidious workings of pacifists, liberals, and Communists, but he would not distinguish among these groups."

It was this element that James holds responsible for MacArthur's insistence (against the advice of his assistant, Major Dwight D. Eisenhower) on being present at the eviction of the Bonus Marchers. "Once MacArthur was convinced that the affair was a Communist assault against the federal government," says the author, who finds no basis in fact for such a conclusion, "he acted with overzealous determination and reckless impulsiveness." Impulsive, yes; brutal and dictatorial, no. James concludes that when the episode is compared to the handling of riots before and after 1932, "it is improbable that so large a force of demonstrators has been suppressed with greater swiftness and less bloodshed."

The volume ends on a somber note. MacArthur finished his term as Chief of Staff when he was nearly ten years below normal retirement age. He found a challenge as military adviser to the Philippine Commonwealth, with the task of preparing the islands for defense before they gained full independence. He had to work with a limited budget and in the knowledge that the War Department did not believe the islands could be successfully defended. Yet, highly self-confident, he delivered an optimistic progress report that his chief assistants, Eisenhower and James Ord, thought was exaggerated. Recalled to active duty in the summer of 1941 and made chief of United States Forces in the Far East, MacArthur was working frantically to build up his defenses when the Japanese struck.

Professor James will please neither MacArthur's critics nor his undiscriminating admirers. We get a picture of an extremely able officer, wholeheartedly dedicated to duty, honor, country, "a veritable incarnation of the spirit of West Point," proud, ambitious, sensitive to criticism, prepared to appeal over the heads of his superiors if thwarted in his desires. From his father, the author tells us, MacArthur inherited, along with great abilities as combat leader and administrator, two great defects: "his disdain and contempt for civilian officials who interfered in what he considered to be his domain, and, a corollary, his own outspokenness on matters beyond his jurisdiction."

While his work is not definitive—Professor James makes clear the paucity of evidence on some controversial issues, suggesting, for example, that it will probably never be known how the General voted in the court-martial of Billy Mitchell, although "it would seem that MacArthur voted for conviction"—the considerable archival material in the book has been soundly buttressed with comments from the General's former associates, such as Generals Eisenhower, Whitney, Willoughby, and R. J. Marshall. Best of all, he has worked hard to strike a reasonable balance, and to give us, along with the legend, a more accurate estimate of the man.

*Forrest W. Pogue is completing Vol. III of his biography of General of the Army George C. Marshall.*

*"I don't know which looks worse—litter or the litter basket."*

## PIECES OF THE ACTION

**by Vannevar Bush**

Morrow, 366 pp., $8.95

*Reviewed by William Gilman*

■ With disrespect for some but malice toward none, Vannevar Bush, the father of the National Science Foundation, looks back over six decades of his life. *Pieces of the Action* promises no thunderous exposés and gives none—Bush remains too much within the system for that. He is content to "fill in a few gaps," doing so with chatty disregard for scientific jargon or protocol.

The result is serendipity of a sort. Searching through this history we discover a man who, like Hans Zinsser in his unconventional *As I Remember Him*, is more engrossing than the events he narrates. And more tantalizing, too, because his self-portrait may leave readers with a lamed prejudice.

On the one hand, based on his background as electrical engineer, inventor, and wartime government administrator of technology, here is the kind of man whom *clicheurs* could easily disparage by labeling him a technocrat (the more so because he has hailed the ability of computers to compose music and to write poetry). When dealing with Churchill, the plaguey nuisance, and Hitler, the actual menace, he reveals them to be alike in one aspect: both were laymen who meddled with a military technology beyond their comprehension. So, technocrat-fashion, Bush pays his disrespects to both.

On the other hand, the book is strewn with judgments that left me wondering anew about clichés. If our troubled democracy, facing a seeming myriad evils created by or ignored by science, summons technocracy to the rescue, the result need not be the mechanistic gamble that humanists mistrust—*if* technology can offer enough managerial men like Bush. He has a reassuring nonmechanistic streak in him. In 1962 he wrote in praise of "a second kind of culture that has nothing whatever to do with utility." And today there remains a dissonant note in his admiration for the computer and its electronic myrmidons: "The advent of devices to do man's mental drudgery will render us more prosperous and perhaps make us happier in our relations, but I doubt the latter. Only the subtle art of human understanding will do that, and that art is beyond the machine."

Furthermore, he is aware that the worth of machines is restricted by the misbehavior of men. This insight produces such Bush sallies as the one he made a few years ago concerning the overuse of computers by data-greedy



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researchers: "Science may become bogged down in its own products, inhibited like a colony of bacteria by its own exudations." His book is plainer spoken about Detroit's classic product. Concerning methods of reducing pollution, Bush writes: "If the automobile industry did not have hardening of the arteries we would soon have them [Sterling engines] in our cars." Also: "Only now, after many years and many jumps in insurance rates, the industry is finally going back to locks that really lock. To be blunt, I think the men who manage the industry are dumb." And, in general reference to the rewards for the lone inventor, he observes: "The legend about a better mousetrap is sheer hokum."

Such indecorousness sounds strange coming from a member of the lofty National Academy of Sciences, the man who got Raytheon Company under way and became Merck's chairman of the board. But Bush is not above using bluntness to cut himself down to size. Regarding myths about his role in the Second World War, he says: "I had plenty to do. I made no technical contribution whatever. Not a single technical idea of mine ever amounted to shucks."

That "plenty to do" neutralizes any indication of false modesty. True, Bush did not personally go into laboratories to help create such weapons as the proximity fuze, the A-bomb, or better radar, or such safeguards as penicillin and a superior anti-malaria drug. Instead, he merged the efforts of science, engineering, industry, labor, finance, and the military, starting with his own suggested budget of $5-million, but "soon we were talking in hundreds of millions." It is a story of behind-the-scenes politicking, of civilian efforts beginning four years before Pearl Harbor to mobilize a democracy's peacetime technology against the Hitler-Mussolini-Tojo axis.

In 1937 the newly formed Committee on Scientific Aids to Learning found itself constantly digressing to discuss the increasing danger of war. Bush, one of the committee's leading worriers, was also chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. It was not a formidable power base. But he became acquainted with President Roosevelt's close adviser, Harry Hopkins, and after a ten-minute chat with Roosevelt, "Harry and I" emerged with "OK-FDR" written on Bush's plan to set up a National Defense Research Committee that would develop new weapons and report directly to the President rather than through military channels. There were some, Bush concedes, who protested that this was "an end run."

Other such runs followed. Bush relates with relish that when he thanked a nongovernmental research chief for lending him an invaluable aide, the reply was, "I had as much to do with loaning you Carroll Wilson as Queen Wilhelmina had to do with loaning Holland to the Germans." When Bush's "bird dogs" reported that FDR was about to create a medical research committee made up of prime movers in the American Medical Association, Bush breakfasted with Hopkins, reminded him of AMA's current trouble with the antitrust laws, and warned that the columnists would enjoy a field day at the President's expense. Whereupon Roosevelt decreed that "he wanted this medical show put under Bush, and did not want to hear a damned thing more about it."

Given the go-ahead, Bush emerged with the all-embracing Office of Scientific Research and Development. For liaison with the military he acquired a Top Policy Committee and a Military Policy Committee, and he invaded the


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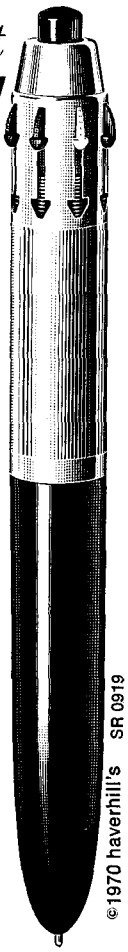

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Pentagon as chairman of the Joint Weapons Committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Was this bureaucracy? Or—another pejorative cliché—was it technocracy? Bush explains it more simply as technology in an embattled democracy.

Toward our present domestic headaches his attitude is one of salty optimism. On pollution, for instance, Mr. Bush writes: "Apparently, in this strange country we just continue practices which injure our neighbors until enough people get mad and make us quit." And on overpopulation: "I hear that by the year 2000 there will be so many people on earth that they can't possibly be fed. I don't believe it, unless indeed we become immersed in ignorance." About American politics: "By some mysterious process, able men rise. We obtain far better leaders than we deserve."

By chance, I read this book a few days after rereading *Democracy Works*, by lawyer Arthur Garfield Hays, written in 1939, another time of stress. I found no major differences in viewpoint between the two authors. Both believed in social progress through gradualism rather than radicalism. To be sure, Bush is the more vulnerable if taken out of context; if, for example, his wish for "a police force that is truly feared" is not accompanied by his expressed reverence for "the names of Hughes, Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo," or if one quotes his tribute to Herbert Hoover while ignoring his admiration for Roosevelt and Truman.

Such nonpolarization may astound extremists. But for Bush the important thing was always the job that had to be done. Here, for instance, is his account of how he got on with Harry Hopkins:

> I had grown up with deep-seated distrust of most social innovators, whom I regarded as a bunch of long-haired idealists or do-gooders. That prejudice has long since become mellowed, and I think the tribe has also matured, but my prejudice then was fairly intense. . . . I was certainly in his eyes a bit of a Tory. He was a New Dealer and I was far from it. Yet something meshed, and we found we spoke the same language.

Today we again face clear and perhaps not distant dangers. We still mistrust technocrats, but if broad-gauged Vannevar Bush becomes the model, then beware. They may yet get past our guard.

*William Gilman, a chemist turned journalist and editor, is the author of "Science: USA," "The Language of Science," and the recently completed "Sharp Language: An Irreverent Look at Communication."*

**THE SACRED MUSHROOM AND THE CROSS:**
**A Study of the Nature and Origins of Christianity Within the Fertility Cults of the Ancient Near East**

**by John M. Allegro**

Doubleday, 349 pp., $7.95

*Reviewed by Raphael Patai*

■ In a period when the use of mushrooms and other hallucinogenic substances forms an integral part of the "now" scene, it was bound to happen sooner or later. In fact, Robert Graves and I must bear part of the blame, because our *Hebrew Myths* contains a hint (but nothing more than that) to the effect that the Biblical description of the Garden of Eden may have had its origin in a drug- or mushroom-induced vision.

That was way back in 1964. Today we have the full-blown theory laughing in our faces: Judaism and early Christianity were nothing but mystery and fertility cults centered on the eating of the penis-shaped, ecstasy-producing mushroom called *Amanita muscaria*, or Fly-Agaric. This is the central thesis of *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross.*

Mr. Allegro (who several years ago became something of a literary phenomenon when his paperback on the Dead Sea Scrolls sold over 250,000 copies) brings an impressive amount of erudition and ingenuity to the task of showing the virtual omnipresence of the phallic, red-capped, white-spotted mushroom in ancient Jewish and Christian literature. He also brings to it a monomaniacal obsession that makes him invent and accept as facts the most farfetched, tenuous, and often impossible philological comparisons and derivations. Had he not been obsessed with his own private mushroom faith, he would never even have started on his book, for the simple fact is that in the entire Bible the word "mushroom" is not mentioned once.

To remedy this shortcoming, Mr. Allegro resorts to an ingenious, albeit somewhat unorthodox, procedure: he calls in the Sumerian language. Thus, if he chooses to interpret any name or expression in the sense of "mushroom" or "penis," whatever its established meaning in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek, Latin, or Arabic, he resorts to the simple expedient of asserting that it is derived from the Sumerian. The question of how Sumerian, which flourished in the third millennium B.C., could influence languages that developed in much later periods and thousands of miles apart, is neither raised nor answered. It is simply taken for



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granted that "Sumerian words . . . appear in Indo-European and Semitic," just as it is taken for granted that the early Christians knew several Sumerian mushroom names consisting of as many as twelve syllables, all of which are hypothesized by the author.

It is interesting to note that this assumed reappearance of Sumerian words in the languages mentioned is, to judge from the many hundreds of examples contained in the book, confined primarily to several mushroom names and a few basic sexual terms, such as penis, vulva, semen, erection, womb, groin, fecundity, and the like. A favorite and often used device of the author in making his "derivations" is to postulate a "supposed original form of two [or more] separate but, as yet, uncombined elements" in Sumerian, and, after assigning a fungal or sexual meaning to the thusly created compound, declare it to be the origin of the Hebrew, Greek, etc., word in question.

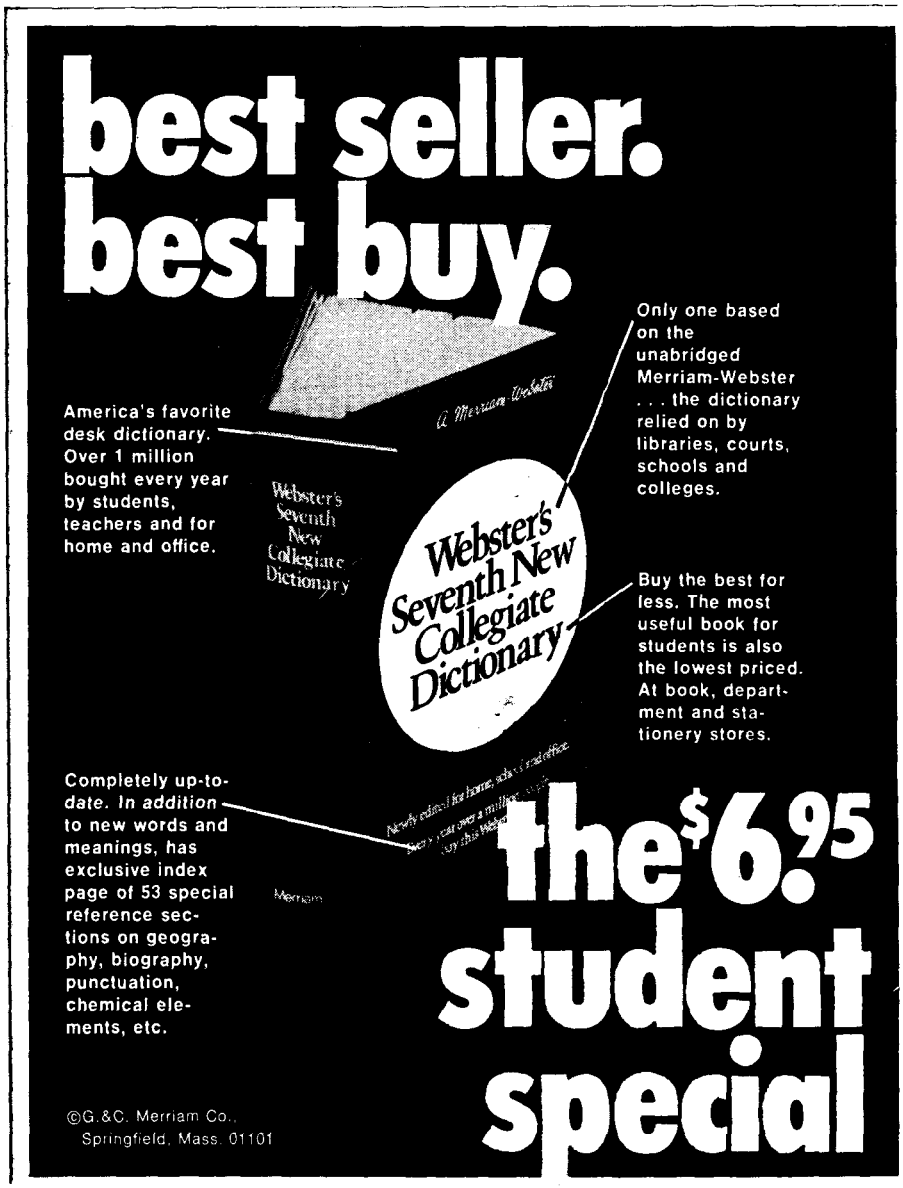
Let us see how this works. The Hebrew names Cain and Abel come from hypothetical Sumerian GAR-EN, "seed container," and BAL, "borer, phallus"; Esau and Jacob, from hypothetical Sumerian E-SHU-A, "raised canopy," *i.e.*, the cap of the *Amanita muscaria*, and IA-A-GUB, "pillar," or the mushroom stem. Joseph is from the hypothetical Sumerian IA-U-SIPA/SIB, Yahweh (semen)-penis; Moses (*Moshe*, usually derived by scholars from the Egyptian *mes* or *mesu*, "son," as in Ra-mesu, Thoth-mes), from the hypothetical Sumerian compound MUS-E, "'emergent snake."

The patronymic of David, "son of Jesse" (Hebrew, *Ben Yishai*), is, says Allegro, "really an attempt to hebraize an original [read: hypothetical] Sumerian BAR-USH-SA, 'erect penis,'" and 2 Samuel 23:1 should be translated "the oracle of the erect phallus, the semen-smeared of the God of Jacob, the Na'im of the stretched penis of Israel." (Compare the usual translation: "The saying of David the son of Jesse, and the saying of the man raised on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet singer of Israel.") We note that Messiah (Heb. *mashiah*), *i.e.*, "anointed," becomes "semen-smeared" because Allegro derives it from Sumerian MASH and SHEM, "terms for semen or resinous sap." The name of the god Moloch is connected with Sumerian MULUGU, mushroom, and, "we may reasonably infer that the practice here objected to involved the dedication in some way of human semen in a phallic rite probably connected with the sacred fungus." It is good to know that those idolatrous Israelites did not, after all, sacrifice their sons to Moloch.

The sacred mushroom, despite the stubborn silence of the Bible, raises its red head in the most unpredictable places. Thus the two stone tablets Moses received on Mt. Sinai "represent the two halves of the split mushroom volva," and the Ten Commandments themselves "are but word-plays on Sumerian fungus names." Ezekiel in his vision of the heavenly Cherubim actually sees the same mushroom, to which the Song of Songs is but "a dramatic ode." Manna was the sacred fungus. The phoenix myth is but "another piece of mushroom folklore." The Hebrew word for lamentation (*qinah*) comes from Sumerian GI-NA, meaning "erect," and Hebrew *kinnor*, harp, from Sumerian GI-NA+URA, "erect penis." As for Jesus, he was nothing but a mushroom.

The Greek world was as saturated with the phallus and the mushroom as the Hebrew-Jewish. Bakkhos (Latin Bacchus) is but a shortened form of Sumerian (again hypothetical, of course) BALAG-USH, "erect penis." The

female votaries of Bacchus, the Bacchantes, derive their name not, as you would have assumed, from the name of Bacchus himself, but from the Sumerian BALAG-AN-TA, the "raised mushroom/penis," or "raiser of the phallus," or "top of the phallic mushroom." The name of the god Hermes comes from the (hypothetical) Sumerian ERUM-USH, "erect penis." Persephone comes from the (again hypothetical) Sumerian BAR-SIB-U-NI, "container of the penis of fecundity," and Kore from the (equally hypothetical) Sumerian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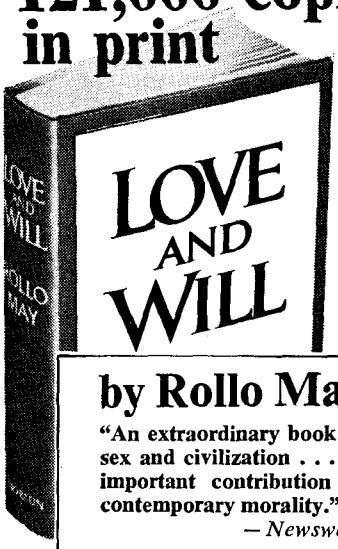


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GU-RI, "phallus." (Who would guess that these two phallus-equipped deities were goddesses?) Pallas Athena is derived (this one with a question mark) from two hypothetical Sumerian words, GALLA and A-TUN, both meaning "womb." Elsewhere, however, the name of this goddess is said to mean not "womb-womb," but "vulva-vulva." Or are womb and vulva identical?

Difficult as it is to follow the author into this speculative realm of Sumerian derivations of single words or names, his explanations of lengthy phrases are simply impossible to understand. Deborah's song contains a taunt directed at Issachar: "Why sattest thou among the sheepfolds . . . ?" (Judges 5:16). These Hebrew words (*lamma yashavta ben hamishp'tayim*) rest, according to Allegro, "upon a word-play on the Sumerian mushroom name [the hypothetical long compound] LI-MASh-BA (LA) G-ANTA-TAB-BA-RI." Deborah, or whoever the author of the song was, surely must have been a past master of Sumerian to be able to create such a long composite name and then make a Hebrew word-play on it. It would, of course, be too much to ask how and why an allusion to a Sumerian mushroom name appeared in the context of Deborah's song. If the early Christians, as Allegro states, used such cryptic Sumerian-based mushroom language because to admit openly that they were mushroom addicts would have exposed them to the wrath of the Romans, what prompted the ancient Israelites to adopt the same cryptographic procedure, although they did not hesitate to embrace openly all kinds of idolatrous practices?

*Raphael Patai, director of research at the Theodor Herzl Institute, is co-author with Robert Graves of "Hebrew Myths."*

## Eighty-Point Plan

*Continued from page* 31

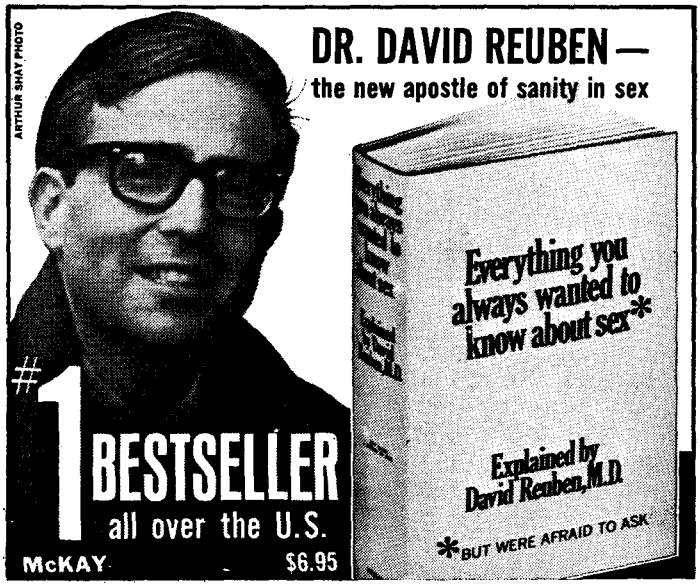
contacts, primarily by means of trade.

In a conclusion that cannot be summarized, since it is already tightly written, Pisar presents an eighty-point plan covering the entire range of trade enterprises which adds up to an impressive brief. This is not to say that it is some kind of panacea, a magic formula for instant peace. It is nothing of the kind but, rather, a practical, hard-headed, highly professional set of proposals.

Any book of this scope must stand on its own merits. In principle, only the strictly professional credentials of

the author should concern us. But there is reason to say a bit more about Samuel Pisar, who is a man with an extraordinary past. He does not talk about it, and he will probably resent my intruding it into this review. But, in my own judgment, it is worth making public.

Sam Pisar was born in Poland, and at the age of twelve was thrown by the Nazis into a concentration camp, along with his family. He was the only one to survive. Having endured the horrors of Auschwitz and Dachau, he was put to forced labor in a Messerschmidt plant. At sixteen, a half-educated savage in a nightmare world, he was liberated by the American Army. Six years later Sam Pisar was at Harvard on a scholarship. His doctoral thesis was published in the *Harvard Law Review*, one of the few graduate papers ever so honored. Pisar went on to serve with the United Nations and the State Department, and as consultant and witness to Congressional committees, until he achieved his present eminent position in the field of international law. He has moved from success to success with one passionate, carefully concealed motive: to justify his survival by making some contribution to peace and a better world. With this book he has done so.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## Cocteau

*Continued from page 33*

Mr. Steegmuller apparently intends it. The delight of *Professional Secrets,* for instance, lies not so much in the accounts of what happened as in the way Cocteau saw and judged people and events. Mr. Steegmuller, as is proper for a biographer (and he is an expert), probes for the facts, and tries to see beyond the legend of Cocteau. His book is vastly entertaining and informative, written stylishly and wittily, with a pen often dipped in vitriol.

Mr. Steegmuller repeatedly deflates Cocteau, which is refreshing, but one becomes irritated by the malicious pleasure he takes in so doing. He seems to begrudge Cocteau every conquest, artistic or personal, that can't in some way be deprecated, and there are moments when the book has the earmarks of an elegant hatchet job. The author describes the young Cocteau as "logorrhetic," and pokes fun at his "role" in World War I by entitling a chapter "The First World War of Jean Cocteau." (Cocteau served in the army briefly, then was attached to an ambulance unit for a while before returning to Paris, where he waged what he termed "the greatest battle of the war," the première of *Parade.*)

And yet one cannot blame the biographer, for however one may judge Cocteau's frenzied activities as a mature man, in his late teens and early twenties he was a self-impressed dilettante whose charm and good looks opened many a door that his still meager achievements could not. Nor does Mr. Steegmuller fail to appreciate Cocteau's struggle to create. He retraces the esthetic apprenticeship at the Ballets Russes, where Diaghilev delivered his celebrated exhortation, "Astonish me!" To astonish became the foundation of Cocteau's artistic endeavors. His initial answer to the Russian impresario was *Parade,* whose qualities and importance Steegmuller fully acknowledges. He is also far from miserly with praise for some of Cocteau's poetry and films. "There has never been another film like *The Blood of a Poet,*" he declares, and he admires *The Children of the Game.* But he considers *Orpheus* merely a homosexual reordering of myth, and dismisses *The Infernal Machine* entirely.

Mr. Steegmuller sharpens the focus on many crucial moments in his subject's life: the trauma of his father's suicide, his well-known relationship with Raymond Radiguet and his less publicized liaison with Jean Desbordes, his frequent lack of money, his insistent claims on Stravinsky's friendship, which annoyed the composer no end. The demythified Jean Cocteau who emerges from this book is a complex, fascinating, exasperating, and all in all very human figure who must resemble the "real" Cocteau closely. It is a major biographical achievement.

Bettina L. Knapp is a distinguished critic of the modern French theater, as witnessed by her earlier volumes on Jouvet, Artaud, and Genet. But her *Jean Cocteau* in the Twayne's World Authors Series is disappointing. Addressing herself principally to the works, the author discusses Cocteau's life only cursorily as background for his literature. Generally, Professor Knapp's analyses are fairly detailed, but they add nothing new and occasionally surprise by their lack of insight. For instance, to claim that *The Children of the Game* possesses "the force, the tension, poetry, and religious flavor of an authentic Greek tragedy" is to misconstrue the true flavor of the novel. Again, Bettina Knapp feels that Cocteau portrays particularly cruel female figures. Jocasta and the Sphinx in *The Infernal Machine,* who are singled out in this context, are not cruel; Jocasta is flighty, slightly nymphomaniacal, and tender at times, while the Sphinx, in Cocteau's sparkling concept of her, is a beautiful young woman, tired of killing, and captivated by the handsome young Oedipus—a far more attractive figure than the traditional Sphinx of mythology.

The laxity of the writing ("Each could be anyone and everyone: identityless, characterless, they plunged from one emotional phase to another, never really coming to life as individuals, but remaining formless and amoeba-like amid the swirling sands of the collective world.") and the superficiality of approach (*e.g.,* works are classified as "successful" or "unsuccessful," but according to what criterion? Artistic merit? Public response? Money?) may be a gifted critic's unfortunate response to an undemanding series.

Cocteau's talents, however, are well served by this trio of books, if only because they are proof of the continuing attraction of the man and his art. The beauty of his several masterpieces is not yet faded, nor have we exhausted our interest in a man whose life-style was so much his own, whose career was like a series of almost uninterrupted fireworks. Cocteau's symbol *par excellence,* the one he prized more than any other, was the mirror, for in it, he felt, one could observe death at work. All his works serve as a mirror in which we see not death but life, his life, in all its diverse fascination.

*Tom Bishop wrote "L'Avant-garde théatrale: The French Theatre Since 1950."*

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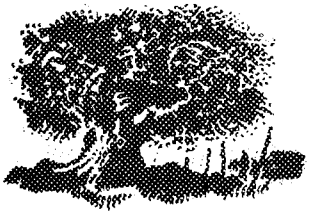

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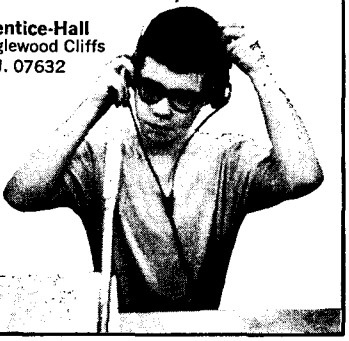

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## Kafka

*Continued from page 37*

to the lure of exploitation. It makes one wonder if Singer hasn't already fallen victim to the fate of the typically successful American author: the inevitable downhill course that follows the sudden phenomenal ascent.

Nevertheless, Singer still manages to produce a few good stories, and there are some fine passages in the bad ones. It would be unfair to skim over these positive elements. When Singer is strong he can delineate character swiftly, as in "Dr. Beeber," composed in his characteristic curt rhythms. He consistently makes use of Jewish literary, folkloristic, and historical material to reinforce his Yiddish prose, and thus remains squarely within the Jewish writing tradition. He can combine plot with analysis of existential situations, and character with theology and an attitude toward the Jewish past. His typical strengths are evident in "Pigeons," a sketch of a Jewish professor in Poland who serves God by feeding pigeons:

> The professor did not only derive pleasure from feeding the hungry pigeons. He learned from them. He had once read an excerpt from the Talmud in which the Jews were likened to pigeons, and only lately had he grasped the meaning of the comparison. Pigeons have no weapons in the fight for survival. . . . They fear noise, flee the smallest dog. . . . The pigeon, like the Jew, thrives on peace, quietude, and good will.

By use of a Jewish metaphor Singer suggests a meaning to the story that moves it beyond the literal. This image is reinforced by the phenomenon of the pigeons thronging at the professor's funeral, and the concluding line: "The smell of char and rot came up from the gutter, an acrid stench of imminent destruction."

Isaac Bashevis Singer has evidently spread himself too thin—too many interviews, too many lectures, too many stories. America has made a "property" of him, an item to be pushed, promoted, sold, and given maximum exposure—a notion unheard of in the Yiddish literary world. Years ago in an interview Singer stated that he made hardly any money from his books, and that his Yiddish journalism sustained him. Now he says in the opening line of "The Cafeteria," a story about a successful Yiddish writer in America (and one would have to be obtuse not to read it as autobiographical), "I have reached the point where a great part of my earnings are now given away in taxes." These two lines neatly frame the current problem of Singer's art.

*Curt Leviant is the editor of the Sholom Aleichem anthology "Some Laughter, Some Tears."*

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**THE DICK**

**by Bruce Jay Friedman**

Knopf, 310 pp., $6.95

*Reviewed by Haskel Frankel*

■ Consider a novel in trouble when the reader—this one, anyway, and I have been a long-time admirer of Bruce Jay Friedman's cockeyed, black-comedy view of the world—turns to the book's jacket blurb to find out what the hell the author is up to. It seems that Kenneth LePeters, who is "The Dick," is "Semi-this and demi-that, bisected, trisected, sliced like a pie!" And "he struggles for reunification. . . ." I'll buy that as to the author's intent but, having read Mr. Friedman's novel, I don't believe it.

Kenneth LePeters's face is divided by a scar, which is pretty good demi-semi symbolism. And Kenneth LePeters was born Kenneth Sussman, another semi-demi clue. But that's about as far as one can go with the publisher's catalogue of demis, semis, hemis, and quasis. LePeters comes across as far from a "demi-dad" to his ten-year-old daughter. In fact, their relationship seems excellent, unless one thinks, as LePeters sometimes does, that he has failed his daughter by leaving her in a black public school. That, however, is his problem; it doesn't bother the girl, even when a friend ropes her to a tree in a game of lynch. Nor does he deserve to be labeled a "hemi-husband" to his wife, Claire. They don't have the marriage of the century, but Claire's sleeping on the edge of the bed and refusing to kiss her husband even during intimate moments doesn't make for a "hemi-husband."

Granted LePeters isn't much of a detective. His work in public relations at Homicide consists of pasting up clippings pertinent to current crimes, and putting out *Bullet-In,* the Homicide newspaper. References to either of these jobs are seldom because the background that should exist in *The Dick* doesn't. What exists instead is a cluster of wacky character inventions who carry police titles. Any work they do is barely touched on.

Because, with his first two novels Mr. Friedman has built himself a reputation as a writer of black humor with something to say, one keeps assuming *The Dick,* by virtue of its milieu, is about something larger than one man's paranoia (something he went into with point and purpose in his first novel, *Stern*). But, though the subject of law and order, police brutality, and the currently controversial figure of the policeman might well be a target for the diabolic Friedman pen, the author has only pinpointed to the locale before abandoning it. Instead, he semi-demi focuses on a man who happens to work in Homicide. The man seemed to find his Jewishness enough of a problem to cause him to change his name, but Mr. Friedman doesn't want to probe or explain. The man seems vaguely liberal yet much troubled by his daughter's being in a black school, but Mr. Friedman doesn't want to go deeply into that either. And why his wife takes up with another man, considering her not very ravenous sexual appetite, is as confusing to LePeters as it must be to the reader.

And so it goes. Things happen in *The Dick* but they happen only because the author wants them to happen. Eventually, when he has invented enough, Mr. Friedman has his hero reach a solution to a problem that one was not aware he had.

What was so interesting in Friedman's first two novels, *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses*—a wildly imaginative gift for characters with unique personality quirks—seems a gimmick in this unsolid novel. The characters come through, not as participants in a black comedy but as inventions, each with *shtick* attached. There is something outlandish about everyone; they are characters not in a novel, but in search of one.

In short, *The Dick* is composed of quirky types, inventive incidents, well-written scenes, but nothing that adds up to a meaningful whole. If it is not too farfetched an allusion, think of all of the ornaments used at Christmas. Without a tree to hang them on, the display is colorful but meaningless.

*Haskel Frankel, who has been a fiction editor, regularly reviews novels for SR.*



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# Booked for Travel

*David Butwin*

## Croissants, Beignets, and O. J.

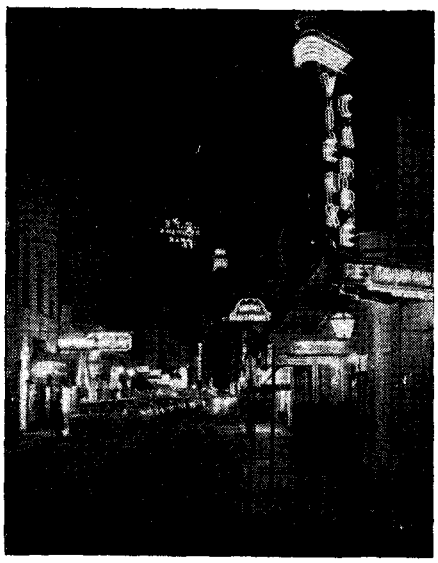
THERE ARE SIGNS, ever so subtle, that summer in New Orleans is finally on the wane. It hardly occurred to this escapee from Manhattan, arriving as I did on a sultry, steaming weekend in late August, but a New Orleanian advised that only days before he had turned off the air conditioner in his car and rolled down the windows for the first time since June. And if that wasn't a harbinger of autumn, then all the sudden hoopla over football was. "This isn't really a sports town, it's a football town," he said, and offered a few words of prayer for the Trinity: Tulane, LSU, and the New Orleans Saints.

New Orleans has things other than football to recommend itself, and I don't refer only to jazz, Creole cooking, and wrought-iron balconies. In an era when the rest of the nation seems intent on papering itself over with a disquieting sameness, the Crescent City is striving to retain a measure of individuality. And it seems to be succeeding, despite the visitor's first impression that the flatlands between the airport and city could have been transplanted from any tract of suburbia in the country.

What is different about New Orleans? For starters, it has square doughnuts without holes, hotels with bidets, a streetcar named St. Charles (Desire is a bus now), a language that defies an outsider's comprehension, and a night life that trips well into day.

The drive into the city doesn't require attention until one has crossed Canal Street, a 171-foot-wide thoroughfare with golden fleur-de-lis lampposts down the center. The scene changes abruptly from twentieth-century Downtown America to something much earlier, rarer, and harder to define. You enter the Vieux Carré, or French Quarter, a hundred-square-block section (ten by ten) notoriously trampled each Mardi Gras. The streets are narrow and just as negotiable by horse-drawn buggies bearing tourists as by power-packed Mustangs—which is to say traffic barely clops along—but one of these days, the new mayor has promised, parts of the quarter will be freed of motorized transport, and if that scheme works, then all the streets will be given to us bipeds.

Meanwhile, the Vieux Carré Commission ensures that the antique skyline shall remain intact, and the exteriors of buildings shall not be appreciably altered by new owners. Hotels in the quarter are thus held in check, at least on the outside, although Le Downtowner, despite its noble, Gallic title, looks a bit blustery beside its older and humbler neighbors. My arrival at the Prince Conti, on that last Saturday morning in August, got me properly out of Americana and somewhat into the French way, especially when the concierge in the small Louix XV lobby told me that a morning telephone call would summon a Continental breakfast with croissant, coffee, and—here a kind concession to American taste—a



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**Twin houses (one pink, one blue) decorate Esplanade Avenue in the French Quarter.**

glass of O.J. There is even a bell outside the hotel's front door, to be rung by guests arriving back after midnight. I asked the drawling concierge if he spoke any other language, and he said no, he was born and raised in Mississippi, lives just across the state line in Picayune, and drives over every morning.

**The Delta heat** was rising into the 80s, and I quickly fell into slower, easier step with my companion, one Don DuBose, whose name rings Creole or Cajun though his roots are Texan. He likes the quarter but lives in the suburb of Métairie ("METree" in Orleanian parlance), which he admits could be set anywhere in America but has a *joie de vivre* of its own, a pool-and-barbecue appeal unmatched in the quarter.

We managed to time our stops indoors with the sudden rain squalls that seemed to arrive as often in the broiling sunshine as not. Orleanians can tell Seattleites a thing or two about rain. Hardly a dry day has passed in bayou country since July Fourth, but September and October usually bring cool and pleasant weather before the winter rains (and occasionally snows) fall. We ducked into the Cabildo, a Louisiana State Museum on Jackson Square, an ornate cement-covered brick building, once the seat of Spanish Colonial government, and the place where the Louisiana Purchase was signed. We were being treated to a spiel on Napoleon, whose bronze death mask haunts the second floor, when the kindly woman guide, a fifth-generation Orleanian with an American flag on her lapel, looked over my shoulder with a start. Closing in was a quartet of men in peculiar Civil War battle dress: Their pants were gray, their coats were navy blue. "We've seen them around this morning," the guide said nervously. "We don't know what to think. They're neither fish nor foul—neither Yankee nor Southern."

While they examined a Napoleon display, she encouraged me to make a foray and learn what they were about. Encountering no hostility, I was told by one of the four, a New Orleans draftsman named Mel Cohen, that his mates were descendants of Washington artillerymen who went into battle in 1861 against the Union wearing the only uniforms at hand. He said the group, all military buffs, were at the Cabildo to officially move a twelve-pound cannon into place at the foot of the front stairwell. "We go all over the country to re-enact battles," he said. "We have uniforms from all different wars. We even put on Union uniforms if there aren't any Yankees around. At the Super Bowl we re-enacted the Battle of New Orleans during half time, and a lot of people told us we were better than the game." He conceded that their colorful accouterment attracts less attention now that young people are dressing so oddly.

The guide received the intelligence gratefully. When she showed us out, she delivered a parting homily. "It's time, all over America, we should take our history more seriously." She threw in a wink, as if to apologize for the schoolmarm tone.

Facing each other on opposite sides of Jackson Square are the Pontalba Galleries, block-long rows of red-brick buildings trimmed smartly with iron filigree. These well-tended mid-Victorian relics may have been the first apartments rented in the country. New Orleans lays claim to many such distinctions. Opera first came to the United States through New Orleans early in the 1800s, and it flourished until the French Opera House burned down in the Vieux Carré in 1919. Near the end of the eighteenth century a local druggist named Antoine Peychaud concocted the first cocktail, of brandy and homemade bitters. New Orleans also claims to have invented the coffee break, a local institution celebrated by tourists and residents alike.

We broke at the Café du Monde near the French Market, a choice spot to sample the aforementioned square doughnuts, actually beignets, served hot with a blizzard of powdered sugar. DuBose warned me the local blend of coffee with chicory could remove tooth enamel, but he exaggerated. What I find curious is that Orleanians will dodge from one side of the street to the other to keep out of the sun, but continue to drink their coffee steaming hot through the summer. Several requests for iced coffee on that muggy weekend drew only blanks.

On the other side of the French Market (née Halle des Boucheries), which sells baseball-bat-length French breads, sugary pralines, and other specialties of the region, off in a corner near the railroad tracks, is a streetcar named Desire. The Desire line was retired in 1948, but this remaining coach, its wood seats highly polished and its bell still in clanging order, stands as a museum and monument to Tennessee Williams and his play. Motorman #2479 showed us through the car, pointing first to a playbill announcing a recent local performance of *A Streetcar Named Desire*—"a drama of emotional fury" directed by June Havoc. On it was an autograph by the playwright, who had dropped in a few weeks earlier. Streetcar #922, used in the film nineteen years ago, still runs on the St. Charles line and is operated by the motorman who appeared in the movie.

By midday, the quarter was already athrob with sounds and movement. Barkers on Bourbon Street were luring window shoppers into darkened sanctums where, one could clearly see through the doors, sirens danced on bartops. Southern hippies lolled on street corners begging change in Orleanian drawls. A combo was playing at Al Hirt's auditorium-like club, while a hawker out front promised that Hirt would appear that night. It is a strange sight, people sitting at tables listening to music and sipping drinks by daylight, but after you get used to the idea that places stay open twenty-four hours in New Orleans, that people can order drinks in paper cups and take them out on the streets, that Orleanians drive around dragging not inconspicuously on beer cans, then you are



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ready to believe anything, even the Duck Lady, who leads her pet ducks around the quarter at night.

Off Bourbon Street, the quarter is quieter by day, at times evocative of an earlier, simpler age. People do live and work behind the ivy and grillwork, so the French Quarter is much more than a tourist snare. Wrought-iron gateways shield secrets from the passerby, who is left to peer into a shaded courtyard with a fountain trickling in the center.

In midafternoon, as the singing heat pressed down, we hopped a St. Charles streetcar—the last line not converted to buses—and rode westward to the Garden District beneath a canopy of live oaks, a welcome breeze fluttering through the open windows. After the Louisiana Purchase, a host of Americans moved to New Orleans, only to be shunned by the Creoles, of French and Spanish ancestry, who jealously kept the French Quarter to themselves. Thus emerged the fine, white, colonnaded mansions in the Garden District.

We got off by Tulane and strolled for a while through the deserted campus until DuBose, muttering something about mad dogs and New Yorkers, coaxed me back to the streetcar. There would be gentler days in the fall, Orleanians promised. Eastern Air Lines, which rides in from a host of cities, has put on a cut-rate autumn weekend package, running until December.

On Saturday night the French Quarter throngs with a dazed multitude that surges up and down the streets as if impelled by hidden mechanisms. Couples cling desperately, faces don't smile, jazz notes clash with rock. "This must be like Mardi Gras," I said to DuBose as we picked our way along Bourbon Street. "Nothing like it," he said. "Mardi Gras is unbelievable—wall-to-wall people."

Sunday night we found the quarter less intense, less crowded. There were smiles. In the washroom in Le Downtowner, I was regaled by a joyous young man with drink in hand, no doubt an out-of-towner, too. "Happy New Year," he said and barged out into the warm August night.

### LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Hermann Hesse, i. *Magister Ludi;* 2. Theodore Dreiser, h. *Sister Carrie;* 3. Herman Melville, f. *Benito Cereno;* 4. Edward Albee, e. *The Zoo Story;* 5. J. D. Salinger, j. *Catcher in the Rye;* 6. Aristophanes, g. *Lysistrata;* 7. Gustave Flaubert, d. *Madame Bovary;* 8. Christopher Marlowe, a. *Tamburlaine;* 9. Jonathan Swift, b. *Gulliver's Travels;* 10. Thomas Hardy, c. *The Return of the Native.*

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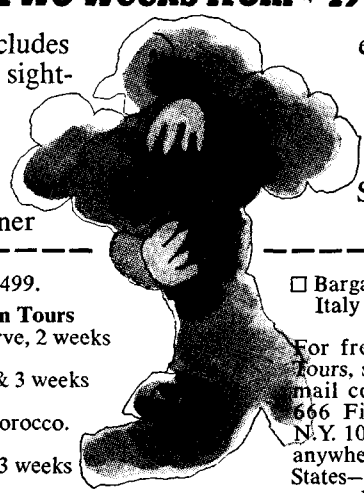

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## Deification

*Continued from page 25*

brance," eaten to remind people of present blessings and to symbolize their deep hatred of the old society.

According to a foreign resident who left Peking in mid-1969, daily services were becoming more and more an established custom. The cult had other features, too:

- Huge white statues of Mao, much larger than life, were everywhere—even in the courtyards of Buddhist temples. This no longer struck anyone as strange, any more than the quotations from the Chairman that were also hung everywhere—even in the newly reopened Temple of Heaven.
- No less omnipresent—in houses, offices, factories—were paper cut-outs of a heart inscribed with the word "loyal" that echoed the daily oath of loyalty.
- Many citizens of Peking wore big paper sunflowers, symbolizing the way in which the people of China turn toward Chairman Mao as toward the sun.
- Mao badges were more popular than ever. They generally had a picture of his round face and either a quotation from his writings or a devotional phrase such as "Chairman Mao is the reddest red sun in our hearts." When a new badge came out, purchasers would queue up for blocks, then fondle the added symbol of affection and show it off to admiring friends.
- The parade for the Ninth Communist Party Congress in 1969 included floats with miniature stage sets of brightly colored paper, inside which, rather than gods and goddesses as in the past, one saw Mao and Lin Piao, the country's second-ranking leader.
- Mangoes were still being distributed to offices and factories, where visitors bowed before them as before a sacred image. The mango cult began in 1968 when Mao sent a present of fruit to the worker-soldier team that had taken over the "rectification" of some erring university students. In the spring of 1969, a foreign visitor saw a mango preserved in a jar at the Peking airport on its way to a tool factory in Shanghai. The jar was under guard by two soldiers armed with rifles.

Foreigners arriving in China, even those who had read about the cult of Chairman Mao, were stunned by its impact. Not only were its symbols on every wall, but bookshops were filled with nothing but the works of Mao—identical books and sets, row on row, more single-mindedly than in the bookshop of any Bible society. Whenever a train left the Peking railroad station, everyone stood at attention, holding the little red books to his chest: There had been another victory for the thought of Chairman Mao.

How to interpret all this will depend, I suppose, on one's political position and on one's concept of the nature of religion. A Chinese Marxist, for example, would have to deny that Mao was being deified, since both he and Mao are atheists. The Marxist would point out, quite rightly, that no one in China calls Mao a god and that worship of Mao is devoid of mysticality and religious vocabulary. On the other hand, clergymen and those who study religion may tend to see the cult as a proof of the importance—or at least persistence—of religious behavior among the Chinese.

Perhaps the cult of Mao should only be considered religious to the extent that it produces attitudes that cannot be justified on rational—or, should we say, scientific-materialist—grounds. It is one thing to regard the departure of a train as a victory for Mao's thought; it is another not to fasten one's seat belt on a plane because (as one visitor was told) "the pilot could not make a mistake, inspired as he was by the thought of Chairman Mao." But how do we know whether such attitudes are genuine or assumed? Everything about the cult has a certain staginess. There is no way to find out what was really going on inside the heads of the workers and peasants as they took their daily vow of loyalty. The Chinese are adept at make-believe, of which this extraordinary movement may be but one more example. There has been no hard evidence of real faith. When there is, we should expect to hear of miracles—from refugees if not from the official press.

At its present stage of development, the cult of Mao seems most aptly comparable to the cult of Confucius. Confucius, too, was never deified—never in the sense of becoming a god like the Jade Emperor of Kuan-yin—but he was revered, studied, and appealed to for blessing as if he were superhuman. Whether his cult was a religion is no easier to answer than in Mao's case. One could argue, in fact, that the cult of Mao, as it is presented to us by the party literati, stands squarely in the Confucian tradition. Mao is the Sage, whose *Analects* are the compleat guide to life. He is the embodiment of every virtue, the model for every man who aspires to virtue.

We should remember, however, that the rationalism of the Confucianists has never been shared by the Chinese masses, who have always demanded something more satisfyingly religious. In the immense manifold of Chinese popular religion, the people were provided with rites and beliefs that answered all human needs. Popular religion, like China as a nation, did not defeat its rivals; it simply absorbed them. The most rationalistic Confucian official could end up (after he died) as a tutelary god, prayed to for personal favors.

Such an outcome can hardly be the intent of the Communist leaders who have encouraged the worship of Mao. The trouble is we do not know their identity or their motives. They could belong to the Lin Piao faction and be magnifying Mao partly in order to flatter him and retain his favor, and partly in order to provide themselves with a more prestigious shield behind which they can advance to power. Or Mao himself could be promoting his cult, either to regain the face he felt he lost when he was ridiculed by intellectuals in the early 1960s, or to "plug in" to the power of religion and religious forms, or, perhaps, to replace the "feudal" religions of the past with a more proletarian religion until the day comes when the masses no longer need religion at all. It is interesting that since 1966, during the very period that the worship of Mao has been officially promoted, all the traditional forms of religious activity have been suppressed with unprecedented rigor—even the celebration of Chinese New Year.

If it is Mao himself who has been promoting his cult, then we might expect it to wane if he begins to lose power. This makes it especially interesting that in June 1970 freighters from Communist China, which for the past four years have been covered with Mao's pictures and quotations, began to arrive in Japanese ports with all such decorations removed. In one case a quotation from the little red book had been partly painted over on the day the ship entered Nagoya. From straws like this we have to measure the East Wind.



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## Criminal Justice

*Continued from page 24*

and old, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, and black and white are different perceptions of and experiences with the quality of justice in America. Saint Mark warned, "And if a house be divided against itself, then that house cannot stand." He was right. Injustice in its many forms is the basic cause of disorder. It takes rather substantial injustice to arouse man from lethargy. From one side of America's house divided we hear the demand for order. It is the voice of those who resist change. From the other side of our house comes the plea for justice. This is the voice of those who seek change. But the long history of mankind says you will have neither order nor justice unless you have both.

We are divided and face the dangers of repression when we should be building with constructive purpose. The fear and anger of the too comfortable and the unconcerned are catered to at the cost of greater alienation of the miserable and the involved. Behind the phrase "law and order" many conceal their opposition to civil rights enforcement and to dissent—to the supreme law of the land. Blinded by prejudice, they will not see that through decades of civil wrongs we have bred and nurtured crime. People cry for order but blush at the mention of justice. We must not be ashamed to speak of humaneness, to be gentle, to seek rehabilitation—these are essential to the spirit of man. Without them he will be hard, cruel, and violent.

Will the immensity of our problems — population, world peace, nuclear arms, rising racial strife, student unrest, the decaying hearts of our great cities, crime, pollution, the sheer numbers in our environment—so strain our understanding that we confuse essential liberties with the cause of our grief? Will we come to fear the strength of diversity, the virtue of difference? Will we see some nonexistent contest between liberty and security, between the rights of the individual and the safety of society? Will we seek a little more safety by giving a little less liberty? Can fear, affluence, or lethargy overpower our will to enlarge both liberty and security? Can complexity and anxiety cause us to doubt that fulfillment is the flower of freedom, borne of no other tree, that freedom is the child of courage? Shall we fail to remember that nothing can so weaken security as the loss of liberty?

Agencies of criminal justice must be so fair and so effective that they can hold us together in the turbulence of the years ahead until we have removed the underlying causes of crime in America. Our laws must provide moral leadership and cannot therefore be themselves immoral. Our purpose as a people must have a clear and generous meaning of equality for all. We must strive to fulfill the obligations of a great nation, to achieve needed reforms, to offer fulfillment, human dignity, and reverence for life. America's passion must be justice.

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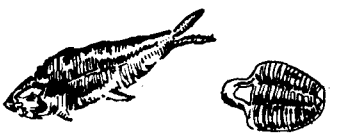

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# TV-Radio

*Robert Lewis Shayon*

## Tools for Manipulation

TV IS HAVING a holiday with a spate of drug-abuse programs. Though they may distribute some minor insights that could prove socially useful, these programs, rather narrow in their frames of reference, are already redundant in their propaganda over-kill. If TV is to be genuinely helpful on the subject of drugs, the time has come for the medium to direct some attention to matters more crucial than dissuading young people from the use of pot.

I have in mind particularly *Trip to Nowhere: An NBC White Paper on Youth and Drugs*, which was presented recently—although I have viewed at least half a dozen other productions by local stations that offered experts, parents, officials, and a small multitude of "talking heads"—ex-addicts preaching horrible-example sermons to interested but perhaps largely unimpressed high school teen-agers.

Not too long ago, one good way to get on television was to be black. Now a better way is to be a young ex-addict. It's TV's new In thing, and it's likely to be with us for a while. The NBC White Paper intelligently treated drug use or abuse (it is difficult to determine the line between the two) as a symptom of deeper social dysfunctions—lack of love in family relationships, which produces insecure children; misguided priorities in affluent communities that stress the rewards of a money culture over quality education, social justice, peace, and clean environment. Indeed, a *Trip to Nowhere*'s most effective scene was one in which two middle-class parents (whose eighteen-year-old son had turned to drugs) exhibited their crippled capacity to put their arms comfortingly around each other in times of personal trouble. Hopefully, the experience resonated introspective searching among parents who were viewing.

But while the program briefly identified the so-called "underlying causes," they were only abstractions. The concrete images were mostly sad case histories. The efforts of official, professional, and civic groups in Phoenix, a case city, to organize rescue and rehabilitation efforts for drug victims were reminiscent of all such post-factum attempts—too little, too late. The alleged education-prevention campaigns in the schools were unimpressive: Teen-agers don't take them seriously (most know all they want to know about drugs); and they generally resent the failure of the Establishment to make a distinction between marijuana, which they consider harmless, and the addictive, hard-line drugs such as cocaine and heroin.

**In several** of the local programs that I viewed, teen-agers themselves widened perspective on the drug scene by pointing out that the media are principal pushers of drugs when they hawk patented pills that pep you up, slow you down, put you to sleep, wake you up, or relax your tensions in a hard, mean world.

The teen-agers rightly fingered adults as examples (through their use of alcohol and tobacco) whose personal behavior provides their children with clearer lessons than their educational preachments. All this is salutary but very familiar. The complex social syndrome of a technological culture that produces stress, alienation, the symbolic meaning of drugs to youth as a defiance of the world they never made—these points no longer have fresh impact; they have been internalized, assimilated, neutralized. A dimension still unexplored by television in illuminating the drug scene, however, is the relationship of the psychedelic subculture to the anticipated increase in the use of drugs in our society for the purposes of controlling human behavior and modifying personality.

Youth's claim for its right to use drugs in order to expand consciousness runs parallel to the exploration, by police, educators, the military, and the medical profession, of the use of drugs for mood control, for efficiency and adjustment to the "system," for management of deviant behavior, and for the tranquilizing of mentally ill and aged "trouble-making" patients in hospitals. Entirely new classes of drugs will be introduced in the future and used with social approval. Who controls them, and for what purposes, with what consequences for the civil rights of individuals and for their rights of privacy, are profound and pressing problems that transcend the youth-drug problem. Drugs are tools for the manipulation of awareness. As such they are potential weapons in an old struggle in the social body between totalitarian and democratic strains. This is "where it's really at" in the drug scene, and television ought to "get with it" if it hopes significantly to expand citizen consciousness.



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# The Theater

*Henry Hewes*

## Marriage South African Style

SOUTH AFRICAN playwright Athol Fugard is currently represented Off-Broadway by *Boesman and Lena*, which, thanks to highly acclaimed intense performances by Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones, is already a hit.

On a sociological level, *Boesman and Lena* is about two half-castes doomed by South Africa's apartheid policy to a subhuman existence. But looked at in closer focus, it seems to be the struggle of one woman against the physical harassment and domination of her husband, who takes out on her society's unfair and humiliating treatment of him. I suspect that many men among America's mistreated minorities respond in this way, and that the play will have special pertinence to those who live daily with this perversely destructive behavior. On the other hand, advocates of women's lib may relate more strongly to the plight of Lena, who, when she was first married, walked side by side and joked with her husband, but who, as she gets older, must walk behind him, do the dirty work, and beg his permission for everything. Finally, the atmosphere that surrounds this ordeal of daily survival by two human derelicts living on without hope may invoke comparisons with *Waiting for Godot*. For, as in Beckett's prototype, "nothing happens."

Of course, one can argue that something does happen in *Boesman and Lena*. A sick, elderly black man does wander in, and Lena, desperate for someone new to talk to, gives up her daily ration of wine to Boesman in return for being allowed to sit and talk to the old man, who doesn't even speak her language. After a while he quietly dies, and Boesman and Lena have to pull up stakes in a hurry so that Boesman will not be suspected of having killed him.

But when we say "nothing happens," what we really mean is that *what* happens doesn't matter very much. It doesn't change anything. It is merely descriptive of two aimless people's daily routine. Out of their interreaction come no new revelations, no new decisions.

One way actors can attack such material is to face the total despair behind each line of dialogue and construct a symphony of human agony and bitter complaint. This is what Miss Dee does splendidly. She appears completely transformed into the miserable, bent-crooked victim, and never for an instant does she not burn at high intensity. At the same time, she is monotonous because her complaints, most of which have to do with events recalled from the past, all sound pretty much the same, and because she is too willing to voice them. On a stage, the most effective way to show an emotion is sometimes to fight against showing it, and this Miss Dee seldom does. Nevertheless, she is stunning and has an incandescent way with a poetic line like, "Learn to dance, Boesman. Leave your bruises on the earth."

In the role of Boesman, James Earl Jones is most imaginative as he emphasizes the brute animal simplicity of the character, and there is a welcome variety to his deliveries. He can be bitter when he smilingly describes himself as "a happy Hottentot." He can be droll when he reacts to Lena's proposal that all three of them sleep together. Or he can explode with a brilliantly obscene gesture, as when he takes her piece of bread and defiantly wipes himself with it. But yet, perhaps because director John Berry wants us to feel the deep estrangement between these two partners, both Jones and Miss Dee often seem to be giving independent performances that lose the sense of mortal conflict and game-playing the script so badly needs.

As a result of concentrating too deeply on the inner emotions of their roles, much of the play's poetry emerges as the afterbirth of the action. There is, for instance, an interesting exchange about the illusionary "freedom" the white man has generously bestowed upon Boesman, but it becomes just one more item in the couple's catalogue of complaints.

More troublesome still is the director's apparent decision to avoid most of the script's opportunities for humor. At the very beginning, Boesman's inherently hilarious action of matter-of-factly throwing a huge slab of corrugated scrap metal onto the stage is performed with just enough hesitation to make it ominous rather than funny. Similarly, the marital game in which Boesman tries to confuse Lena about their checkered itinerary strikes us as more cruel than ridiculous. Even the immense fun of Lena's talking to the old man, who answers her only in gibberish, is as muted as they can make it. Indeed, the only substantial laugh in this production—when Lena points out, "He's not brown people. He's black people. They got feelings, too."—comes from audience insight.

It is hard to quarrel with success, and with the committed use of great talent. Nevertheless, for all its impressiveness, the Circle in the Square's *Boesman and Lena* emerges as a slow-going, painful, dramatic incident that challenges an audience's staying power and its interpretative capacity.

**Another hit Off-Broadway** is a Japanese rock musical called *Golden Bat*, which, after opening at the La Mama Experimental Theatre Club, was moved to the Sheridan Square Playhouse. It shows us modern Japanese youth experiencing the death of its illusions about America and being reborn with a new philosophy that mixes the best of America with the best of Japan.

The young company, which calls itself both the Tokyo Kid Brothers and La Mama Tokyo, is directed by Yutaka Higashi, who also wrote the book and lyrics for *Golden Bat*. Mr. Higashi believes that the theater should be more nonideological and anarchistic, and *Golden Bat* is certainly a free-flying experience. Although the company dress in traditional Japanese costumes, their performance is delightfully irreverent, as they make fun of themselves and of America. There is a good deal of audience participation, and two discreetly staged and lit nude scenes. In one a boy and girl lie together tenderly caressing each other for love, rather than for sexual exercise.

While the majority of the show is pleasant fun, enhanced by composer Itsuro Shimoda's lovely music, and colored by Japanese mispronunciation of English that makes some of the dialogue unintelligible, much that is moving and serious is to be found in *Golden Bat*. The most effective number is one in which a skillful actor named Shoichi Saito asks people in the audience if they will mail a letter for him. It is addressed to the girl he loved, but didn't marry. She is now married to someone else, and the letter asks her to leave her husband and marry him. Saito manages magnificently to express with his outstretched arms the utter sadness of his plight.

Serious too is some of the comment. "This is America," says one Japanese youth, "America, where there is a war, but no battlefield." But through criticism of both Japan and America the members of this charming and talented company arrive at an understanding. "Our true country is within. We link our arms and form our own frontier. . . . Our arms are the horizon!" We may not be converted by *Golden Bat*, but sharing the Japanese company's joy and concern is international exchange at its best.



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"The family wanted to be photographed at their best—in their best."

# AT HOME IN EAST HARLEM

—Photos by Bruce Davidson

"All kinds of people . . . all of them trying to say something."

by MARGARET R. WEISS

SPARED THE TYRANNY of deadlines and the will-or-whim of editor, art director, and client, a photographer's self-assigned projects often produce the most rewarding camerawork. Certainly, this has been the experience of Bruce Davidson, whose latest venture in personal assignments is making its appearance this week as *East 100th Street*, a Harvard University Press book and a Museum of Modern Art exhibit.

With a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts (the first of its kind awarded in photography), the thirty-seven-year-old Magnum veteran was able to take leave of all professional commitments for a two-year period. Since 1967, the Davidson credit line has not been seen in its accustomed places: the pages of *Life*, *Vogue*, *Holiday*, and *Esquire*, the institutional advertising of Xerox and IBM, or on the screen as director of still photography for such films as Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point* and documentaries produced by the American Institute of Architects.

Instead, he and his Linhof view camera have been at work gathering impressions of life as it is lived on one of the seamiest streets of East Harlem's honeycomb. As he puts it, "I entered a life-style, and, like the people on the block, I loved and hated it and kept going back." In the end, he would never forget what someone said to him when he first came to the area: "What you call a ghetto, I call my home."

Davidson's pictures are not candid shots; each was the result of a prearranged appointment and reflects a conscious collaboration between photographer and subject. His purpose was not to produce a photojournalistic documentary; he eschews the role of fact-finding reporter. Nor was it his aim to create a photo-essay on a preselected theme. What the pictures of the book and exhibition record is a personal chronicle of emotional responses to people; the faces and the facts are there to be read without benefit of text.

The following are some of Davidson's comments excerpted from a taped discussion we recently shared:

• "A friend of mine who used to be a social worker on East 100th Street told me that it was considered one of the worst streets! In my mind, I began to see it as a place that might be my Left Bank, where I could be by myself, be myself, and make my kind of picture. A white minister living on the block introduced me to the local Citizens' Committee. A young Puerto Rican community leader set up my first appointment to photograph in a home."

• "I never explained what I was doing. I had a box of photographs with me that I showed. Once people recognized that I wasn't a hardened caseworker or a bleeding-heart do-gooder, they usually were willing to be photographed. All kinds of people caught in all kinds of moments . . . all of them trying to say something, whether it was, 'Look, I'm desperate,' or 'Look, I'm high.' "

• "I spent a great deal of time by myself—just standing on the corner or taking pictures of cracked walls, peeling plaster, and broken plumbing for the Citizens' Committee. Sometimes for twelve hours a day, sometimes for only twenty minutes, depending on the mood of the block, my own mood, the happenings of the day."

• "The huge, menacing man said, 'You can give me the long con or the short con, you ain't never going to take my picture.' But about eight months later, he came up to me on the street to say, 'You can take my picture now. I'm clean—I'm detoxified. I'm out of jail, I'm ready to have my picture taken, I'm clean.' That was what photography meant to many of the people. It was a way of presenting themselves to the world, their way of saying, 'I exist, I am, I am as much as I am right now.' "

• "I felt when I walked into a home that I was in a sanctum. There really wasn't anything to say—I was there to make a portrait. The talking was done by action and one's reaction to another person. It was a language of movement, a language of silence, a visual thing. I wanted to see the people, and they allowed me to see them. They trusted my eye."

• "The good things don't always make the best pictures. Children going to school in clean clothes for some reason or other do not end up as images on museum walls or magazine pages. Degradation and despair somehow do, perhaps because subconsciously we like to have our prejudices reinforced. We can say, 'That is another world; those people are different.' "

• "My photographs are still a white man's view of Harlem. The detail and texture of the lives of the people are there—*photographically* there. But I can connect only to a certain point with the black world. There are black and Puerto Rican photographers who probably can show their own people to themselves better."



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"Street scenes—played against a backdrop of the galvanized sheet metal on condemned buildings."

"The tenement kitchens—with their birds, bells, and Fox locks—reflect a sense of family."



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# As Others See Us

## LONDON:

### Law and Order

THERE IS already widespread suspicion in the United States that the authorities believe the shortest way to deal with dissent, particularly among the black militants, but also on the campus, is to crack down by the use of force. Hard-liners in the Nixon administration regard dissent as unpatriotic. Vice President Agnew's fulminations have helped to spread this dangerous oversimplification. The idea that police should take it upon themselves in the name of law and order to judge who the trouble-makers are, and take action against them, must be resisted. New ways need to be found to control society, but not with the gun.

—*The Times.*

### Guarantee to Israel

SENATOR FULBRIGHT'S proposals reach straight to the key of a Middle East settlement, and in a manner which is particularly striking, coming from a politician who has frequently scourged American pretensions to act as the policeman of the world. The Senator has understood that the one essential for a peace settlement is to guarantee the Israelis their security—a guarantee which cannot be doubted and cannot be undermined. Such a guarantee can only come from Washington in concert with the United Nations—and, for all their bold words and their military confidence, most Israelis will sadly admit that this is still so.

—*The Financial Times.*

## MANCHESTER:

### Gain for Peace

HOWEVER FAST or slowly the [SALT] talks proceed when the negotiators meet again, the conference has already achieved one important gain for peace. Two expert delegations have learned to discuss the deterrent as a technical issue which presents each side with the same problems. They all know that if either side acquires "first strike" capability, the ability to wipe out the other without fear of retaliation, then the main basis of peace-by-deterrence is destroyed. They know also that a deterrent system is a dangerous thing anyway, but doubly so if the two sides misunderstand each other or misjudge each other's strengths. In effect the deterrent men from both sides have been holding extended staff talks. This can only do good.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

## PARIS:

### Where the Money Goes

UNITED STATES officials have been proclaiming the success of their "Vietnamization" policy, but the South Vietnamese economy is, in fact, still completely dependent on American dollars. And the manner in which those dollars are exchanged sheds some interesting light on the nature of the regime the United States is supporting in Saigon.

In June, the House of Representatives' Committee on Government Operations issued a report entitled "A Review of the Inequitable Monetary Rate of Exchange in Vietnam" that dealt with some of the consequences of an unrealistically low exchange rate for the South Vietnamese piastre. . . . American taxpayers might have grounds to complain that their money is being squandered in South Vietnam.

President Nguyen Van Thieu nevertheless refuses to undertake another devaluation. In October 1969, the Saigon government imposed a set of so-called austerity taxes, which, as the Congressional report emphasizes, have only encouraged corruption among senior Vietnamese customs officials. Instead of discouraging the purchase of luxury items such as automobiles, the austerity taxes led to a general price increase. The black market keeps expanding, and a number of Americans out for a quick profit are in league with the black marketeers.

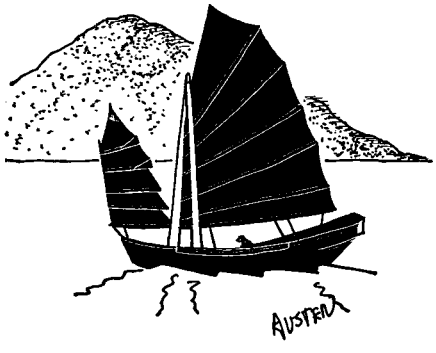
—*Le Monde.*

## MOSCOW:

### The Trump Card

THERE ARE leading personalities in Washington who have the idea that international and domestic politics are similar to market bargaining. They calm the American public and opponents in Congress of the development of new nuclear-missile systems by making the argument that allocations for such systems are allegedly only a trump card in the talks on the restriction of the arms race. Yet, they just voted new appropriations for the Safeguard system to the tune of $1.3-billion.

—*Pravda.*




### In the Quagmire

SOME PEOPLE in Washington assure Americans that the policy of new adventures will help the United States "to quietly withdraw from Indochina." Actually this policy is bringing America about the same results as one would get treating colds by resorting to drafts. Together with [its] mercenaries the United States is only becoming further bogged in the quagmire of a criminal and hopeless war. Vietnamization will not lead to peace but to the graves of new thousands of Americans who with their blood will pay for the crimes and hypocrisy of Washington.

—*Krasnaya Zvezda.*

## EDINBURGH:

### Pursuit of Defense

IN PURSUIT of its defense of Western Europe and Israel, the United States plays a major role in supporting three nations which cannot accurately be

## BONN:

### Top of the List

THE U.S. CONTINUES to enjoy broad popularity among Germans. This has been revealed by a public opinion poll taken by the Allensbach Institute for Demoscopy.

"With what countries should the Federal Republic cooperate the closest?" was the question put recently by the institute to persons over sixteen years old. The answer: Eighty per cent of those asked placed the U.S. at the top of the list.

—*The Bulletin.*



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described as part of the so-called free world. Two of these nations, Portugal and Greece, belong to NATO, although their governments fail to abide by the rules of that organization's charter—or, for that matter, of the United Nations Charter. The third nation, Spain, makes its own private arrangements with the United States outside NATO, although the new pact that was signed recently seems to envisage some liaison with NATO. If Greece and Portugal can belong to NATO, there is not much logical reason for the exclusion of Spain. Cooperation with dictatorial regimes is anathema to many American liberals, and it also demoralizes democratic opponents of these regimes, but it is difficult to see how it can be avoided if the United States is to continue to protect adequately her genuinely democratic allies.

*—The Scotsman.*

## NEW DELHI:

### Delicate Balance

FROM ALL AVAILABLE information, the Soviet Union and the United States have reached a point of approximate balance in strategic weapons. On both sides there is the beginning of recognition that the search for nuclear superiority is futile, since every action in that direction only produces an equivalent reaction from the other side and an endless spiral in the arms race. It has been calculated that in the next ten years the Soviet Union and the United States could each spend many tens of billions of dollars—some estimates say hundreds of billions—on MIRV, ABM and other strategic weapons—and yet each would be less secure at the end of the decade than it is today. Moreover, both sides are also beginning to recognize that they can ill afford this ruinous diversion of resources from urgent domestic needs.

*—Indian & Foreign Review.*

## SYDNEY:

### In a Nutshell

NOTHING really new or significant happened this week to bring peace to Vietnam. To the contrary, what happened made no contribution to peace in Vietnam. It was, however, instructive. The subject was coalition government. In a nutshell, Hanoi and Vietcong will only agree to an election in which their people can win, and President Thieu will only agree to an election he knows his people can win. Mr. Nixon no longer cares too much who wins, as long as it appears that America did the right thing.

*—The Australian.*

# Letters to the World's Editors

*The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press*

### Monstrous Regiment

I OBJECT vehemently to the title "American Women Show the Way" with which you headed Ilona Hancock's letter last Sunday. American women have organized themselves almost completely out of that deliciously attractive condition that our less emancipated women have, thank Heaven, steadfastly preserved.

They have consciously suppressed their natural feminine gifts, those tender charms that have such power over men, for the male weapons, logic and aggression.

Not so our delightful home-reared women. They have, in the main, wisely spurned the dubious prize of complete emancipation for the much more successful exploitation (sexploitation, ugh!) of their natural assets. I am convinced that this has resulted in greater satisfaction for them, and I know that we British men are happier for it.

*—Sq. Ldr. L. Welford*

I WOULD like Ilona Hancock to know that I and many other women of the "Mother Country" have had enough of American ideas exported to our once civilized way of life.

*—A. M. Kelly, The Sunday Telegraph, London.*

### Problem of Pollution

I HOPE to take to the road with one of the new trikes. Can anyone help me to obtain a gas mask in working order?

*—Miss J. Verley, The Sunday Times, London.*

### The Presidents

THE PERSONAL relationships between bordering governments is of great importance. If the questions or projects being considered by the two countries are objectively based, then the friendly understanding between the chiefs of states can do nothing but good. More important than facts themselves is confidence between individuals. . . .

Personal meetings such as the one between Presidents Nixon and Díaz Ordaz at a locale on their lengthy common frontier is good diplomacy. It creates bridges instead of walls.

*—Ramon de Ertze Garamendi, Excelsior, Mexico.*

### First Victory for Women in the U.S.

AFTER PASSING the Senate, the next step for [the women's rights] amendment is ratification by thirty-eight of the fifty states. This may take years.

Nevertheless, there is great enthusiasm. Even those who do not sympathize with "feminine liberation" admit that the women's hour has come.

What will happen? What happened in Congress is a good portent, but only in the field of politics. The cause has formidable enemies. Among them, the most powerful is the great number of women completely satisfied with feminine equality as it now exists in the United States.

*—Miriam Luz, El Espectador, Bogotá.*

### Open Letter to Peacemakers

Mr. Alexei Kosygin,
Prime Minister of U.S.S.R., &
Mr. Willy Brandt,
Chancellor, FRG.

LEADERS: You deserve this week's finest bouquet of red roses for your statesmanship culminating in the signing of the Moscow-Bonn Treaty. At one stroke, you have broken the NATO stranglehold and brought a climate of peace to Europe. Peace-loving humanity's special gratitude goes to you, Chancellor Brandt, for laying the ghost of Hitler and liberating your country from Washington's yoke.

*—Vox Populi, Blitz, Bombay.*

### Refugees

"REMEMBER THE REFUGEES," writes Michael Adams in his [recent] letter. Mr. Adams appears to have forgotten the 600,000 Jewish refugees of Arab countries. Does Adams suggest that Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Jordan, and all the other Arab countries would so willingly accept their return and indeed the return of all their confiscated property? And if they were accepted back, would they be free of the fear of persecution, imprisonment without charge, or public hanging?

The difference in the approach of Adams's Arab friends and that of the Israelis is that the Israelis have readily absorbed their kith and kin, and not used them as pawns in a political game of chess.

*—Frank Davis, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.



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# SR Goes to the Movies

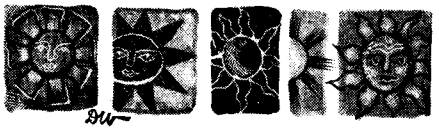
*Arthur Knight*

## Voices of Dissent

MOVIES ARE SO OFTEN regarded as a medium for easy entertainment that it takes the appearance of a couple of good, hard, controversial documentaries to jolt us back to the realization that film can be a lively and revealing source of information as well. At the moment, New Yorkers are looking at two such pictures, *Eldridge Cleaver* and *Carry It On*—and I can only hope that other sections of the country will soon be as fortunate. For these are films that have a lot to say to most Americans about a few of their fellow Americans; and while their truths are far from pleasant, both contain important clues to contemporary attitudes and to social currents that must inevitably affect us all.

Television's documentaries, with their pretenses of "objectivity" and "equal time," tend to blunt and distort issues. At the very least, *Eldridge Cleaver* and *Carry It On* have the virtue of commitment. Cleaver in the one and in the other Joan Baez and her husband David Harris, jailed for draft evasion, are clearly people reacting strongly and positively to injustices in our society. Further, they are willing to put their very lives on the line for what they believe in. (Cleaver says in so many words that he and his fellow Black Panthers expect to be murdered, but adds ominously, "We intend to make our deaths expensive.") Just as clearly, the film-makers themselves are equally committed. What their protagonists believe in, *they* believe in. Else why bother to make the picture?

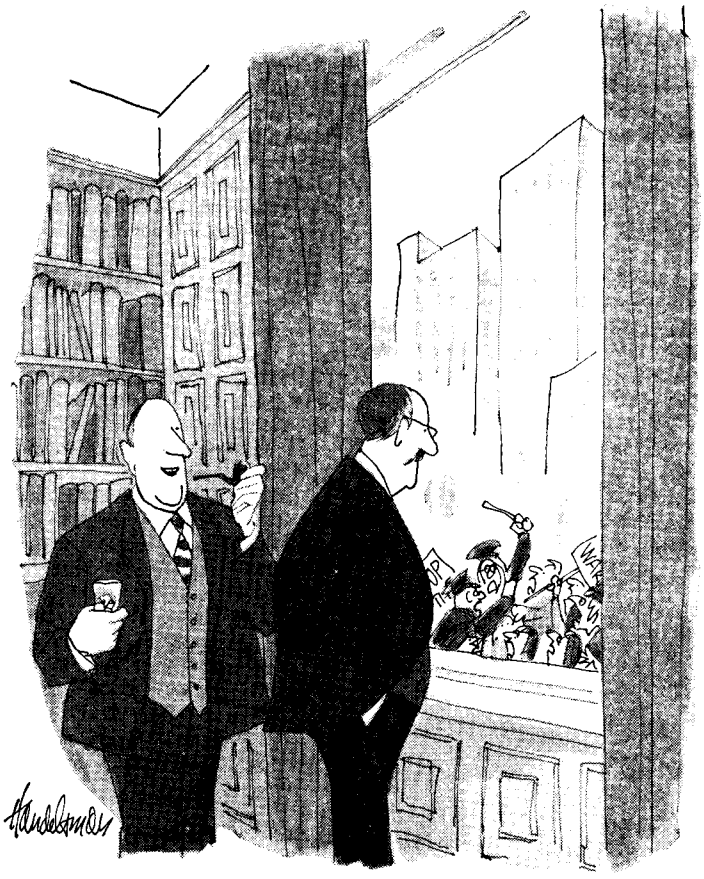
What they all believe in is, in a word, revolution. But "revolution," like "democracy," is a particularly slippery word that can mean different things to different people. Joan Baez states modestly and cogently that the revolution she seeks is a revolution in our scale of values that would place human life above property, political advantage, or money—make love not war. Cleaver reverts to those early Marxists who proclaimed, "All power to the people"—although it is quite clear that the people he means are those who side with him, and the blacker the better. Miss Baez refers to the failure of previous revolutions that had merely put a new ruling class in the position of previous autocrats. Cleaver leaves little doubt that this is precisely what he has in mind. All of Joan Baez's instincts, and husband David's, are humanistic in the Thoreau tradition; everything that Cleaver says argues an implacably militant, international black fascism.



**Words are important** in both pictures, but no less so are the images. We see Joan Baez, already pregnant, as her husband is being handcuffed and carted off to prison. "I love you," she tells him. We see Mrs. Cleaver after her husband has fled the country. She talks about the necessity of carrying on the struggle against the "imperialist pigs." Joan Baez irons a shirt, and speaks and sings about a better world to come. Cleaver walks through the streets of Algiers, purchases a switchblade knife, and fondles it unconsciously throughout the remainder of the film.

There is hate in this land. There is hate *for* this land. And neither picture pretends to present a balanced view. In one community (unspecified), a Baez concert is canceled. In "Babylon," as Cleaver chooses to call the United States, a fair trial for Black Panthers is, to put it mildly, unlikely. And yet films such as these can be made, and shown commercially, to present their points of view. Democracy demands nothing less. But democracy also demands an informed citizenry, and these two films contribute importantly to its fund of information.

**More importantly** than, say, Stanley Kramer's *R.P.M.*, which manages to do for campus unrest what his earlier *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* did for interracial relations. Kramer has a positive genius for taking important issues and reducing them to their most simplistic terms. In *R.P.M.*, a distinguished, liberal professor (Anthony Quinn) is chosen by the students and trustees to head a college already in the hands of student militants. To Kramer's credit, his film (like the TV documentaries) proffers no solutions where no easy solutions are possible. Even so, after the too pat exposition of Erich Segal's script, the conventional freeze-frame finale on a disillusioned acolyte (Ann-Margret) comes as a prefabricated cop-out. Surely Mr. Kramer must have had some feelings about his subject. Else why bother to make the picture?



*"Why can't they lead lives of quiet desperation like the rest of us?"*



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**Le Corbusier is no more. His work remains.**
**And now this film.**

Charles Edouard Jeanneret died in 1965. No man has left us with structures of more dramatic visibility than this man who called himself Le Corbusier.

All of Le Corbusier's works are testaments to his belief that architecture is the play of intelligence, correct and magnificent, on forms in light. These forms in light are vividly depicted in Carlos Vilardebo's film *Le Corbusier.*

The camera glides slowly through the silent austerity of the Monastery of La Tourette near Lyons, France; then, later in the film, speeds across a mile-long terrace into the futuristic High Court of Chandighar, India.

La Tourette, Chandighar, the Villa Savoye, the Unit for Habitation in Marseilles, the Eidi Weiber Museum in Zurich; the famous buildings in the film include landmarks on two continents.

*Le Corbusier* is one of the nine films in Universal Kinetic's *Museum Without Walls* series. Films about art. By outstanding film artists, writers, directors, musicians, and cinematographers, many of whom have spent as much as three years writing, filming, scoring and editing the films in *Museum Without Walls.* The nine films are finished now. And ready for fall presentation by Universal Kinetic.

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Picasso, Crete and Mycenae,
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# EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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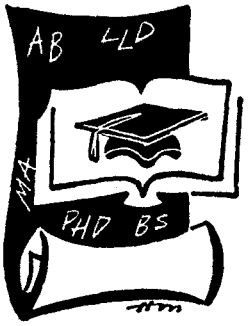
*This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.*

*Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017*




# The Crisis of Confidence—and Beyond

The decade of the Sixties was a revolutionary epoch in American education, but the revolution was not in the schools. The two most powerful forces for educational reform that have appeared in this century—the civil rights movement and the student rebellion—stirred widespread ferment and dramatized the desperate need for radical reformation of the educational enterprise, but ultimately they proved only how resistant our educational institutions are to change. The revolution came, not in the schools, but in our view of them, in our changing conception of the nature of childhood, and what society, through its schools, should do *for* children, rather than *to* them.

During the early years of the decade the civil rights movement pricked the conscience of the nation and sparked a massive drive to give reality to the ideal of equal educational opportunity. But the task of overcoming the fruits of deprivation proved far more difficult than anticipated, and it became progressively clearer that many in the nation were committed to the ideal of equality only so long as it did not infringe on their personal comfort or interfere with their right to pursue business as usual. The decade closed in a mood of deepening frustration as doubts increased that the schools could ever change enough to serve the disadvantaged.

The student rebellion, on the other hand, made clear that in large part the schools were failing the advantaged as well as the deprived. The pervasive emphasis on conformity rather than creativity, on discipline rather than independence, on the defensive "put-down" rather than student support, on quiet orderliness rather than on the joy of discovery, on the neatness of administrative convenience rather than the often untidy environment of true learning—all highlighted the authoritarian rigidities of the system. Gradually, an increasing number of adults became aware that they were subjecting their children to a custodial environment that denied the very nature of childhood and youth—an environment to which they would not consciously submit themselves any more willingly than would their rebelling children.

The result was a new mood of questioning—particularly of the public school "monopoly"—and a search for alternatives. Fifty or a hundred years ago, the concept of free public education for all children embodied the highest ideals of an expanding democracy. And over the years the public schools have developed a mystique that viewed them as the very foundation stone upon which democratic society stands. But during the Sixties the schools were challenged increasingly not only for their contemporary failures, nor even for the fact that they have always failed the poor and the dispossessed, but because they were positively destructive influences for many of the children entrusted to their care. Questions were raised as to whether any institution that enjoys a virtual monopoly can remain sensitive and responsive to the changing needs of its diverse clientele. And some of the more radical critics were questioning the traditional concept of schooling itself in an age when knowledge is accessible from so many different sources. Clearly, at the end of the decade, the nation was experiencing a crisis of confidence in its schools.

The fundamental task for education in the Seventies, it seems equally clear, is to put it all back together again—to help, or force, the schools to become more responsive to the varied needs of children, to open up the system so that its most repressive and destructive characteristics are mitigated, if not eliminated, to remember that children, too, are *human* beings who deserve to be treated with as much dignity and respect as other humans, to keep clear-



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ly in mind that the objective is the development of children, not the preservation of an institution. And, perhaps most difficult of all, ways must be sought to nurture a wider spectrum of youthful talents and tastes, aptitudes and aspirations.

Today's schools very often do a superb job of developing the traditional academic skills. They appear to be very effective in teaching math and English and foreign languages to large numbers of children—perhaps even a majority. But they teach other things as well, and often far more effectively: the skills for beating the system, the dangers of independence in thought or action, the fact that nonacademic talents are of little value and that those who do not make it in the school's terms are society's natural losers. Perhaps all this is necessary and inevitable. There are many who believe that the schools cannot change until society itself places a higher value on creativity and independence, on talent in the arts, on the capacity for working with others, on the qualities of tolerance and compassion, and even on the capacity for human happiness. Perhaps.

Fortunately, there are models today of schools that are seeking to stimulate learning while respecting the infinite diversity of childhood. These "integrated day" or "free school" models range from schools that have merely substituted permissiveness for discipline to those that keep the focus firmly on learning while helping each child to reach out to achieve his own sense of happy fulfillment. Even at the secondary school level there are efforts to open up the school, to offer students the dignity of independence, and to nurture the development of a wider range of human talents. There is growing evidence, too, that teachers can be trained to function as facilitators of learning in an open classroom rather than as authoritarian oracles behind closed doors—and that such training can be effective with the merely competent as well as with the exceptionally talented.

Perhaps it is true that the schools cannot change until society itself is reformed. Perhaps the public school mystique is dead and we have, indeed, come to the end of an impossible dream. But it is also possible that the schools can play a role in that reformation of society, that we can put it all back together again and restore faith in the schools as the cornerstone of a democratic society. The task of the Seventies is to find out. —J. C.

# Letters to the Education Editor

### Knocking Knox

IN "Notes of a Young Radical" [*SR*, Aug. 15], Gregory Knox, while certainly showing more insight into the vacuity of most young "revolutionaries' " activities than most proponents of the movement, indicates all too clearly that there is still no unanimity and, hence, still nothing approaching "community" in the movement's definition of itself. Somehow when one's own interests, regardless of their apparent social orientation, are tampered with, one is motivated to react accordingly (in his case to throw the irritating females out bodily). But the representatives of WLF, so incensed by the lyrics of Country Joe, were only doing *their* thing.

And so who in the end shall have the privilege of determining what or who shall encompass the contemporary American revolution? It is apparent that Knox and those he may lead are, alas, more individually oriented than they would like to believe. They, too, are still products of a capitalistic society. They must learn that a sense of community cannot be imposed; it must precede revolution.

MARTIN MARGER,
Lansing, Mich.

I WAS TURNED OFF by Gregory Knox's recent article. Knox may be right in considering himself a martyr, but there have been martyrs before, and most of them, in societies less just than ours, have had to face a more terrifying prospect than jury trial and possible prison sentence, and have faced it with more nobility and less self-pity and self-congratulation than Knox displays. There is nothing particularly inspiring about a martyr with a mirror in his hand.

GRETCHEN WOLFF,
Washington, D.C.

### Carleton Revisited

I AM TRYING to respond to Mike Gartner's article "The Silent Generation Meets the Class of 1970" [*SR*, Aug. 15] with cool, Carleton-style objectivity, but I cannot seem to separate myself from my emotional reaction. I'm mad! (And don't tell me I should say, "I'm angry!") After ten years of gradual liberalization, I've finally registered as a Democrat, given my support to my local peace candidate, and wept with the students over Cambodia and Kent State. I feel these are symbols of my personal emotional and intellectual, as well as political, growth. Suddenly, I find myself characterized in a national magazine as a conservative again, and I resent it. You're telling the country that I'm not what I am!

Mr. Gartner's interviews at our class reunion undoubtedly fortified his image of our class as prematurely middle-aged. I would like to point out, however, that remembering "the good old days" with nostalgia is accepted as a general characteristic both of conservatives and of people who attend reunions. It may follow that people who attend reunions tend to be conservative. But *how about the people who stayed home?* How about my friend who wrote of the reunion, "I suspect that the people I would really like to see won't be there."? How about those of us who feel we have changed so much that we can't bear reliving our college identities at a reunion?

I guess I'm trying to say that some of us are not living in the past, with our parents' generation. Some of us are capable of listening to the younger generation with empathy and open-mindedness. Some of us cannot play golf. Some of us even ten years ago knew that Carleton's black student suffered. We may not show significantly in Gartner's poll's results, but we exist, and we also graduated with Carleton's Class of 1960.

CAROL MASSEY WEISSMANN,
Denver, Colo.

AS A STUDENT at Carleton College, I read with disappointment Mike Gartner's comparison of 1970 Carleton graduates with his classmates of ten years ago. Most disturbing was the implication that concerned youths, being in the minority, can do nothing to change society.

Mr. Gartner offers today's graduates only three choices: drop out, revolt violently, or join the Silent Majority. In the long run, these are all formulas for suicide: No revolutionary can hope to match our society in violence; yet, to accept this violent society without drastic change is to head toward self-destruction.

A fourth option Mr. Gartner ignores: peaceful but militant work for constructive change. This is a difficult course; it involves much wasted effort, more failure than success. Yet, many realize they have no other chance for a world worth living in.

JAMES S. BAKER,
Madison, N.J.

### What Makes the Difference?

ELLIOT CARLSON is to be commended for his in-depth report "Education and Industry: The Troubled Partnership" [*SR*, Aug. 15]. As an educator in data processing at a technical institute, I have observed many successes as well as many failures. What seems to make the difference? Attitude and motivation.

When the executives of industry realize that the most essential ingredient in the educational mix is still the teacher, they will be able to succeed in the educational market place. Programed instruction, books, films, television, computers, etc., are simply tools to be used by the teacher.

There still needs to be a sincere, warm, human relationship to cultivate self-respect, self-realization, and motivation. The challenge now is to cultivate more master teachers and expand their influence.

JAMES A. ROBB,
Vocational Technical Institute,
Southern Illinois University,
Carbondale, Ill.



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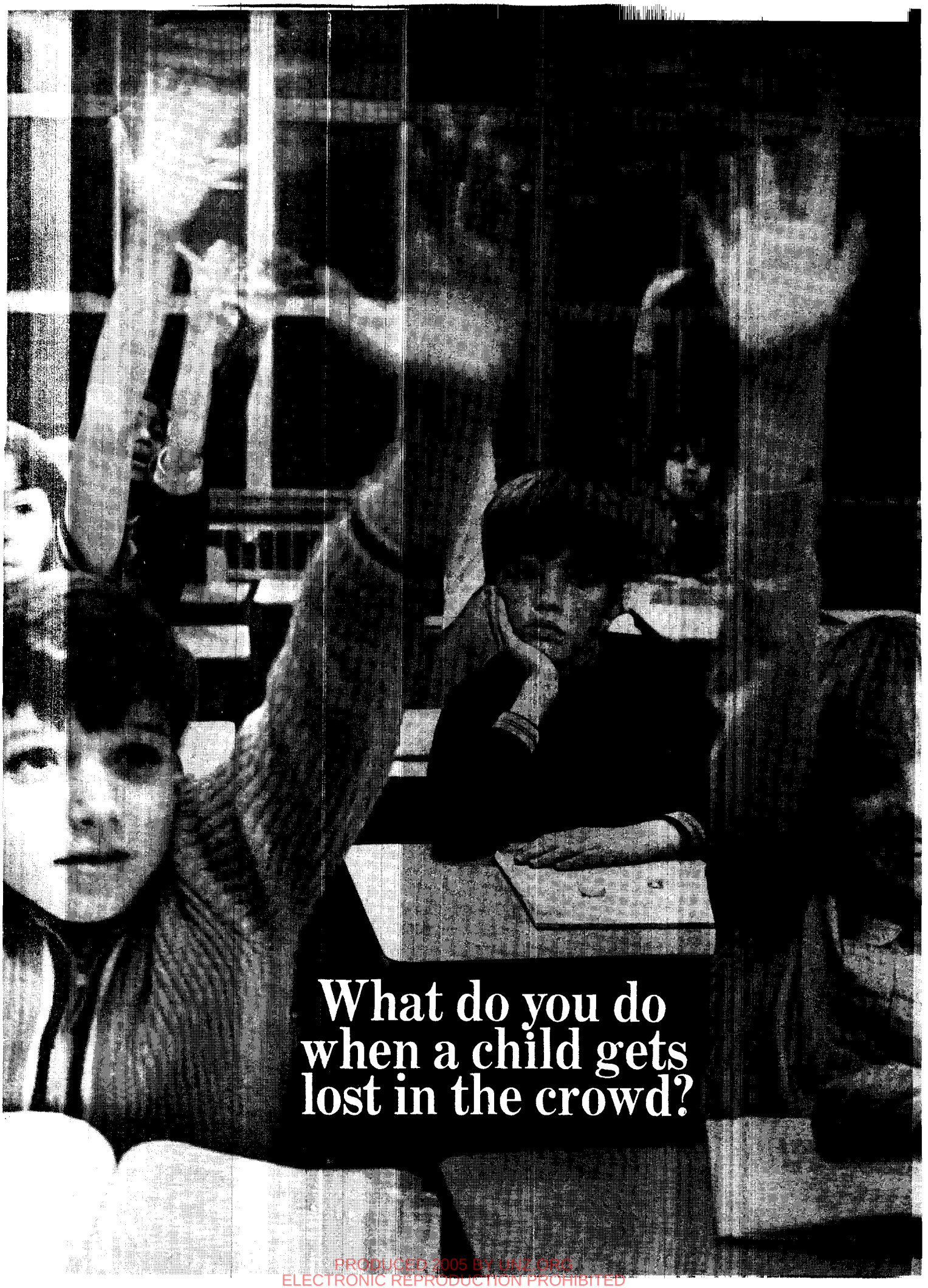


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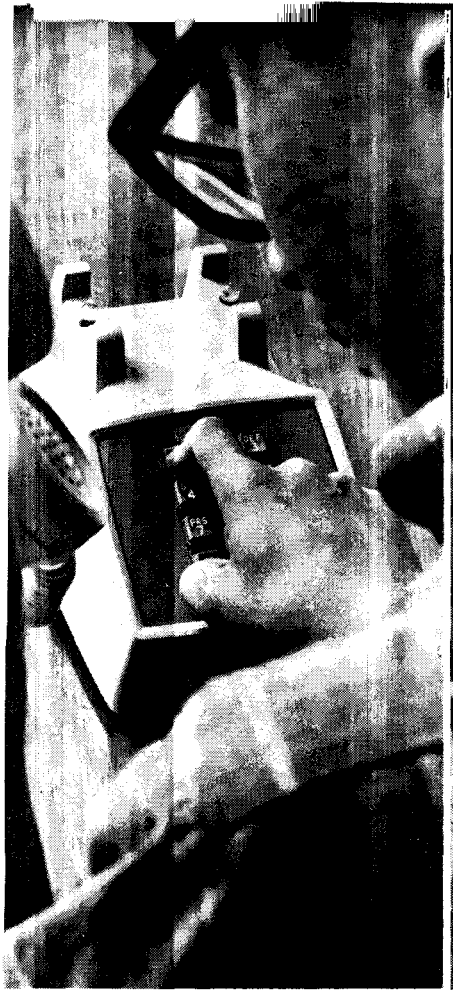

As a teacher, you worry: "Will Mary quit trying, because she can't keep up with the class? And what about Mark—is he bored because the pace is too slow?"

The practical reality of teaching children as a group makes it difficult to give each one the individual attention he needs. Students at both ends of the scale, with totally different rates of learning, suffer the most.

Faced with this perplexing challenge, many educators and administrators have sought ways in which newly developed teaching tools may help to individualize instruction. One such teaching innovation is Computer Assisted Instruction, in which a computer is put to use drilling, testing and reinforcing concepts which heretofore required the efforts of a teacher . . . again and again and again.

New York City is using computer based learning to help children develop arithmetic skills at their own pace. Sixteen public schools are participating in the program. Yet none of these schools has a computer of its own. Instead, they share a computer. Telephone lines link all the schools to the computer located at the Board of Education's computer center in Manhattan.

In evaluating the impact of the program in the New York School System, Mel Mendelsohn, Director of Computer Assisted Instruction, has commented: "Daily drill, immediate correction of every response, each child working at his own level of achievement, together with diagnosis of each pupil's current learning status provided by daily and weekly reports to the teacher, are integral components of a CAI program. These features furnish teachers with more time for instructional planning, and perhaps for the first time provide an instructional tool to reach the acme of educational methods—individualized instruction."

But the size or geographical location of the school district has little to do with the application of computer technology.

For instance, the McComb, Mississippi, school district is small and decidedly rural.

Julian Prince, Superintendent of McComb's Schools, summarized the dilemma his teachers faced.

"Long-term educational neglect of our poor children had left us with a great deal of ground to cover in a very short period of time."

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Since 1967, the McComb elementary schools have found that computer assisted instruction provides the special attention their students need. Teletypewriters in each school are connected to a central computer in the McComb Administration Building. Students receive drill and instruction in math and languages and move ahead at their own pace.

The development of advanced programs for bright students has been underway from the start.

"It's helped us uncover some really fine minds," says R. W. Lambuth, Assistant Superintendent. "One youngster became so fascinated that he spent every available moment of his time at the teletypewriter learning logic. He successfully completed the first year's program in just 38 days—the best record of any logic student in the nation."

Need for special attention is not confined to children fortunate enough to attend school . . . there are thousands of children who are unable to go to regular school sessions.

The reasons are many—physical, social, or personal—yet these children need the opportunity to learn and develop just as much as the boy next door.

Recognizing this need, the Los Angeles School System, in conjunction with the Pacific Telephone Company, developed TeleClass service. Using the telephone network, this service gives a homebound student the chance to become an active member of his own class.

The system is designed to allow a teacher to convene up to 20 homebound students by telephone. She can instruct the entire class at once, or separate students into groups depending on their age and/or class level. And, of course, she can work with each child individually. TeleClass brings a student out of physical or psychological isolation and makes him an important member of a special group: his own class.

Educators responsible for homebound instruction in Pontiac, Michigan; Baltimore, Maryland; and New York City are also finding the TeleClass is an effective substitute for in-class teaching programs.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly looking for new ways to help teachers devote more time to the individual needs of their students.

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# RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

by PAUL WOODRING

Since *Saturday Review* published its first Education Supplement ten years ago this month, some forty million young Americans have entered the first grade, twenty-five million have completed high school, and about five million have graduated from college. Throughout the decade more than one-fourth of the citizens of the nation have been enrolled in our schools and colleges—public, private, and parochial. Improving the quality of their education—elementary, secondary, and higher—has been the goal of the editors of the supplement.

In our first editorial, in the issue of September 17, 1960, we expressed the hope that we might contribute to the improvement of education by providing continuing critical examination of educational policies, trends, and developments, as well as professional evaluation and interpretation of some of the more significant and influential new books on education. We promised to call attention to innovations, including technological advances that offered hope of bringing better education to more children, but assured our readers that the emphasis would be on quality rather than numbers. Within the limits of our capabilities we have kept these promises.

The problems facing educators have changed substantially since 1960. A charge heard frequently a decade ago was that the public schools were too soft, their standards too low, and that insufficient emphasis was being given to mathematics and science. Critics blamed the schools for the fact that the Soviet Union was able to launch an Earth-orbiting satellite ahead of ours (though it is notable that the same critics later gave our schools no credit whatever for the fact that we were able to place the first man on the moon).

During the Sixties a new group of critics—Goodman, Friedenberg, Holt, Kozol, et al.—reversed the direction of attack, insisting that the need is not for greater rigor or higher academic standards but rather for more individual freedom and more attention to the child's social and emotional needs. Many parents, and some of the younger educators, influenced by these critics and fascinated by the Summerhill philosophy, welcomed the new trend, while disillusioned older educators, who remembered the Twenties and Thirties, saw it as a return to some of the worst fallacies of the progressive period in education. And so the search continues, as it must, for a proper balance between individual freedom and such standards of achievement as will best prepare young people to meet adult responsibilities.

Throughout the decade, one of our major concerns was the equalization of educational opportunity for all young Americans, regardless of race, economic level, or social background. We became aware that merely throwing open the schoolhouse door was not enough—that some kind of compensatory education was necessary for those who had faced injustices in the past. Though progress has been made, the promise of equal educational opportunity for all has not yet been fulfilled.

Because of the widespread attention given to student unrest, and the fact that some of our most prestigious universities have become almost ungovernable, the focus of public concern shifted in the late Sixties from the elementary and secondary schools to the institutions of higher learning. But, during these same years, some of the problems of the public schools, particularly in the central cities, became more acute. And there was a growing awareness among educators of the need for providing more stimulating learning experiences during the preschool years in order that children from unfortunate backgrounds would not enter the first grade with irremediable handicaps.

The teacher shortage, which seemed alarming in 1960, came abruptly to an end during the last years of the decade. The present oversupply of teachers will make it possible to establish higher standards for teacher selection and teacher education, and the slower rate of growth, resulting from the declining birth rate of the Sixties, will enable schools to give more attention to educational quality. But those seeking employment as teachers now are discovering that a sharply declining birth rate is not an unmixed blessing.

At the college level, the high birth rate of the Fifties will result in growing enrollments for another six or eight years. But between 1978 and 1988 the number of young men and women of college age will decline from about seventeen million to fewer than fourteen million. (This is not a guess, because the babies have been born and counted.) If, as seems probable, the proportion of the age group choosing college in preference to vocational schools reaches a plateau by that time, colleges will face the problem of empty dormitories, unused classrooms, and reduced income from tuition. For some of the weaker private colleges, the decline in enrollments, combined with the growing trend toward publicly supported higher institutions, may prove disastrous unless some way is found of providing more public assistance for private colleges.

In the years ahead, some of today's problems may be solved while others will be ameliorated. But new problems will emerge to which we shall give our attention. The basic problem—providing continuing improvement of educational quality, while at the same time moving toward the goal of equal educational opportunity for all—will persist. In our first editorial we assured our readers that, while giving attention to educational institutions, policies, and practices, we would strive never to forget that it is the individual human being who is being educated. His welfare, including his opportunity to make the most of himself as a unique individual, has been, and will continue to be, our primary concern.

PAUL WOODRING, *SR*'s education editor-at-large, was editor of the Education Supplement from 1960 to 1966. Since 1962 he has also been Distinguished Service Professor of the College at Western Washington State College.



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# The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment

## 1960—1970

This year there are more than sixty-two million Americans engaged full-time as students, teachers, or administrators in the nation's educational enterprise. During the past decade, the number of students has increased by thirteen million, with the bulk going into public schools, two-year colleges, and universities. Costs have risen by 160 per cent to $70-billion. There are a million new teachers, more than half again as many administrators as there were ten years ago, but fewer school districts and institutions, reductions brought about by school district consolidations and the use of larger buildings. The breakdown is given here:

| | *1960-61* | *1970-71* |
|---|---|---|
| **Institutions** | | |
| Elementary | 95,200 | 82,852 |
| Secondary | 26,500 | 30,810 |
| Universities, colleges, and junior colleges | 2,000 | 2,525 |
| Total | 123,700 | 116,187 |
| **School Districts** | 40,520 | 19,169 |
| **Students** | | |
| Pupils in elementary schools (kindergarten through eighth grade) | | |
| Public schools | 27,692,000 | 32,400,000 |
| Nonpublic (private and parochial) | 4,800,000 | 4,200,000 |
| Total | 32,492,000 | 36,600,000 |
| Secondary school students | | |
| Public high schools | 8,589,000 | 13,600,000 |
| Nonpublic | 1,100,000 | 1,400,000 |
| Total | 9,689,000 | 15,000,000 |
| College and university full- and part-time students *enrolled for credit toward* degrees | | |
| Public institutions | 2,115,893 | 5,313,000 |
| Nonpublic | 1,466,833 | 2,064,000 |
| Total | 3,582,726 | 7,377,000 |
| Total students enrolled | 45,763,726 | 58,977,000 |
| **Teachers** | | |
| Elementary school teachers | | |
| Public | 858,000 | 1,084,000 |
| Nonpublic | 133,000 | 148,000 |
| Secondary school teachers | | |
| Public | 550,000 | 928,000 |
| Nonpublic | 59,000 | 85,000 |
| College and university teachers | | |
| Public | 241,000 | 569,000 |
| Nonpublic | 197,300 | 264,100 |
| Total | 2,038,300 | 3,078,100 |

| | *1960-61* | *1970-71* |
|---|---|---|
| **Administrators and Supervisors** | | |
| Superintendents of schools | 13,012 | 12,917 |
| Principals and supervisors | 83,292 | 121,005 |
| College and university presidents | 2,000 | 2,525 |
| Other college administrative and service staff | 46,000 | 88,000 |
| Total | 144,304 | 224,447 |
| **Board Members** | | |
| Local school board members | 166,571 | 102,743 |
| State board members | 780 | 500 |
| College and university trustees | 35,000 | 25,000 |
| Total | 202,351 | 128,243 |
| **Cost (in billions)** | | |
| Current expenditures and interest | | |
| Elementary and secondary schools | | |
| Public | $14.1 | $35.6 |
| Nonpublic | 1.9 | 4.1 |
| Higher | | |
| Public | 3.3 | 13.1 |
| Nonpublic | 2.7 | 8.4 |
| Capital outlay | | |
| Elementary and secondary schools | | |
| Public | $2.9 | $5.1 |
| Nonpublic | 0.4 | 0.6 |
| Higher | | |
| Public | 0.9 | 2.6 |
| Nonpublic | 0.8 | 0.5 |
| Total | $27.0 | $70.0 |

*Figures based on latest available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education and the National Education Association.*



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# End of the Impossible Dream

by PETER SCHRAG

It is ten years later, and the great dream has come to an end. We thought we had solutions to everything—poverty, racism, injustice, ignorance; it was supposed to be only a matter of time, of money, of proper programs, of massive assaults. Perhaps nothing was ever tried without restraint or dilution, perhaps we were never willing to exert enough effort or spend enough money, but it is now clear that the confidence is gone, that many of the things we *knew* no longer seem sure or even probable. What we believed about schools and society and the possibilities of socially manageable perfection has been reduced to belying statistics and to open conflict in the street and the classroom.

Twenty years ago we took as fact the idea that American public schools—that *the school system*—could be reformed, first to make the education enterprise more intellectually rigorous and selective, and then to make it more democratic. Thus we had our decade with the Rickovers, the Bestors, the Conants, and the Zachariases; men who believed that students did not know enough physics or French or English, and that through new programs, or a return to "the fundamentals," or through adjustments in teacher training, students could become superior academic operators and, above all, better qualified candidates for the university. And then, beginning in about 1960, we had our decade with the democrats, the integrationists, and the apostles of universal opportunity: Kenneth B. Clark, Thomas Pettigrew, Francis Keppel, and John Gardner, who believed that by changing teacher attitudes, or through busing, or through fiscal and geographical rezoning, all children could have equal educational opportunities.

In the first instance the reformers represented the aspirations of the enfranchised, the suburban parents of affluence who once sent their children to Harvard by right of birth and now had to do it by right of achievement. In the second, the reformers demanded for the deprived what they thought the advantaged were getting, believing in the magic of the good school and accepting the rhetoric of individual accomplishment. Now, suddenly, the optimism is gone, and the declining faith in educational institutions is threatening the idea of education itself.

If we want to understand why the schools have "failed," we have only to state the criteria of success. The schools achieved their reputation when they did not have to succeed, when there were educational alternatives—the farm, the shop, the apprenticeship—and when there were other routes to economic and social advancement. Every poor little boy who became a doctor represented a victory. Poor little boys who became ditch diggers disappeared from the record. As soon as we demanded success for everyone—once there were no alternatives—failure was inevitable, not only because the demands were too great, but because they were repressive and contradictory. No other nation, wrote Henry Steele Commager in a representative flight of self-congratulation, "ever demanded so much of schools and of education . . . none other was ever so well served by its schools and its educators." We expected the schools to teach order, discipline, and democracy, the virtues of thrift, cleanliness, and hard work, the evils of alcohol, tobacco, and later of sex and communism; we wanted them to acculturate the immigrants, to provide vocational skills, to foster patriotism and tolerance, and, above all, to produce a high standard of literacy throughout the population. All this they sometimes did and still do.

The impossible demand was enshrined in the mythology of the American dream itself: that the schools constitute the ultimate promise of equality and opportunity; that they enable American society to remain somehow immune from the economic inequities and social afflictions that plague the rest of mankind; that they, in short, guarantee an open society. In 1848, Horace Mann, in one of his annual reports as secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, described his vision of the common school—the school for children of all classes and backgrounds—as "a great equalizer of the conditions of men, the balance wheel of the social machinery. . . . It does better than disarm the poor of their hostility toward the rich: It prevents being poor. . . ." The school is our answer to Karl Marx—and to everything else. With the closing of the frontier, which once was regarded as a safety valve and from which the schools inherited many of their mythological functions (if you're not born rich you can go west, can, that is, go to school), and with the rise of a certificated, schooled meritocracy, the educational system has become the central institution of the American dream. Education, it has often been said, is the American religion. Thus, if the school system fails, so does the promise of equality, so does the dream of the classless society, so does our security against the inequalities of society. The school system has failed.

Evidence? Is it necessary again to cite statistics, dropout rates, figures on black and white children who go to college (or finish high school), comparisons of academic success between rich and poor kids, college attendance figures for slums and suburbs? The most comprehensive data on hand indicate that, in the final analysis, nothing in school makes as much difference as the economic background of the student and the social and economic backgrounds of his peers. There is no evidence that increasing educational expenditures in a particular district



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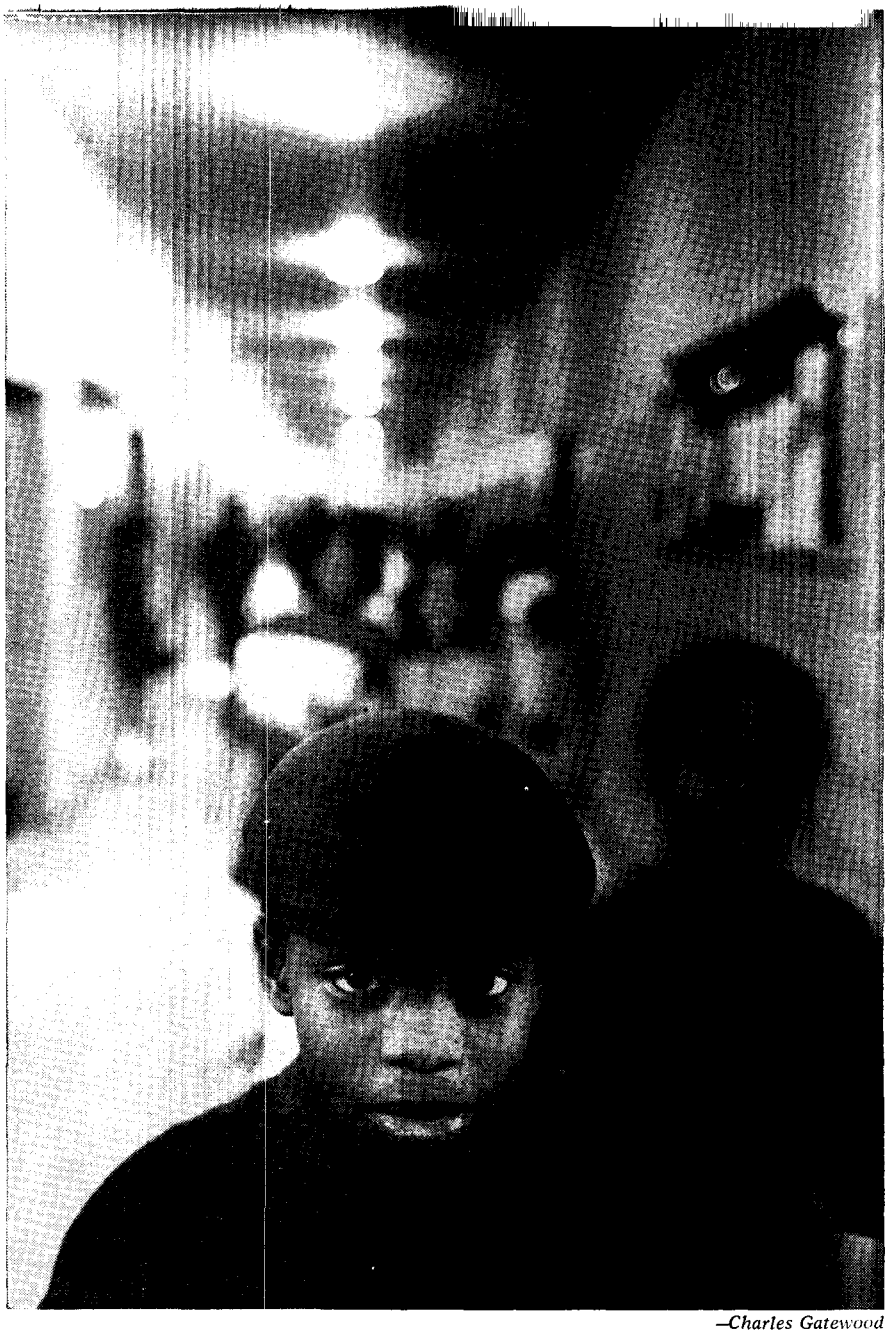
will produce greater achievement, and a fair amount of evidence that it will not. But this sort of argument is still misleading and, in the final analysis, rather useless, because it presumes that we agree on what constitutes success. Failure to complete high school is regarded as some sort of cosmic failure, a form of personal and social death. Dropout becomes synonymous with delinquent. Yet the evidence indicates that in some school systems the smart ones drop out and the dumb ones continue. Self-educated men used to be heroes; now they are prejudged unfit, or, more likely, they just don't appear in the social telescope at all.

Then why have the schools failed? Why boycotts and strikes, why the high school SDS, why the battles over long hair, underground newspapers, and expressions of independent student opinion? Why are there cops in the corridors and marijuana in the gym lockers? Why is it that most students panic when they're invited to work on their own, to study independently? Why is it that most students are more interested in what the teacher wants or what's going to be on the test than they are in understanding the subject that's ostensibly under study? Why bells, monitors, grades, credits, and requirements? Why do most students learn to cheat long before they learn how to learn? Yes, there are exceptions —there are teachers who ask real questions and schools that honor real intellectual distinction and practice real democracy. But a system that requires all children (except the very rich who can buy their way out) to attend a particular school for a specified period—that, in other words, sentences everyone to twelve years of schooling—such a system can and must be judged by its failures.

Everything that we could not, or would not, do somewhere else we expected to be done in the schools. And in the process we thought we saw what



—*Charles Gatewood*

**"Every race has a loser. Failure is structured into the American system of public education. Losers are essential to the success of the winners."**

in fact does not exist. The greatest failure of American educational journalism in the last decade is that its practitioners refused to believe what they saw, and reported instead what they were supposed to see. Thus we have been inundated with millions of words about the new math, the new physics, the compensatory this and advanced that, about BSCS and PSSC, about IPI and SMSG, about individual progress and head start, upward bound, and forward march. And thus also we have read, with increasing incomprehension, about student uprisings, protests and boycotts and strikes. But few of us ever described the boredom, the emptiness, the brutality, the stupidity, the sheer waste of the average classroom.

What choices does a fifteen-year-old have in the average high school? Choices as to courses, teacher, or physical presence? What does he do most of the day? He sits—and maybe listens. Follow him, not for a few minutes, but for six hours a day, 180 days a year. What goes on in the class? What is it about, what questions are asked? Is it about the real world? Is it about an intellectually honest discipline? Is it about the feelings, passions, interests, hopes, and fears of those who are present? No. It is a world all of its own. It is mostly about nothing.

It worked as long as the promise of schooling itself appeared credible, that is, as long as the proffered reward looked more like a rainbow and less like a mirage, before the end of the road was crowded with people reporting back that the trip wasn't worth it. It is not necessary again to describe the travesties of the average classroom



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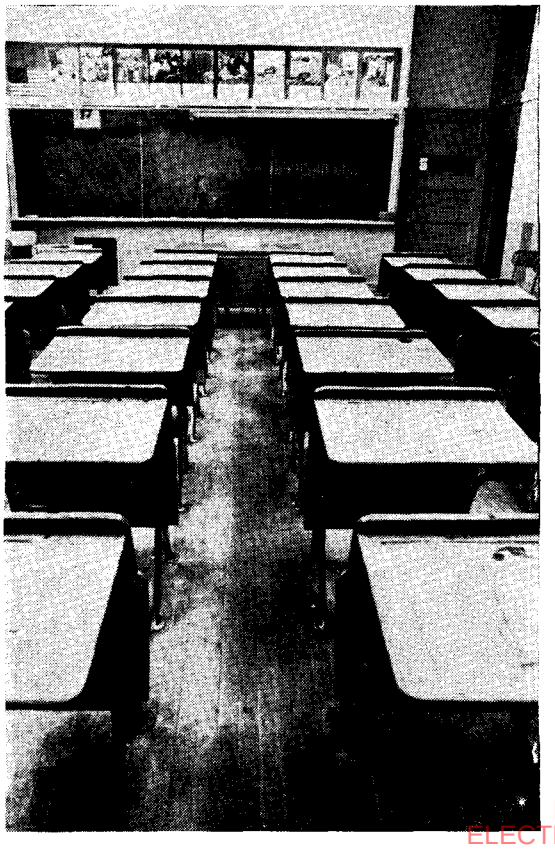
or the average school. But it is important to point out the nothingness of schooling because nothingness (or conformity and repression and boredom) is necessary to the system. Which is not to suggest an Establishment conspiracy to keep children docile so they will become satisfactory candidates for the military-industrial complex. No one planned schools this way, nor have teachers and principals betrayed them: The schools do what they do out of a structural necessity, because we don't know enough about learning, and because social mythology permits very little else.

Any single, universal public institution—and especially one as sensitive as the public school—is the product of a social quotient verdict. It elevates the lowest common denominator of desires, pressures, and demands into the highest public virtue. It cannot afford to offend any sizable community group, be it the American Legion, the B'nai B'rith, or the NAACP. Nor can it become a subversive enterprise that is designed to encourage children to ask real questions about race or sex or social justice or the emptiness and joys of life. Occasionally, of course, it does do these things, but rarely in a significant and consistent manner. Students who ask real questions tend to be threatening to teachers, parents, and the system. They destroy the orderliness of the management procedure, upset routines, and question prejudices. The textbook, the syllabus, the lesson plan are required not only because most teachers are lost without them, but because they represent an inventory for the community, can be inspected to ascertain the purity of the goods delivered. Open-ended programs, responsive to the choices and interests of students, are dangerous not only because all real questions are dangerous, but because they cannot be preinspected or certified for safety. The schools are not unresponsive to the immediate demands of the society. They are doing precisely what most Americans expect.

**"What the schools teach most of all is the importance of schooling."**

*—David Fenton (Liberation News Service)*



Earlier, I spoke about contradictory objectives. One is the objective of "equality of educational opportunity"; the other is to reinforce and legitimize distinctions. For many years, these objectives were, in fact, consistent. They share certain behavioral values that are honored and enforced in the average classroom: discipline, order, certain kinds of manners, styles of speech and dress, punctuality, cleanliness, and so on. Kids who do not meet these standards are ridiculed, punished, and demeaned. The two sets of values also share a declared commitment to certain skills: reading, writing, the skills of the average intelligence test—and a disdain for other attributes: originality, curiosity, diversity. They share, in other words, a linear standard of success and failure. Slow and bright, average and retarded, all fall on one scale, one straight line that runs from zero to one hundred, from A to F. Any teacher in any school can tell any other teacher in any other school about his good, average, and slow students, about his difficult students, and about his cooperative ones, and both will know precisely who and what is being described. (Occasionally, of course, some school or teacher honors a "difficult" child, or a genuinely curious one, or one who has skills—in music or dance, for example—which are outside the normal scale of classroom success. But those are rare instances.)

About a decade ago, something began to change. Until then "equality of educational opportunity" was understood in simple (and misleading) terms. It was the equality inherited from social Darwinism: Everyone in the jungle (or in society, or in school) was to be treated equally: one standard, one set of books, one fiscal formula for children everywhere, regardless of race, creed, or color. Success went to the resourceful, the ambitious, the bright, the strong. Those who failed were stupid or shiftless, but whatever the reason, failure was the responsibility of the individual (or perhaps of his parents, poor fellow), but certainly not that of the school or the society. It was this premise that fired the drive for school integration. Negro schools, we believed, were older, more poorly equipped, badly financed. By equalizing resources, and perhaps throwing in a little compensation to offset differences deriving from "cultural disadvantage," everybody would be competing in the same race. Thus Head Start and "counterpoise" and "early enrichment." Every program launched in the past decade assumed a linear standard of success; each took for granted that schooling was a competitive enterprise and that life was a jungle where only the fit survive. Integration was, more than anything else, a political attempt to win white hostages to black education: Where white kids went to school with black there would be better resources and teachers. Apparently it never occurred to anyone that as long as we operated by a linear standard (bright, average, slow, or whatever) the system would, by definition, have to fail at least some kids. Every race has a loser. Failure is structured into the American system of public education. Losers are essential to the success of the winners.

In the process of compensating and adjusting, of head starting and upward bounding, the burden of responsibility shifted subtly from the individual to the school and the society. Failure used to be the kid's fault; now, increasingly, it seems, at least in part, to be the fault of the system. And thus all was thrown into confusion. Do we measure equality by what goes in or what comes out? That is, do we measure it in terms of resources provided, efforts made, or by achievement? Assuming some form of cultural pluralism (not yet proved or even argued)—assuming, for example that certain groups in the society are not merely "disadvantaged" but culturally distinct, and that those distinctions are valuable—assuming these things, what does equality mean when it comes to education? Equality before the law, yes; equality in medical treatment, yes; equality in the hiring of plumbers and mechanics, yes. But equality in education? James Coleman, who directed the huge federal study called "Equality of Educational Opportunity," subsequently wrestled with the question (in an article in *Public Interest*) and concluded that "equality of educational opportunity implies not merely 'equal' schools but equally effective schools, whose influences will overcome the differences in starting point of children from different social groups." This is the statement of a homogenizer, hardly different from that of the DAR lady who, sixty years ago, gave the schools a similar mission. "What kind of American consciousness can grow," she asked, "in the atmosphere of sauer-

(*Continued on page* 92)



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—David Fenton (Liberation News Service)

# CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE

by PETER MARIN

*To oppose Fascism, we need neither heavy armaments nor bureaucratic apparatuses. What we need above all is a different way of looking at life and human beings. My dear friends, without this different way of looking at life and human beings, we shall ourselves become Fascists.* —SILONE.

I am not really interested in "education" as a subject. What moves me more are the problems of the young. At best, questions about education should be treated topically: as a way of living with the present, of *making do*. But there is something beyond that too, a way of looking at men and women, a visionary expectation, that keeps us seeking the most human ways of making do. But the most human ways of making do these days have little to do with our rhetoric about the public schools, and we forget in the midst of it what we really owe the young.

But knowing what we owe them means knowing what is going on, and it is hard to get a fix on that. Whatever happens is shrouded in folds of propaganda and rhetoric, abstraction and fantasy. *Revolution, Repression, The Age of Aquarius, The Counter-Culture, Law and Order, The Great Society, The Death of Reason, The Psychedelic Revolution.* . . . It goes on and on—a vast illusion comprised of banners and winking neon meanings that fog the frantic soup in which we swim: the mixture of innocent yearning and savagery, despair and exhilaration, the grasping for paradise lost, paradise *now*, the reaching for a sanity that becomes, in frustration, a new kind of madness.

If this is not the kingdom of apocalypse, it is at least an apocalyptic condition of the soul. We want the most simple human decencies, but in our anguish we are driven to extremes to find them. We reach blindly for whatever offers solace. We yearn more than ever for some kind of human touch and seem steadily less able to provide it. We drift in our own confusion, chattering about the "future": at once more free and more corrupt, more liberated and bound, than any others on the face of the earth.

In the midst of it, adrift, the young more than ever seem beautiful but maimed, trying against all odds to salvage something from the mess. With daring and luck many seem to survive, and some few thrive, but too many others—more than we imagine—already seem destined to spend their lives wrestling with something very close to psychosis. Despite all our talk we have not adequately gauged their suffering. Theirs is a condition of the soul that marks the dead end of the beginnings of America—a dreadful anomy in which one loses all access to others and the self: a liberation that is simultaneously the most voluptuous kind of freedom and an awful form of terror.

Merely to touch in that condition, or to see one another, or to speak honestly is to reach across an immense distance. One struggles with the remnants of a world-view so pervasive, so perverse, that everyone must doubt whether it is possible to see anything clearly, say it honestly, or enter it in-

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nocently. The tag ends of two dozen different transplanted foreign cultures have begun to die within us, have already died, and the young have been released into what is perhaps the first true "American" reality—one marked, above all, by the absence of any coherent culture.

The problem is not merely that the "system" is brutal and corrupt, nor that the war has revealed how savage and cynical a people we are. It is, put simply, that "social reality" seems to have vanished altogether. One finds among the young a profound and befuddled sense of loss—as if they had been traumatized and betrayed by an entire world. What is release and space for some is for the others a constant sense of separation and vertigo—a void in which the self can float or soar but in which one can also drift unmoored and fall; and when one falls, it is forever, for there is nothing underneath, no culture, no net of meaning, nobody else.

That is, of course, what we have talked about for a century: the empty existential universe of self-creation. It is a condition of the soul, an absolute loss and yearning for the world. One can become anything—but nothing makes much sense. Adults have managed to evade it, have hesitated on its edges, have clung to one another and to institutions, to beliefs in "the system," to law and order. But now none of that coheres, and the young seem unprotected by it all, and what we have evaded and even celebrated in *metaphor* has become, for a whole generation, a kind of daily emotional life.

The paradox, of course, is that the dissolution of culture has set us free to create almost anything—but it also deprived us of the abilities to do it. Strength, wholeness, and sanity seem to be functions of *relation*, and relation, I think, is a function of culture, part of its intricate web of approved connection and experience, a network of persons and moments that simultaneously offer us release and bind us to the lives of others. One "belongs" to and in culture in a way that goes beyond mere politics or participation, for belonging is both simpler and more complex than that: an immersion in the substance of community and tradition, which is itself a net beneath us, a kind of element in which men seem to float, protected.

That is, I suppose, what the young have lost. Every personal truth or experience puts them at odds with the "official" version of things. There is no connection at all between inner truth and what they are expected to be; every gesture demanded and rewarded is a kind of absolute lie, a denial of their confusion and need. The "drifting free" is the sense of distance; it is distance—not a "generation" gap, but the huge gulf between the truth of one's own pain and possibilities and the world's empty forms. Nothing supports or acknowledges them, and they are trapped in that gulf, making the best of things, making everything up as they go along. But that is the most basic and awful task of all, for it is so lonely, so dangerous, so easily distracted and subverted, so easily swayed. The further along one gets the more alone one is, the more fragile and worried, the deeper into the dark. It is there, of course, that one may need help from adults, but adults have no talent for that at all; we do not admit to being in the dark—how, then, can we be of any use?

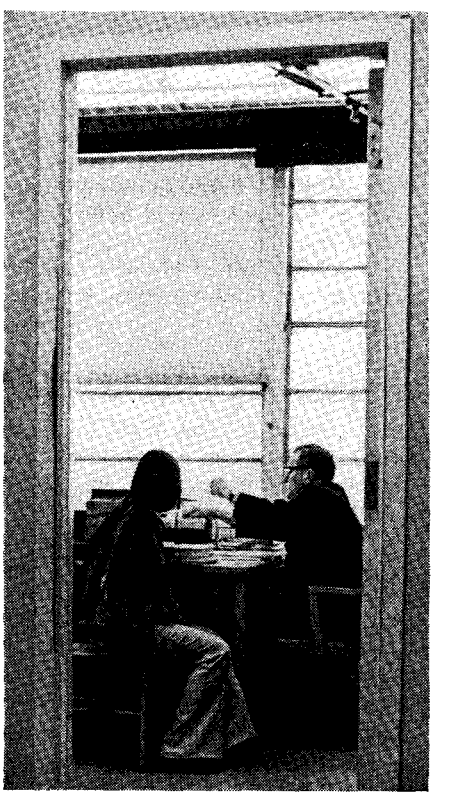
If all this is so, what sense can one make of the public schools? They are stiff, unyielding, microcosmic versions of a world that has already disappeared. They are, after all, the state's schools, they do the state's work, and their purpose is the preservation of things as they were. Their means are the isolation of ego and deflection of energy. Their main structural function is to produce in the young a self-delusive "independence"—a system of false consciousness and need that actually renders them dependent on institutions and the state. Their corrosive role-playing and demand systems are so extensive, so profound, that nothing really human shows through—and when it does, it appears only as frustration, exhaustion, and anger.

That, of course, is the real outrage of the schools: their systematic corruption of the relations among persons. Where they should be comrades, allies, equals, and even lovers, the public schools make them "teacher" and "student"—replaceable units in a mechanical ritual that passes on, in the name of education, an "emotional plague"; a kind of ego and personality that has been so weakened, so often denied the experience of community or solitude, that we no longer understand quite what these things are or how to achieve them.

Whatever one's hopes or loves, each teacher is engaged daily in that same conspiracy to maim the young. But I am talking here about more than the surface stupidities of attendance requirements, grades, or curriculum. Those can be changed and updated. But what seems truly untouchable is what lies behind and beneath them: the basic irredeemable assumptions about what is necessary, human, or good; the treatment of the person, time, choice, energy, work, community, and pleasure. It is a world-view so monolithic and murderous that it becomes a part of us even while we protest against it.

I remember returning one fall to a state college in California after a summer in the Mexican mountains. I had been with my friends, writing, walking, making love—all with a sense of freedom and quietude. That first day back I felt as I always did on campus, like a sly, still undiscovered spy. After all, what was it all to me? I walked into my first class and began my usual pitch: They would grade themselves, read what they wanted or not at all, come to class or stay home. It was all theirs to choose—their learning, their time, their space. But they were perplexed by that. Was it some kind of trick? They began to question me, and finally one of them asked, exasperated: "But what can we do if we don't know what you *want*?"

It was a minimal satori. I could not speak. What ran through my mind was not only the absolute absurdity of the question but the lunacy of our whole charade: the roles we played, the place we met, the state's mazelike building, the state's gigantesque campus, and, beyond all that, what we mean by "schooling," how we had been possessed by it. I knew that whatever I answered would be senseless and oppressive, for no matter how I disclaimed my role, whatever I said would restore it. So I stood there instead in silence, aware that what I had taken lightly to be mad was indeed



*—David Fenton (Liberation News Service)*

**"In the midst of it, adrift, the young more than ever seem beautiful but . . ."**



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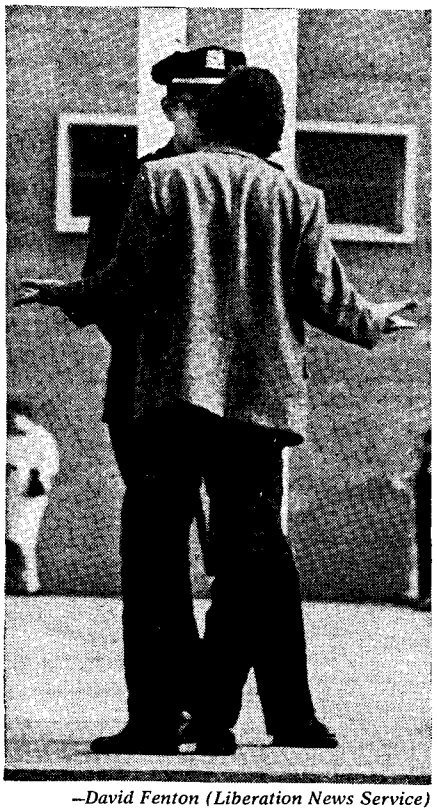
mad, and that one could never, while there, break through those roles into anything real.

Well, almost never. The most human acts I have ever found in our colleges and high schools are the ones most discouraged, the surreptitious sexuality between teachers and students. Although they were almost always cramped and totally exploitive, they were at least some kind of private touch. I used to imagine that one fine afternoon the doors of all the offices would open wide with a trumpet blast, and teachers and students would emerge to dance hand in hand in total golden nakedness on the campus lawns in a paroxysm of truth. In a sense, what I imagined then is close to what sometimes happens more realistically in the student strikes and demonstrations. One finds in the participants a sense of exhilaration and release, a regained potency and a genuine transformation of feeling: the erotic camaraderie of liberation. There is an immense and immediate relief at the cessation of pretense. It is one's role, as well as the rules, which is transgressed, and one somehow becomes stronger, more real—and suddenly at home.

But that doesn't happen often, and usually only in the colleges, and the young are left elsewhere and almost always to suffer in silence the most destructive effect of the schools—not their external rules and structure, but the ways in which we internalize them and falsify ourselves in order to live with them. The state creeps in and gradually occupies us; we act and think within its forms; we see through its eyes and it speaks through our mouths—and how, in that situation, can the young learn to be alive or free?



*—David Fenton (Liberation News Service)*

**. . . "maimed, trying against all odds to salvage something from the mess."**

We try. We open the classroom a bit and loosen the bonds. Students use a teacher's first name, or roam the small room, or go ungraded, or choose their own texts. It is all very nice; better, of course, than nothing at all. But what has it got to do with the needs of the young? We try again. We devise new models, new programs, new plans. We innovate and renovate, and beneath it all our schemes always contain the same vacancies, the same smells of death, as the schools. One speaks to planners, designers, teachers, and administrators; one hears about schedules and modules and curricular innovation—new systems. It is always "materials" and "technique," the chronic American technological vice, the cure that murders as it saves. It is all so smug, so progressively right —and yet so useless, so far off the track. One knows there is something else altogether: a way of feeling, access to the soul, a way of speaking and embracing, that lies at the heart of all yearning or wisdom or real revolution. It is that, precisely, that has been left out. It is something the planners cannot remember: the living tissue of community. Without it, of course, we shrivel and die, but who can speak convincingly about that to those who have never felt it?

I remember talking to one planner about what one wants from others.

"Respect," he said. "And their utmost effort."

"But all I want," I said, "is love and a sense of humor."

His eyes lit up. "I see," he said. "You mean positive feedback."

Positive feedback. So we debauch our own sweet nature. I don't want positive feedback, nor do the young. What they need is so much more important and profound—not "skills" but qualities of the soul; daring, warmth, wit, imagination, honesty, loyalty, grace, and resilience. But one cannot be taught those things; they cannot be programed into a machine. They seem to be learned, instead, in activity and communion—in the *adventurous presence of other real persons.*

But there is no room in the schools for that. There is no real hope of making room there. Those who want to aid the young must find some other way to do it. Yes, I know, that is where most of the young still are. I can hear the murmurs protesting that only the demented, delinquent, or rich can go elsewhere. But that is just the point. This is the monolithic system of control that must be broken. We have wasted too much time and energy on the state's schools, and we have failed to consider or create alternatives. Now it is time to cut loose from the myth. We must realize once and for all that, given the real inner condition of the young, the state's schools are no place to try to help them.

But if that is the case, my friends ask, what *do* you do? I have no easy answers. There are cultural conditions for which there are no solutions, turnings of the soul so profound and complex that no system can absorb or contain them. How would one have "solved" the Reformation? Or first-century Rome? One makes accommodations and adjustments, one dreams about the future and makes plans to save us all, but in spite of all that, because of it, what seems more important are the private independent acts that become more necessary every day: the ways we find as *private persons* to restore to one another the strengths we should have now—whether to make the kind of revolution we need or to survive the repression that seems likely.

What I am talking about here is a kind of psychic survival: our ability to live decently beyond institutional limits and provide for our comrades enough help to sustain them. What saves us as men and women is always a kind of witness: the quality of our own acts and lives. This is the knowledge, of course, that institutions bribe us to forget, the need and talent for what Kropotkin called "mutual aid"—the private assumption of responsibility for others.

I remember talking one evening with a student who was arguing the need for burning things down. Her face was a stiff, resisting mask of anger and grief.

"But what else," she said, "can I do?"

I wasn't sure. "Try to get to the bottom of things. Try to see clearly what we need."

"But when I see clearly," she said, "I freak out."

"That's why we need friends," I said.

"But I have no friends."

And she began to cry. That is it precisely. How does one really survive it? There is nothing for such pain save to embrace it, to heal it with warmth, with one's own two hands. One comes to believe that what each of us needs is an absolute kind of lover—not for the raw sex, but for what is sometimes beneath and intrinsic to it: a devoted open presence to perceive, acknowledge, and embrace what we are.

That is the legitimacy which comes neither from the ballot nor the gun, a

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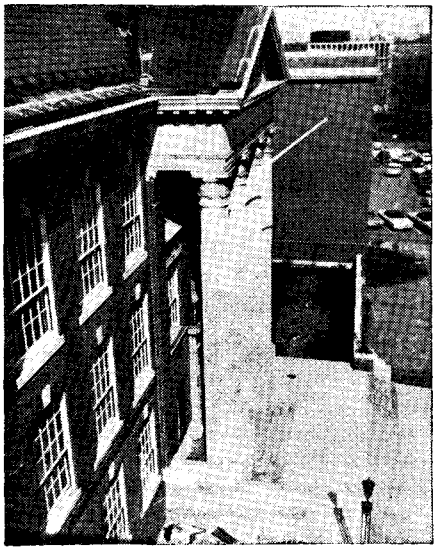

" . . . the six longest years of my life, at Boston Latin School."

# THE SCHOOLS WE WANT:

by NAT HENTOFF

The more I have to do with schools—as a parent, as a writer on education, and as a teacher—the less concerned I am with descriptive terminology. I am, for instance, generally heartened by the rapid growth in recent years of independent "free schools." But I am much more interested in the specific morphology of each of those schools. I agree with George Dennison that "there is no such thing as 'freedom,' but only the relationships between persons." And some free schools are so rigidly libertarian that rhetoric often substitutes for the hard work of developing those always singular and unpredictable relationships between students and teachers that are essential if *children* are to be taught—not subjects, and not philosophies of education.

In other free schools, fortunately, these organic relationships, sometimes acerbic, sometimes exhilarating, nearly always exhausting, are in a continual process of development. There teachers keep earning their natural authority as adults, and each child is able to learn how *he*—not the class as a whole—learns.

But even that's too simple, and therefore misleading. Some years ago, in researching *Our Children Are Dying*, I learned an invaluable lesson about learning. In that Central Harlem elementary school, each teacher was free to work in his own way—provided that he was not just a custodian or a time-server. Accordingly, one second-grade class was as Summerhillian as you can get in a public school, while I was appalled in a fifth-grade room by the stern, seemingly authoritarian, no-nonsense zeal of *that* teacher to make sure that everybody left his class much more confident in basic skills than when he started. At first, I visited that fifth-grade room as a silent condemner. The man was anachronistic!

By the middle of the year, however, it was overwhelmingly clear that the children in that room were very much into learning, eager to push on. Not because they were being force-fed, but because they were responding to the palpable desire of the young man in charge that they learn as much as they could. And, tough as he was, he also communicated his unyielding confidence that they *could* learn. It was not a "free" classroom, but it was a place where something real was always going on. The day, for instance, he brought in an analogue computer. The kids were anxious to see it work. "It's yours," he said. "You make it work. The instructions are there." And in time, a class composed of what had been previously regarded as "slow readers" made the machine run. Some were quicker, but one way or another each had a part in bringing the computer to life.

What I first look for in a school, then, are two things. To begin with, a head or a principal who sees teachers as well as children as quite disparate individuals, and who therefore does not try to lock both groups into a predetermined catechism of what "education" ought to be. I would not and do not send my children to schools where memorization and the acquiring of test-taking skills are confused with learning how to learn. But on the other hand, my wife and I have removed two of our children from a school that has become a shrine to John Dewey (misunderstood by the head). It is a fascinating museum piece of early "progressive" education, but since everyone is expected to follow the house line, the natural heterogeneity of the children is continually being constricted to fit the school's righteous model of how *the* child should "naturally" develop. The teachers there begin heterogeneous, but if they stay in that school long enough, they begin not only to sound alike but even to look alike.

Secondly, I look for teachers who are chronic learners. My own memories of school—including the six longest years of my life, at Boston Latin School—are of teachers who had learned their sector of their "field," up to a certain point. And at that point, they had become teachers, with little else to learn. Oh, some took "refresher" and even advanced courses once in a while—more for incremental salary reasons, I suspect, than because the passion for learning would not let them rest. But the general ambience was that those teachers up front knew what it was we had to learn in their specialty, and their job was to fill us up. With few exceptions, the process of learning didn't interest them at all. Why should it have? They already knew what *they* had to know.

By contrast, there are teachers—still relatively few, but growing in number—who believe that the test of intelligence is not how much we know how to do, but how we behave when we have a problem for which there is no solution in the back of the book. It is in that kind of classroom that teachers are not at all satisfied simply with correct answers to questions but want to know how thoroughly the child knows *why* the answer is correct. And that kind of classroom requires a teacher who is continually questioning his own knowledge of processes, rather than results. Not only how people learn, but how each individual learns, and what that discovery reveals about the child as a whole.

But I go further in my expectations of teachers and of schools. I am exceedingly wary of teachers who are only specialists and of schools that regard each subject as a self-contained unit. I mean those neatly divided buildings where, as Neil Postman and Charles Weingartner put it in *Teaching as a Subversive Activity*: "English is not History and History is not Science and Science is not Art and Art is not Music, and Art and Music are minor subjects and English, History, and Science are major subjects, and a subject is something you 'take' and, when you have taken it, you have 'had' it, and if you have 'had' it, you are immune and need not take it again. (The Vaccination Theory of Education.)"

What I want, in sum, is a school in

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# A FAMILY DIALOGUE

by MARGOT HENTOFF

> *There is a profession in Latin America which is the training of young colts. The man who does this is called a* domador. *The horses are often very expensive, highly treasured by their owner who has a very precise idea of what he wants those horses to be. . . . The* domador *is always a mental wreck, because what the horse is and what the owner wanted it to be are completely different.*
>
> —PHILIP HAZELTON, *This Magazine Is About Schools.*

It is hard to quarrel with my husband's statement, as it is so humanistic in its sense of what schools should be that only an unregenerate elitist trying to retain class privilege could take issue with most of it. Who, after all, does not want his children in schools that turn out decent, educated men? Our disagreement lies in the methods of implementation: Precisely what is it we want our horses to be, and how do we best educate them to exist in the world as it is as well as the one we hope it will become?

Before I was twenty, I was an educational philosopher—a Summerhillian beyond argument. Myself a product of so many and such inferior schools in which I had idled at my desk during math, science, geography, and languages that, by the end of high school, I knew no French or Latin, although I had been taught them for years; no algebra nor where Ohio was; nothing, in fact, but what I had read in books I found in bookstores and on the family library's shelves.

But read I did—Freud at ten when I bought *The Interpretation of Dreams,* assuming it was a Gypsy dream book; Swedenborg because he was mystical; Robinson Jeffers' poetry because there was sex in it, *Forever Amber* for the same reason; the Harvard Classics because they were in the bookcase, along with Edward Bellamy, Jacob Riis, T. S. Eliot, and old law books. Also old medical books so I could know which disease I was most likely to die of imminently.

My grades in school were dreadful, and I got into college only because I had landed in an entirely corrupt, small New York private school where the headmistress kited my transcript grades to a minimally acceptable average. At college, the same perverse business went on. If we studied Freud, I read Reich or Jung. Taking geology, I discovered biology, and when I finally talked my way into an experimental creative writing major, I suffered a massive writer's block and got a D– on a paper on Norman Mailer.

For me, the classroom was a hopelessly dreary place where it was always 4 in the afternoon on a winter day with someone droning on under a glaring fluorescent light. Teachers were, for the most part, witless, and courses that looked great in the catalogue were dull in the realization. Once or twice in an entire school career, a good teacher might direct you to something you might not have found otherwise. But, on the whole, intelligent friends were more reliable.

I suppose the reason I could manage to be both totally turned off by school and still not be turned off intellectually was because my parents made no fuss whatever about academic achievement or grades as long as I appeared to be intelligent and stayed in school and off the streets.

When my two older children were ready, I looked for a school with the same attitude as my parents had. As an autodidact, I believed that, in the absence of requirements, a child would be unerringly drawn to those areas of knowledge I felt were valuable. It is an index of my shortsightedness that it never occurred to me that children, left alone, might find other areas of interest entirely; ones that did not fit at all within my value system.

I chose a place that gave no tests or grades, and that allowed free movement and conversation and a wide choice of activity. It was a school manned by extremely dedicated teachers who created their own teaching materials, totally eschewing the use of workbooks and textbooks; a school that acted on the premise that learning is an organic process during which a child learns only when he can see the direct connection between knowledge and action. There, intellectual achievement was not valued above other kinds of achievement, and the sense of accomplishment a child got

*—Carol Ann Bales*

**"It is not enough to act on the premise that if you merely expose a child to enough of those areas that make up our culture, he will make good use of the exposure."**

MARGOT HENTOFF writes for a number of publications, including the *New York Review of Books.*



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from what work he did was not diminished by the superimposition of conventional academic demands.

By the time they were nine, my children wrote delightful and original poems and essays, misspelled and unpunctuated, handed in to appreciative teachers on scraps of crumpled paper. The trouble was that at thirteen they were still doing the same thing and, by this time, kids from other schools who had mastered some technique and who had some fundamental background knowledge were beginning to write better poems and essays than my children. Also, it turned out, my children were not readers. Not that they couldn't read—they didn't read. Since the school was rooted in the group-as-an-experience-in-community theory in which each child was supposed to excel at something in which he was naturally best, my daughters discovered they were best at being popular, forming cliques, gossiping, and running races in the yard. One of them was also good at making copies of ancient Greek pots. Somehow, they never connected with any real intellectual interest. I might have thought they were just an odd pair of kids if I had not seen the same syndrome in many of their classmates. Further, when my elder son began to behave in the same way in the same school it occurred to me that perhaps the school was not so much helping the child to find out who he was as it was assisting him to discover that he was inadequate.

In any case, when we began looking for new schools for our two boys this past year, I knew more of what I didn't want than what I did. I no longer wholly subscribed to what has been called the romantic theory of education. For some children, it seemed to me, the traditional quiet classrooms with a great deal of structured activity might be exactly the atmosphere that would allow them to concentrate on the work at hand for a sustained period of time. In the third grade at his old school, one son, whose teacher had told me he got math to do whenever he wanted it, seemed to have wanted it about five times during the entire year. He thought his handwriting looked terrible; so he didn't write. And it was true: His handwriting looked terrible because no one ever insisted that he practice it. No one insisted, because it was felt he didn't write well. The whole school began to strike me as Red Queen territory: "*Here*, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place."

In making a change, I specifically did not want one of the new free schools, the growth of which so heartens my husband but which seem to me uncomfortably like the old permissive schools with a few technical innovations tacked on. There are many teachers with whom I do not *want* my children to have an intimate relationship: those teachers who imagine themselves therapists; those who, having entered the teaching profession as social crusaders, politically indoctrinate children in the manner of the old church schools; and those who do not understand that in order for healthy growth to take place there *must* be a distinction between adult and child, something real for kids to test themselves against rather than that confectionery mist surrounding those who are always "on the side of the child."

I also had never seriously considered the public schools, less because they might not be "good" than from a fundamental aversion to committing my children to the hands of the state. If they are to be miseducated, I prefer that it be my mistake rather than the state's. This is one reason why I am so much in favor of public independent education and the educational voucher system.

Having the option, I didn't want a traditional school either — although some of our best people have come out of them. They are too arbitrary, too stifling, and too rigidly demanding within such a narrow scope that only the most competent students feel a sense of personal worth. In other words, not enough children win.

What I do want is an experimental school that is willing to try anything promising without succumbing to the current anti-intellectual mode; one that sets intellectual standards. My husband complains of his term of servitude at stuffy Boston Latin School, but I have noted over the years that he has the kind of puritan self-discipline that keeps him working whether or not he is having a particularly rich experience with the job at hand. Also he has a nice grasp of basic areas of knowledge and does not have to ask me questions about Roman history.

I have discovered it is not enough to act on the premise that if you merely expose a child to enough of those areas that make up our culture, he will make good use of the exposure. There is such a strong drift away from the passing-on of the traditional culture that it is quite easy for a child to avoid absorbing even the best of it, and I find it patronizing for an educator to assume that children should be "reached" largely through material relevant to the present, and through the kid culture of rock music and slogan politics.

I like the idea of a school that groups students according to their achievement level in each area of classroom work so that a child is always being taught with others of the same degree of expertise; neither left behind in a bewildered fog, nor bored and squirming because he has gone past the work being done. Not only does this permit the natural competitive drive of the child to exert itself within areas of possible gratification, but it also gets rid of that pernicious example of misdirected benevolence: automatic promotion, no matter what.

Finally, I have got straight in my own head what the real rules of the game are, rhetoric notwithstanding. I want my children to have a solid body of knowledge and, hopefully, to be intellectuals as well. And this means that, sooner or later, they should be able to enter reasonably good colleges—all of which require a background of solid accomplishment. Even those colleges, such as Sarah Lawrence, Bennington, and Reed, that are properly scornful of test scores, grades, and other paraphernalia of evaluation seem to use them when it comes to selecting their students. It is still kids who have been taught to achieve who are admitted to those schools and all the other good ones. It may well be that my children will have something quite else in mind for their lives, but as long as I am responsible for their education, I think I should see to it that they have the choice.

**FRAZER YOUNG**
**LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1416**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1416 will be found in the next issue.*

SU HEV URL AJM XAUSAX

UREU WGVUSNL VRAGJM XAU

EPSVL DPAQ JEHV, ZGU JEHV

DPAQ WGVUSNL.

—WAVLYR WAGZLPU

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1415***

*The very first step towards success in any occupation is to become interested in it.*

—SIR WILLIAM OSLER.



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(*Continued from page* 74)
which learning is not separate from the constant flux of intersecting apperceptions and questions that is life. Of course, a mathematics teacher has to know a hell of a lot about math, but there is more to mathematics in the world than is recognized in most math classrooms and books. The mathematics of electronic sounds, the math in a forward pass, the highly polemical mathematics involved in unemployment statistics, the mathematics of population control. For openers.

And how history or geography or political science or physics can ever be a *dull* subject continues to astonish me. Except, of course, as taught by teachers dulled into insular self-satisfaction by the accumulation of credits and tenure.

There is one other essential I look for in a school. To me it is the most important element in the education I want for my children—and the hardest to locate precisely. And that element is the direct opposite of what British anthropologist Edmund Leach has described as the prevailing thrust in British education (and our own as well, I would add). In a BBC lecture a few years ago, Leach noted grimly that "those who are high up in the existing order are driven to compete by fear and contempt for those below; those lower down are driven by envy of those above. School is a means to an end: the child must better himself, or consolidate an established position. Only a tiny minority thinks of education as a means by which individuals are given human interests and values so that they can fit together into the total jigsaw of society; for most of us education is an instrument of war, a weapon by which the individual beats down his competitors and defends himself against adversity. . . . The more 'successful' your education, the more likely you are to feel alone, because the process of segregation has been more complete."

I want a school in which education is not felt by the children to be an instrument of war. But I also want a school in which my children learn as much as they are capable of learning, learn because they want to learn, and know how it is that they do learn. Is there a contradiction in goals? It depends, in large part, on the school, the head, and the teachers. And, alas, most of all on the parents. If the message from home is that education is the way to get ahead, and only that, it will take an extraordinary concatenation of a differently driven school, teachers, and peers to eradicate that infection. The infection of competition for the sake of Number One, and to hell with the rest.

*—George S. Zimbel*

**"The business of a school is not, or should not be, mere instruction, but the life of the child in the world, as it is now, and in the world as it can be."**

But even where those noxious lares of "education" abound at home, more and more youngsters are transcending parental dicta concerning education as a club with which to beat one's way "high up in the existing order." The Zeitgeist, I'm convinced, is turning the other way. That is, the Zeitgeist as it powers and is powered by a significant number of the young. For them, and for a sizable number of older folk as well, learning is indeed meant to stretch and fill capacities and stretch them again. But for more than the learner's benefit, although he will surely benefit.

It seems to me—traveling to schools, talking with my own students—that John Holt's credo is taking hold: "To answer the question 'What makes a good education?' we must ask: 'What makes a good life?' " And the answer to that for many, many students—including, I hope, my own children—is that a "good life" means an involvement, in whatever way you are best skilled, in making a good life the normative condition for as many other people as possible.

I had some fundamental disagreements with Che Guevara, including, as I discovered in one conversation, some basic conflicts about education. But I did identify with a letter he wrote to one of his daughters in February 1966: "You must try hard to be one of the best in school. The best in every sense; you know what that means: studies and revolutionary activity, of course, good conduct, seriousness, love for the revolution, camaraderie, etc. I wasn't like that at your age, but I was in a different society, where man was man's enemy."

He and I would have quite different definitions of "revolutionary activity." (I am almost as much concerned with what violence does to the practitioner as what it does to the victim.) I do feel —despite the stunning odds—that it is possible to create a society in which man is not man's enemy. And the schools I want for my children are schools that, at the very least, will not encourage nor intensify the still pervasive use of education as a weapon of war. And, at the very best, schools in which a subject for continuing exploration is how to exist as if a quite different society were already here.

There are a few such schools, and there can be more. Particularly if the educational voucher plan [see p. 79] takes root and grows—though without any aid at all to church-related schools. But that's for another discussion. For here, what makes most sense to me is George Dennison's affirmation that "the business of a school is not, or should not be, mere instruction, but the life of the child."

The life of the child in the world, as it is now, and in the world as it can be.



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—Clemens Kalischer

# WHO NEEDS SCHOOLS?

by JOHN H. FISCHER

For all the turmoil of the Sixties —the excitement, the demonstrations, the revolutionary rhetoric — the decade now ended has brought little actual alteration in most schools. To be sure, the atmosphere has changed. Students' hair is longer, their clothing scruffier, and their language less inhibited. The teachers, too, seem different. They are more outspoken, better organized, and less compliant than they were. But the institutional character of schools — their purposes, forms, and functions—look in 1970 much as they did in 1960.

What has happened during these ten years is that pressures of the sort that produce and usually must precede institutional change have accumulated to the point where significant reforms are not only possible but inevitable. Whether or not, recalling George Counts's query of the 1930s, the schools will dare now to build a new social order, the social order appears ready to rebuild the schools.

Predicting the schools of tomorrow has long been an attractive pastime for scholars, pundits, and prophets, but today the ordinary citizen is coming into the act. Although agreement on the kinds of schools we need is still something less than unanimous, parents, taxpayers, and voters do seem to agree that the schools are less effective than they ought to be. The current dissatisfaction is more than the chronic criticism to which schools and teachers are normally subjected, for it reflects a growing sense that the whole system needs overhauling. However widely they may differ in their premises and purposes, conservative elders and radical youngsters alike insist that American education, as it now operates, is not responding as it should to the problems of modern society.

The most impressive evidence of the new attitude is an increasing willingness to consider solutions that heretofore would have been unthinkable—among them the abandonment of public schools. Middle-class city families began some years ago to express their preferences; by the thousands they are removing their children from the public schools and competing desperately and at high cost for the limited places available in private schools. Ghetto parents, sick and tired of condescending and recalcitrant school officials, are battling them for control of the schools in their own neighborhoods. Minority groups are organizing store-

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front centers and street academies to give their children a better chance of making it. Some of the alternatives, such as the Job Corps and the Neighborhood Youth Corps, take the form of programs to rehabilitate the casualties of the school system. Many aspects of the educational activities of the armed forces, industry, and the unions are merely extensions, under other auspices, of functions that a properly conducted school system could and should be expected to provide.

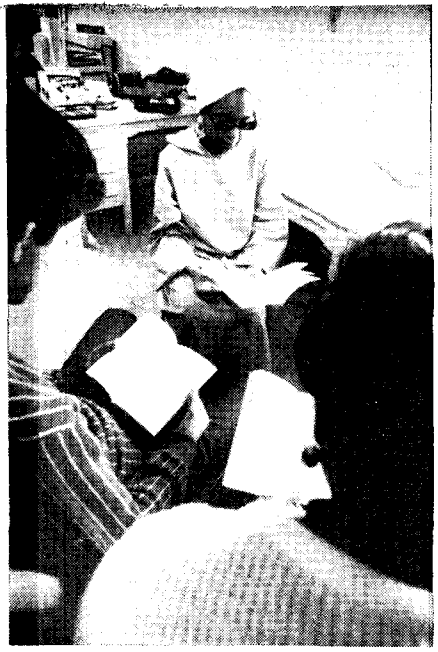
Even the affluent suburbs that have long supported elaborate and expensive public school programs are now rejecting bond issues and higher budgets. The shortage of money is obviously one factor, but another, clearly, is a growing disbelief that the schools are giving proper value for the money put into them. And in Washington, the White House insists that before more federal funds are committed to education, ways must be found to get more for the taxes already being spent.

One result of the complaints is the proposal that alternative schools be established to compete with public institutions. A particularly bold venture is the so-called "voucher plan," which, ideally, would enable every child to attend whatever school his parents choose for him. With the pupil would go a voucher entitling his school to the amount of money appropriated per pupil in the local school budget. By thus expanding the options available to parents, the proponents of vouchering mean to stimulate creation of new independent schools, free of the inertia of public school bureaucracies and not inhibited by the traditional constraints of existing private schools. A major consequence envisioned by the proponents of this plan is the rapid reform of public institutions. The hope is that public school authorities would be persuaded by the pressure of competition to change their ways—or else, "else" meaning a precipitate loss of pupils and, with it, the money to pay teachers and administrators. A pilot program in vouchering will shortly begin under the auspices of the Center for the Study of Public Policy at Harvard and with the support of a grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity. It will be watched with interest by many observers and with more than a little apprehension by public school people.

Despite the enrollment of a sizable minority of children in nonpublic schools, elementary and secondary education in the United States is, for all practical purposes, a public monopoly. Aside from the 10 or 11 per cent whose parents prefer religious schools or can afford the tuition fees of independent schools, the sole course available to most families is to send their children to the public school designated by the local school board. Nor in most school districts, and particularly in large cities, can a parent exercise any effective influence on what his child learns, how he is taught, or how he is treated as a person in the public school he is required to attend. One need not be an enemy of public education to agree that the stimulus of real competition might produce more responsiveness and faster responses than years of public discussion and political pressure have so far achieved.

The issue whether schools should be publicly or privately controlled, competitive or monopolistic, is overshadowed, however, by a prior and more basic question: Are they necessary? While a flat negative answer would be as irresponsible as it would be shocking to most people, the question cannot be dismissed out of hand. For some children, schools of the types now most common are simply not appropriate institutions. The radical question must be raised, for it deserves a well-considered response. Extremist critics argue (usually, however, within a narrow context) that existing schools are so damaging to the development of children that no child should be required to attend them. Instead, they say, he should spend his time acquiring whatever he needs to learn directly from the culture in which he lives. Such participation, they argue, would be superior to current pedagogy and less harmful to the child's growth and personality. Technologists press the claim that teaching machines, television, and tape recorders are more effective than most teachers, and that the best arrangement of all would be a computer console in every home.

Others, skeptical about schools but still hooked on humans, advocate a system of child-care centers extending from age two or younger to the upper primary level and providing every child with a combination of services integrated to assure optimum physical, mental, emotional, and social development. Intellectual development is presumed to follow as a consequence of a suitably nurturing environment in which the child finds opportunity, stimulation, and reward. And unintentionally augmenting the company of those who deny the necessity for formal schooling are the teachers and administrators who endorse the contention that some children don't need schools. These are the people who every year suspend from school substantial numbers of children. They act on the ground that exceptional behavior, which demonstrates to some observers a clear need for competent instruction and intensive care, is really evidence that the public interest, if not the children's, is best served by excluding them from school.



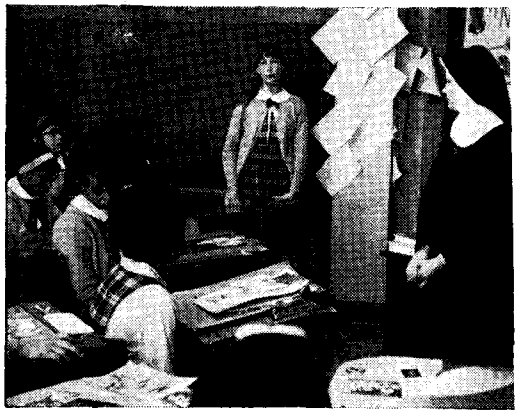
—Clayton J. Price (Black Star)

**Minorities have organized storefront centers and street academies to give their children a new chance to make it.**

Approaching the question from a somewhat different viewpoint are the advocates of "schools without walls." This group sees the process of schooling as more important than the place and holds that learning comes most profitably from experience in a variety of circumstances, exposures, and involvement. The community becomes the school, and whoever knows what the pupil wants to learn becomes his teacher. This is, of course, precisely the way most of us have learned the greater part of what we know. While estimates of the community's power to teach may divide the theorists, that power is a fact of life, and one too often ignored by school people in general and curriculum planners in particular.

The numerous proposals for replacing schools with less restrictive oppor-

(*Continued on page* 90)



—Black Star

**Despite the religious and independent schools, "education in the United States is, for practical purposes, a public monopoly."**



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# Schools Make News

## The Politics of Despair

THE rising discontent of the young with their schools, colleges, and society at large was recently documented by several surveys of high school and college students. While the majority of high school students still seem satisfied with their schools, a large minority—up to 40 per cent—find their schools "repressive," education an "assembly-line process," and society decaying and without ideals, according to a recent Purdue University survey, *High Schools in 1970: A Study of the Student-School Relationship*. This large minority also tends to feel that their schools—teachers, principals, and counselors—are indifferent to their welfare.

Among college students, the Vietnam War is the cause of vast political and social alienation, according to a six-month nationwide survey conducted by Kenneth and Mary Gergen, Swarthmore College psychologists. The study, which included interviews with 5,000 students at thirty-nine colleges and universities, stated that negative reactions to the war included uncertainty about careers, decreased desire for graduate degrees, less attention paid to studying, and reduced respect for university administrators. One-third of the students interviewed said the war had made them feel more negative about organized religion and their families. One in five had considered leaving the U.S. One in three said they had altered career plans—many seeking a draft-exempt occupation, others indicating extreme confusion over their futures.

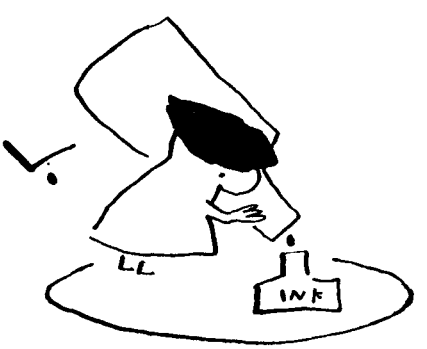
But across the nation, some students are channeling their disillusionment and despair over the war into constructive action by attempting to influence Congressional elections this fall. The Princeton Movement for a New Congress says that twenty-three universities with enrollments totaling 250,000 are following its plan to readjust their class calendar so that students can have two weeks off before the November elections to work for candidates of their choice. Student groups at 36 per cent of the responding state colleges and universities have also made plans to work in fall political campaigns, according to a survey by the American Association of State Colleges and Universities, representing 272 institutions and some two million students. Few of these colleges, however, either because of state policy or administrative discretion, will be allowing time off.

The president of the National Student Association, which has chapters at more than 800 colleges, predicted increased student activism in 1970-71, but the annual NSA congress rejected a radical plan proposed by Rennie Davis for the shutdown of Washington next May by student blockades if American troops are still in Vietnam, agreeing to support the May 1 march only if it is nonviolent and confined to the area of the Pentagon. Instead, NSA voted to urge students to campaign for peace candidates and "engage in all other legitimate means of protests."

## Dope About Dope

BECAUSE YOUNG PEOPLE in the past few years have been inundated with a mass of contradictory and confusing information about the effects of different drugs, a group of fifteen students at Beloit College in Wisconsin has established a clearinghouse to collect and spread the most reliable information about marijuana, hashish, LSD, and other drugs. The aim is to provide valid and unbiased scientific data so that people can more effectively evaluate the information given them about drugs.

The organization, known as the Student Association for the Study of Hallucinogens (STASH), has, with the aid of $50,000 in foundation grants, gathered into its library 98 per cent of the known literature on marijuana and has compiled the first definitive bibliography on cannabis, dating back 100 years (this is the first of a series; the second, on hallucinogens, will be published the first of the year); held two two-day seminars, one in Beloit last year on the problems and future of drug research, and one in June at the University of Chicago examining the control of adolescent drug use. STASH, using rented IBM typesetting equipment, has published the symposium speeches in book form and writes and edits its own bimonthly newsletter, *Capsules*, with specific information on current research and individual drugs, and the journal *Phantastica*, featuring book reviews, reports of meetings, and articles from professionals.




STASH is wholly operated by students, independent of the college, although it does retain seventy-five of the best-informed professionals in the field on a consultant basis. It was started two years ago by Jim Gamage, twenty-two, and Ed Zerkin, twenty-one, during a required field term from Beloit College when students pursue vocational projects that interest them. Both are now on leave from the college, but both plan to go on to medical school while continuing STASH. The group is neither pro nor con drugs. They simply believe, after being personally confronted with drug-abuse problems, that not enough is factually reported about drugs in the news media for the development of sound social and legal attitudes. STASH is located at 638 Pleasant Street, Beloit, Wisconsin 53511.

## And out of the West . . .

CALIFORNIA LAST MONTH passed a major education reform bill that permits almost anyone, a businessman or community leader, to become a school superintendent. In a vast overhaul of the education-licensing process, school districts will be encouraged to hire any talented person without regard to administrative licensing or professional status.

The new law will be administered by a fifteen-member commission to be appointed by Governor Reagan. The commission will have its own staff, wide latitude in framing regulations, and will be controlled only by a veto from the State Board of Education.

The new law also provides for more flexible teacher licensing. Rather than carefully examining each individual applicant, the commission will examine teacher-training courses at each college, approve those that meet its standards, and then certify graduates of approved colleges as teachers. Further, the law limits to nine units the number of required "How to teach" courses a student must take, on the grounds that many are anti-intellectual and really don't benefit a new teacher.

## It's Simple Arithmetic

JULIUS W. HOBSON, in his new career as director of the Washington Institute for Quality Education, a nonprofit research group, last month published the pamphlet "The Damned Children," which provides local community activists with a guide for determining specific inequalities in school systems.



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Using the same "grocery store arithmetic" Hobson himself used when he won a court order to end de facto segregation in the Washington schools, the pamphlet shows community pressure groups what to look for in their own city schools: whether their school board represents the black and the poor, or if teachers are distributed fairly to poorer districts. Charts show ways to assess the fairness of ability-grouping systems, the equal distribution of books and money to the schools, and how dropout levels and reading performance relate to the amount of funds spent per school.

"The Damned Children" is the first in a series. Other pamphlets, said Hobson, will deal with other "damned members of society," such as women, minority federal employees, and young people.

### Apprenticeships for Learning

THE BROCHURE reads, "Tired of high school?" and for teen-agers who are, *Traveller's Directory* (51-02 Thirty-ninth Avenue, Woodside, New York) offers an unusual alternative. *Traveller's Directory* will match students with people living and working at what they'd like to learn. When students see a listing describing someone with an art, trade, or living experience that interests them, they can write and apply for an apprenticeship. The apprenticeship family will pay for living expenses, and the student's family pays his transportation. A student simply moves on when he wants to learn something else.

High school credit transcripts (translated into acceptable course titles) and a diploma at the right time are available through Pacific High School (Box 311, Palo Alto, California). All that is required is for the student to write two short reports a year describing his experiences, and for the person living and learning with him to write one report a year. Tuition for credit is $200 a year.

## The "Now" Curriculum

PUBLISHING COMPANIES increasingly are developing new teaching devices as standard textbook sales have fallen. The demand for supplementary and primary source materials has risen. Students are with more frequency being encouraged to devise their own curriculum. "The trend is away from the basic freshman English text. No longer do students in the same department use the same book," a spokesman for the Association of American Publishers said recently. Innovative companies are thus moving to fill the gap.

Multi-Media Productions (580 College Avenue, Palo Alto, California) this year introduced a teaching kit that offers documents, films, cassette tapes, and other material from the student protest movement of the 1960s, such as the SDS Port Huron manifesto (1962), experiences of civil rights workers during the Mississippi summer (1964), the Berkeley Free Speech Movement (1964), and the origins of the Black Panther Party (1966). But it also gives problem-solving exercises so that students can identify within the framework of their own experience the feelings of prejudice, frustration, and anger that embittered students and caused what began as a peaceful civil rights movement to crescendo into massive protest marked by violence.

The course, aimed at secondary students, can last as long or as short a time as the teacher chooses. For lecturing, extensive background material with quotes and facts acquaints the teacher with the voices of protest and the kinds of thinking that shaped it. Sources range from government-sponsored reports, the writings of Kenneth Kenniston and Paul Goodman, current news articles from *Time, Harper's, Fortune*, to the protest literature of Malcolm X and Langston Hughes.

This is heady stuff for educators and students alike. Yet such words as "revolution" and "capitalist exploitation" are commonplace in the underground papers easily accessible to high school students. And the Multi-Media kit producers feel these ideas should be exposed to careful scrutiny within the classroom to help the politically aware student see beyond the words and slogans and gain a deeper understanding of his own motivations and the forces pulling at society. So far, the Student Protest kit, which sells for $75, has not been "one of the world's greatest successes," according to its authors. But it has been used in about two dozen high schools and junior highs in the West and Midwest.

A second alternative for high school students to the traditional test-oriented textbook is the series MAN, created last November by McDougal-Littell (P.O. Box 1667, Evanston, Illinois), a year-old education materials firm. The series, four books for each grade nine to twelve, contains a rich display of contemporary authors. Selections include plays by William Inge, Harold Pinter, and Tennessee Williams; fiction by Philip Roth, James Baldwin, and Kurt Vonnegut; poetry by Richard Brautigan and James Dickey; and prose by Daniel Boorstin, Eldridge Cleaver, and Norman Mailer. The literature is illustrated with pictures by famous twentieth-century photographers and with drawings by James Thurber, Paul Klee, and Ben Shahn. Cost for the high school series plus four teacher's manuals is $40.

A third new series, published by Beacon Press last year, offers unusual methods for teaching younger students to understand the values and attitudes that motivate an individual. The three teaching kits, entitled "Decision Making" (for ages nine to twelve), "Freedom and Responsibility" (for junior high school), and "Man the Meaning Maker" (ages nine to fourteen), use color slides, comic books, role-playing exercises, and records to lead the child through various steps to discovery on his own of a particular concept or relationship.

"Man the Meaning Maker," for example, seeks to make students expect and accept differences in other people—in the way they perceive things and the meanings they ascribe to them—so that the students will come to value diversity as a potential source of enrichment, not conflict. The kit uses a variety of devices, including a form of the Rorschach tests, worksheets with hidden shapes, transistor radios, chocolate-covered insects, and the ancient Chinese yin-yang symbol of the Earth, to illustrate a wide variety of the problems of perception.

The three kits cost approximately $50 each. Produced by the Unitarian Universalist Association in Boston, Massachusetts, the kits have been used mostly in church schools, although the authors purposely kept religious references to a minimum so that they are readily adaptable to public school use.

—SUSAN BOYER.



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# Tools for Everyone

**REACH, TOUCH, AND TEACH**

**by Terry Borton**

(McGraw-Hill, 207 pp., $4.95)

*Reviewed by Robert E. Samples*

Once a friend handed me a Swiss army knife, and I was thrilled for hours. The first thing I discovered was that it was more than a knife; in fact, it was a hand-held toolbox. There were things to cut and pry and probe with, and, as each new tool unfolded, I looked around, seeking tasks for my newly discovered armament. For a while I felt invulnerable.

Terry Borton's book *Reach, Touch, and Teach* strikes me the same way. It has tools for students, scholars, teachers, parents, psychologists, and even a philosopher or two. It has personal anecdotes, confessions, and warm, insightful discourses that paint a varied portrait of this dedicated educator. In these ways the book serves a useful purpose. However, like the Swiss army knife, and all books, it does not meet all the needs of the real world.

Borton, a longtime contributor to educational growth, supports the view in this book that to provide a more humane and human educational experience for children we must alter instructional strategies and tactics. The alternative that Borton sees includes what he calls process education. Essentially, he borrows the term intact from the growing ranks of social psychologists who have provided the educational field with such other terms as confrontation, trainer, sensitivity, leader, and groups. This whole genre of nomenclature represents an attitude that creates recipe-like operations through which people are intended to "deal" with each other as people.

Borton's treatment in the book first arms us with a rationale for a more humane education. Once so armed, the reader is introduced to certain tested techniques through which process-focused psychological approaches are translated into classroom activity. The author documents the results with students' writings in addition to his own. Borton paints a poignant picture of the existing sickness in our schools and then makes certain recommendations as a healer.

Inherent in the use of process approaches and the recommendations that Borton makes are certain facts that should be carefully considered. First, one has to know what he is doing, or all hell might break loose. Witness the hundreds of communities across the country in which conservative elements have labeled all suspected sensitivity techniques as "long-haired pinko plots." The mishandling has already taken its toll in that serious and sensitive teachers have been held in suspicion because of their inept use of process techniques.

The second fact appears to me to be even more serious. Process techniques have yielded such apparent fruits in education and industry that there has been an explosive development of centers, trainers, and approach models. Whenever such growth occurs, the experimenter usually tries to generalize his findings and create a recipe-like abstraction of the processes so that others can use the same approach. In order to follow the recipe in this case, however, one would have to contrive human experience. Thus, these instructional strategies may well have as many shortcomings as the mechanistic approaches to subject matter that the past ten years of curriculum revision have supposedly replaced. In addition, students are deeply sensitive to contrivance of any sort.

In most schools, students are greeted with a paint-by-numbers approach to reality. We in curriculum development and teacher training have been guilty for years of structuring canvases and of choosing the brushes and paints. That the students have been painting as an alternative to boredom should not be the basis of any pride in the curriculum. Concern with process approaches can provide us with an access route to get closer to significant educational alternatives. But it can also provide us with armament extrinsic to the students' needs and just as easily hold the students at arm's length from their real concerns. Any recipe approach, whether mechanistic or process, must give way to an approach in which the students are allowed to deal with the problems and concerns that are confronting them. The intrinsic realm of the student is the real battleground.

Borton claims that one must get outside of himself and objectively assess his posture. He makes strong and repeated pleas for objectivity. These pleas bother me in that they appear to be rationalizations for concerning oneself with feelings. These appeals also strike me as inconsistent. Borton seems to vacillate between appeals for honest concern about feeling and the need to objectify the students' responses. I am convinced that I have never been objective about my feelings for other human beings. It strikes me as wrong to coerce students to objectify their feelings. In combining process education, feelings, and objectivity, Borton seems to me to be asking students to step outside themselves and evaluate how they fit the feeling patterns that were preordained by the sculptors of process approaches. Feelings between humans must serve a greater purpose than to verify the rationality of such approaches.

There is enough evidence that schools have failed when they were designed to serve up the rationality of the scholars. The rationality of the process school of thought is a fresh but still inadequate addition. Whenever we get rational about needs and feelings, our efforts usually create relatively meaningless and contrived lessons. Because the *real* needs of the students evolve from day to day, this rational contrivance can create new barriers to the very goals Borton sets. In other words, any suite of approaches that requires the students to be the recipients of someone else's bag will continue to fall short.

Unfortunately, curriculum will continue to be extrinsic to the students' needs for some time to come. Shifting from content to process goals simply creates a new look for the extrinsic. Until curriculum serves the intrinsic needs of the students, we must help the students strengthen their self-images enough so that they will be able to survive the manipulative coercion of extrinsic curricular offerings. I am not convinced that the humane type of process education recommended in this book is enough.

I am glad I have a Swiss army knife, and, in spite of the book's inconsistencies, I am glad I have *Reach, Touch, and Teach.* Borton deserves a round of thanks from educators, because he has done something more teachers should do. He has talked about his art. None of the endless cryptic lists of education texts are to be found. Instead, he converses with the reader in language that, like Holt's, Featherstone's, and Richardson's, gives us more of an insight into the processes of teaching and learning. Both the book and the Swiss army knife can do *some* of the jobs that need doing.

ROBERT E. SAMPLES is director of Environmental Studies Project, Boulder, Colorado.



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# New Books

**Cobweb Attitudes: Essays on Educational and Cultural Mythology,** *by Colin Greer (Teachers College Press, 70 pp., $3.50),* invites readers to a one-man show of American landscapes sketched by a perceptive English visitor. As Maxine Greene is quick to point out in her introduction to the seven short offerings, Greer's work is "cautionary" without appearing smug—always something of an accomplishment for the guest critic. In contrasting the creation of national wealth as opposed to its moral employment, *Cobweb Attitudes* risks some fresh, striking perspectives on U.S. school administration, immigration, racism, and cultural pluralism. The author works his material with bold strokes. These strongly stated impressions indicate a sensitive originality that augurs well for future major development.

**The Confidence Crisis: An Analysis of University Departments,** *by Paul L. Dressel, F. Craig Johnson, and Philip M. Marcus (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 268 pp., $8.75);* **Issues of the Seventies: The Future of Higher Education,** *edited by Fred F. Harcleroad (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 192 pp., $7.75);* **Twenty-five Years: 1945 to 1970,** *edited by G. Kerry Smith (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 330 pp., $8.75),* furnish three additional releases from an increasingly busy San Francisco publishing house. *The Confidence Crisis* focuses on that subdivision of a university that is central to the professional and sometimes even the social life of academics. Its conclusion that departments are out of control comes after a careful, highly readable discussion of internal structure and articulation with faculties, universities, and disciplines. As a strong pioneer effort in university sociology, it ranks with the Caplow and McGee *Academic Marketplace* of ten years ago. An outcome of the 1969 conference of the American Testing Program, *Issues of the Seventies* recruits such stalwarts as Nevitt Sanford, Max Lerner, and Ralph W. Tyler to lend depth to a three-dimensional discussion of society's concerns, student needs, and institutional response. Interspaced commentaries and a lean but heuristic bibliography round out a superior collection. G. Kerry Smith's *Twenty-five Years* cuts a most ambitious quarter-century swath across the field of American university history. As seen through the eyes of J. William Fulbright, John Kenneth Galbraith, Marshall McLuhan, Charles Frankel, Paul Goodman, William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Whitney M. Young, Jr., Talcott Parsons, David Truman, Kenneth E. Boulding, and others, the serpentine course of higher education cuts America's intellectual landscape. All three heartily recommended.

**Values for Tomorrow's Children: An Alternative Future for Education in the Church,** *by John H. Westerhoff III (Pilgrim Press, 128 pp., $4.95),* quite justifies Robert W. Lynn's introductory description of it as a "tract for the times." It is a robust, uncomplicated call for more vital concepts of church education, and although it addresses Protestant Christianity, its pithy aphorisms gracefully transcend denominational frontiers. For instance, Westerhoff reminds us that faith is "a person's frame of reference," and that "the way we teach is what we teach." More than that, he sees his own commentary on such things as child growth, suburban sameness, and adult inconsistency as invitations for written criticism on the part of an involved readership. Here's hoping he gets a good response. He deserves one.

**The Upper Division College,** *by Robert A. Altman (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 202 pp., $7.75);* **The Cluster College,** *by Jerry G. Gaff and Associates (Jossey-Bass, Inc., 249 pp., $8.50),* describe factors in American college development that have encouraged certain administrative rearrangements of the traditional approach to baccalaureate degrees. Altman characterizes colleges catering to junior and senior years only as institutions ideally poised for professional training. Gaff and his colleagues propose Oxbridge complexes as promising mechanisms for preserving liberal intimacy within institutional bigness. These works rest on thorough historical research and should serve as useful references.

## WIT TWISTER #182

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

The handsome groom, bored by
the _ _ _ _ _ rite,
Could guess the thoughts of all his
_ _ _ _ _ friends.
Because his bride was such a
dowdy fright,
They'd know her _ _ _ _ _
had served Cupid's ends.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 96)

**The Language of Ordinary Experience,** *by David E. Denton (Philosophical Library, 160 pp., $5),* challenges the adequacy for effective educational inquiry of conceptual and linguistic apparatus currently in use. Denton's vigorous critique of conventional sociological approaches to the *study* of education stems largely from his grasp of existential philosophy and his feeling for McLuhanish simultaneity. To be sure, his contention that today's educational problems *result* from linguistic misuse confronts one with the sort of broad ditch that Lessing couldn't leap. On the other hand, his preoccupation with individuals and his search for dependable ways of expressing their experiences place this book among the most important titles for today's teachers.

**Student Unrest: Threat or Compromise?,** *edited by Richard L. Hart and J. Galen Saylor (Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, NEA, 124 pp., $2.75),* evolved from Atlanta and New Orleans conferences on adolescent dissatisfaction with education. Resulting papers on disenchantment, activism, violence, crisis, and change make up a powerful, if slim, volume guaranteed to prevent what Emerson called "slight paralysis and a certain yawning of the jaws." Maxine Greene's brilliant piece on youth culture and its challenge to the "full consciousness" of maturity sets the pace. Francis A. J. Ianni's counterpoise of justice and expediency and Mario D. Fantini's recognition of the student movement as genuine stimulus to reform follow at a good clip. Half a dozen additional essays by prominent educators maintain stride. An excellent incentive to teacher discussion and planning.

**The School Fix, NYC, USA,** *by Miriam Wasserman (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 568 pp., $10),* is a veritable marathon among lesser sprints along the rocky way of American public school criticism. It is an ample, forceful rendition of New York City school politics, with side trips to other U.S. localities via Miss Wasserman's interview notes and the most recent studies, which she appears to carry at her fingertips. Aiming at explaining "how American public education works," the author defines power and status, describes the urban struggle to get them, and shows where she thinks they lead those depending on them. Full of frightened teachers, student rebels, determined union men, aggressive parents, and dogged bureaucrats, this energetic work presents issues of class, race, and human aspiration with the hypnotic persuasion of a sort of researched polemic. A steal at the price, too. —JOHN CALAM.



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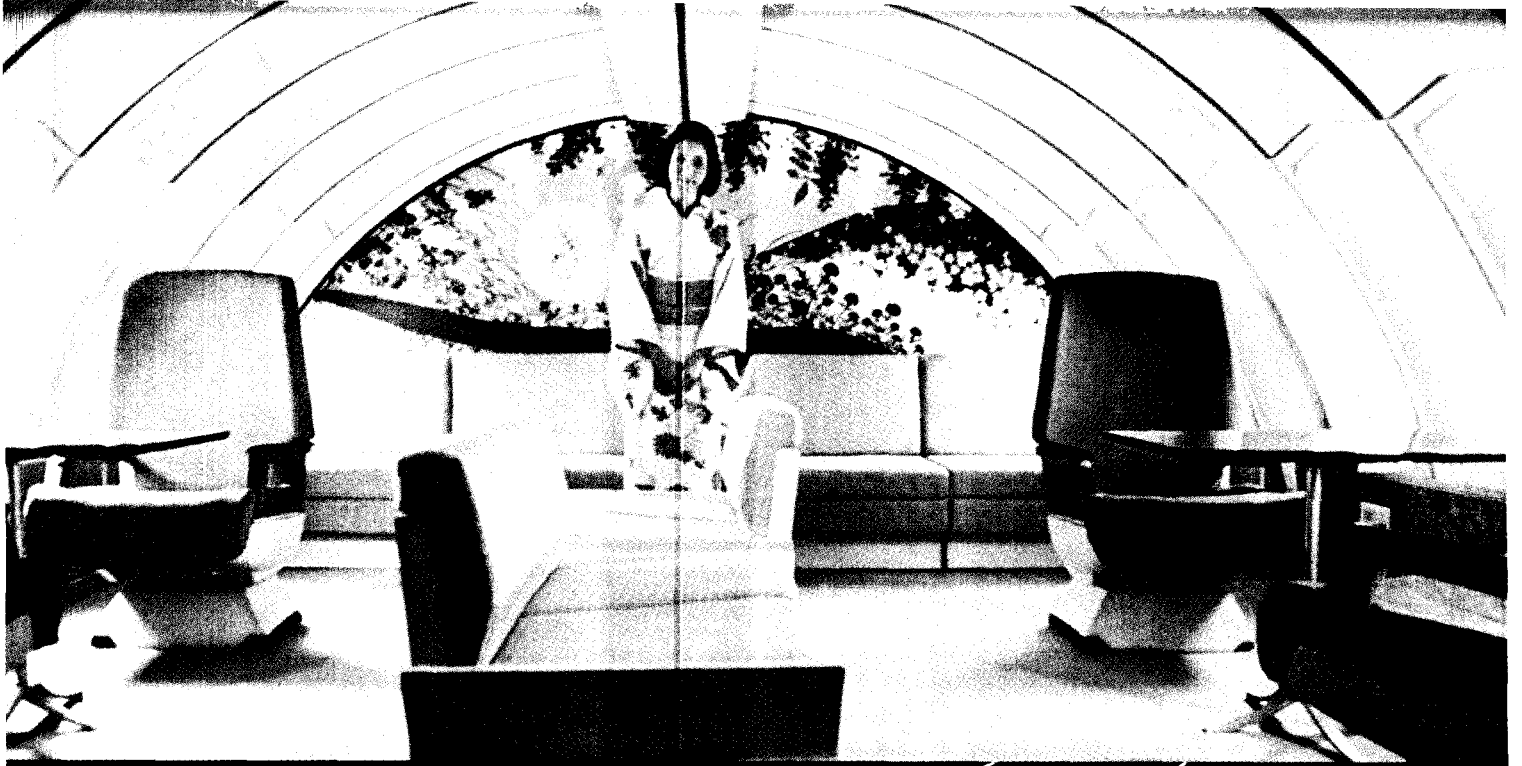

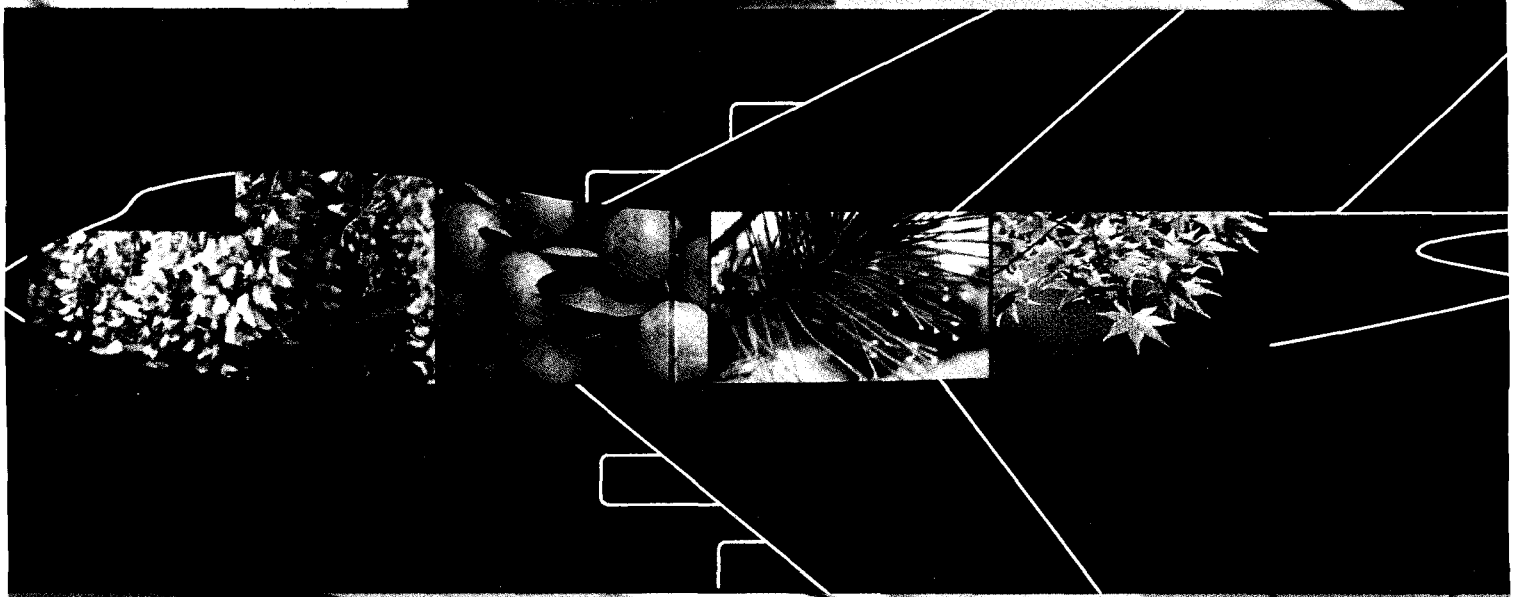

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If you're concerned with America's future you should be concerned with this youngster's future.

For our future is no brighter, no better than the future of our youngsters.

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Can we afford to pay the price? Can we afford *not* to pay the price?

Money spent on education is the best investment we can make. For it is an investment, literally, in the future of America.

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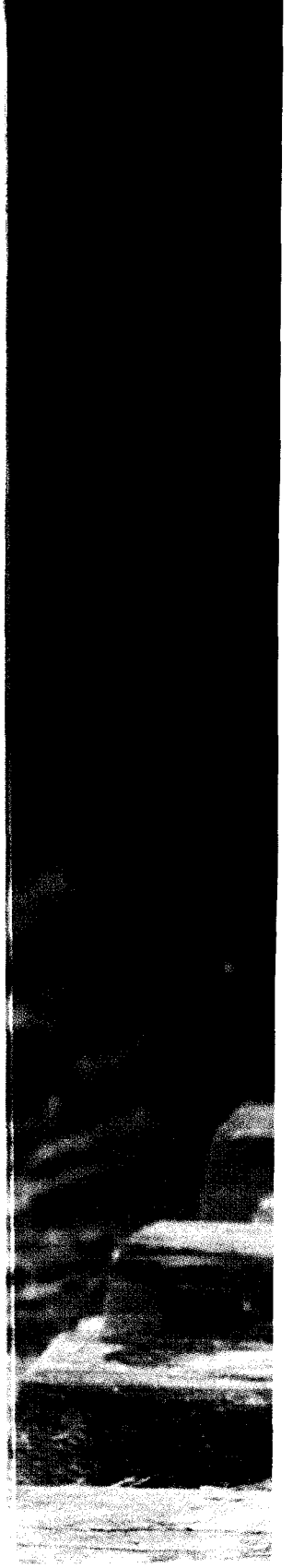

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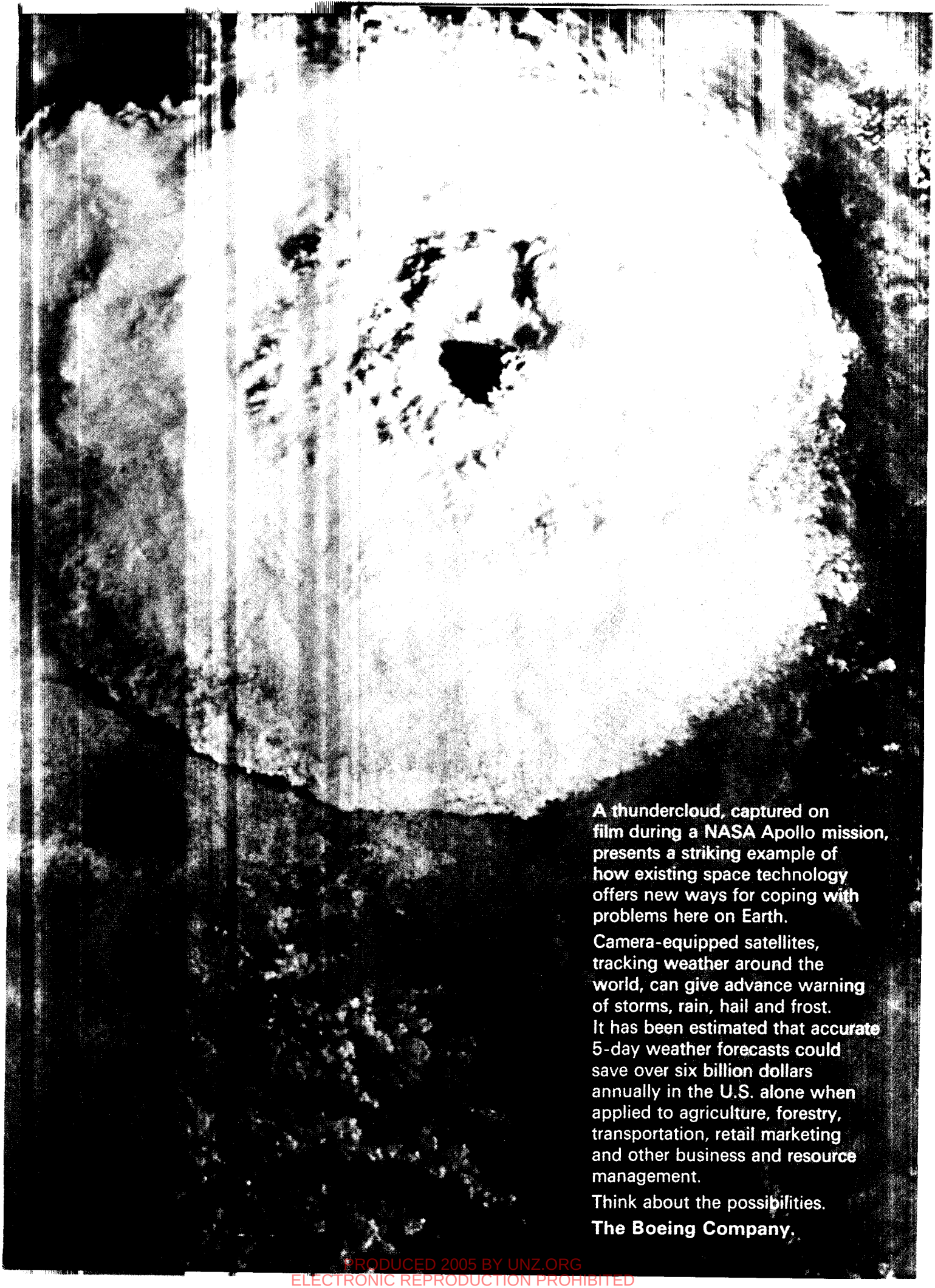

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Think about the possibilities.

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# Children of the Apocalypse

*Continued from page 73*

potency, resilience, and courage that one can learn only by feeling at home in the world. But how can the young feel that? There are few such lovers, and the other old ways are gone. Once upon a time one had a lived relation to culture, or place, or the absolute. But God has vanished and the culture is tattered and savage and "place" has become the raw, empty suburb or the ghetto.

What else is left? Not much. Only others: those adrift in the same dark, one's brothers and sisters, comrades and lovers—the broken isolate bits of a movable kingdom, an invisible "community" that shares, inside, a particular fate. It is only in their eyes and arms, in their presence and affection, that one becomes real, is given back, and discovers the extent of one's being.

What we are talking about here are really acts of love, the gestures by which one shares with others the true dimension and depth of the world. Those gestures are a form of revelation, for they restore to others a sense of what is shared. But one can only make them when one feels free, when the space we inhabit is our own, an open environment, a "field" in which we can begin to see clearly, act freely—and be real.

I know that this is shaky ground. How can one explain what one means by real? It is experiential and subjective: a quality and condition of some kind of deeply inhabited moment. We talk about ecstasy and ego-death and peak experience, but those seem equally imperfect ways of describing the experience of *being in the world.* One *is.* That is all. Our chronic sense of isolation dissolves; there is a correspondence, an identity, between inner and outer, world and world. It is a making whole; it knits together the self at the same time that the self is felt to be a part, the heart, of what surrounds it.

What it is, always, is a reclamation of our proper place in the world—and those who want to help the young must realize that it cannot happen in the schools. Perhaps, after all, it doesn't really matter whether we transgress their limits by leaving them or while staying within them, so long as we learn to ignore them wherever we are. Can one do that while still in the state's schools? I don't think so. But perhaps some teachers want to try—and why not? Perhaps it *is* worth the effort and anguish—as long as one always remembers that one's primary obligation is not to the system, not the state, but to the young—and not as a teacher, but as an equal and ally. That obligation—like a doctor's or lawyer's—is absolute, more important than our own comfort or job, and it can be satisfied only when one is willing to refuse, point-blank, to do anything that really damages the young—no matter who programs or asks for it. One must be willing to suspend the rules, refuse one's role, reject the system—and live instead with the young—wherever you find them—as the persons we really are. If that is impossible in the schools, then one must be willing to leave the schools and take the young, too—into the street, into one's own home—wherever we can live sensibly together.

Perhaps what schools need are "escape committees" of resistance devoted, like the draft resistance, to discovering alternatives for the young. We have plenty of working models, places such as the First Street School in New York or Berkeley's Other Ways; the "free schools" scattered on either coast; community day-care centers and ghetto storefront schools; female liberation groups; communes of all kinds; free clinics; therapeutic centers like Synanon; experimental colleges; the hard-edged courage of the Panthers and Young Lords. All of these function in different ways as an education in liberation: the attempts of people to move past institutions and do for themselves what the state does not.

Not everyone can do it, of course. It is a scary idea. Our heads are heavy with a fear of "dropping out." The institutional propaganda convinces too many of us that there is one world here and another there, and that there is some kind of illegitimate limbo where our actions dissolve in the air. But *there* is simple private life, the life of the street, the free relations between persons, and it is only there, these days, that one can be free or real enough to serve the young. But if it is dangerous out there, it is also incredibly lovely at times, full of learning, full of freedom, and only those who have lived or traveled with the young in those open fields know just how exhilarating, if exhausting, it is.

But what about the future? When I talk with my friends these days the sugarplum visions dance in their heads, and they tell me about their systems and salvations, or the dawning age of Aquarius and the new consciousness. Well, I want to believe it. But these days there is also the cop at the door with his gun, and the new mechanical men, and also something in me, the old Adam, the old father, whispering *not yet, not yet.* I remember a man I knew in New York who ate nothing but bologna and cheese sandwiches, and when he broke his jaw and had to sip through a straw he dumped bologna and cheese and bread in his blender, added milk, and had his usual sandwich.

Which is to say, the future changes, but we may not. Whatever there is on the other side of this confusion will be, at best, not so different from what we already have now, on occasion, in our best moments. No new senses, no third sexes, no cosmic orgasms, no karmic rebirths. No, if we are daring and lucky, what will be "revolutionary" will simply be that more of us, all of us, will have more of a chance for a decent human life—good comrades and lovers, a few touches of ecstasy, some solitude and space, a sense of self-determination.

I once asked a student what she would do if she awoke in paradise.

*—Paul Fusco*

**"We reach blindly. . . . We yearn more than ever for some kind of human touch."**

"Walk around," she said. "Get something to eat."

I don't have any other answer. We will do what we do now—but we will do it better. We will sit talking with friends around a table, do some decent work, hold one another guiltlessly in our arms, touch a bit more softly, more knowingly. We will understand a bit more and dance a bit more and breathe a bit more and even think a little more—and all, perhaps, a bit more intelligently, more bravely.

That isn't much, but it is also almost everything, and what we are forced to do now is learn how to do all that for ourselves. There is no one to show us how—no program, no system. One can only have such lives by trying to live them, and that is what the young are trying to do these days, all on their own, whether we help them or not. The few real teachers I know, those really serving the young, are simply those who try to live such lives in their company, as freely and humanly as they can. The rest of "education" is almost always rhetoric and nonsense.



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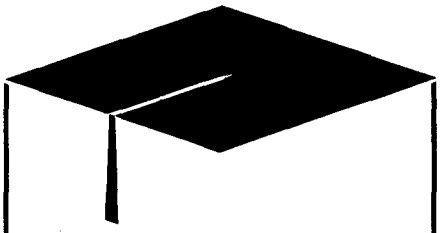

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# Who Needs Schools?

*Continued from page 79*

tunities for learning include sound and promising ideas, a number of which are already being used and others of which might well be. But for attaining the goal of universal education they fall far short of the possibilities of a well-conceived and properly managed system of public education.

In the face of the sheer magnitude of the schoolgoing population, total conversion from public to independent sponsorship of education becomes impracticable. Moreover, every reform proposal that has been offered assumes that the cost, whether to support private schools through vouchers, provide electronic gadgetry in homes, or furnish transportation to museums, shops, offices, or zoos, will be borne by the public purse. The funds required, we may be sure, will not be distributed in the absence of public authorization, control, and accountability. Where public money goes, the public auditor inevitably follows, with guidelines, deadlines, and multicolored forms in quadruplicate.

If the target population remains, as obviously it must, "all the children of all the people," we shall continue to be involved in *public* education, together with the inescapable restraints of public policy and the customary controls on the use of tax funds. It does not necessarily follow, however, that the public is educable only through the public school system in its traditional and familiar form. The options already available—and others easily imaginable—are not limited to mutually exclusive choices between the public school as it now stands and the recently devised alternatives. The more promising possibility and one that could give genuine validity to the concept of community control is that we might develop varied—and readily changeable—institutions, programs, procedures, and schedules.

Any notion that the American people would consent, at the local level or on a broader scale, to liquidating the public school system is not what one could confidently call a betting proposition. It is wholly within the bounds of reality, however, that responsible proposals for opening out the schools to build reciprocal relationships with a wider world would be welcomed and supported. The current dissatisfaction with the existing system is exactly that: It is focused on the system. By no means does it imply to any significant degree a general rejection of education. On the contrary, there is convincing evidence that criticism of schools and teachers, among both youngsters and their parents, stems mainly from a pervasive desire for better, not less, education.

Possibly the most realistic projection of what had happened during the Sixties is that while only a few of the innovations may continue as alternatives to the public schools most of them will generate new and stronger pressures to compel change in the purposes, policies, and practices of the institutions we now possess and which, with alterations, we shall probably retain.

Out of the welter of irate demands, visionary campaigns, and authentically creative ideas for reforming education, certain recurring emphases are beginning to emerge with reasonable clarity. Through them run the dual threads of unifying purpose that have long characterized humane education: that every young person should find the means to make the most of whatever he has it in himself to become, and that simultaneously he should come to understand the world of man and nature deeply enough to want to live in it with responsibility and grace. The schools' most serious failing is not that they achieve these purposes imperfectly; they are, after all, only human agencies. The fault is, rather, that they deny so many young people even minimal opportunity to pursue the goals, much less to reach them.

To correct the weaknesses and close the gaps in present arrangements for educating our young people, it will not be enough to create a few exotic substitutes for public schools. The massive size of our youth population—of the disadvantaged minority alone—cannot be accommodated in a handful of exciting centers staffed by a small corps of dedicated enthusiasts. The response must be commensurate with the magnitude of the problem. What we need are not so much alternatives to the school system as fundamental alterations in that system. And these must begin with changes in the assumptions underlying present policy and practice.

The first assumption to be abandoned is the view that the schools' principal function is to screen and classify students. Ever since the acceptance of universal education as a valid social concept and a viable political commitment, educators have been caught on the horns of a dilemma. They have found it easy enough to agree that at the lowest academic levels schools should be open to all. But as soon as differences among pupils become evident, the question arises whether the schools' proper business is to promote learning among all or, having offered a common opportunity, to concentrate on those who respond



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most readily to standard instruction. The classic procedure for resolving the conflict has been to obscure it, arguing that the graded reward system by which most schools are managed is in any case the best stimulant to learning. Once that premise is accepted, it becomes eminently logical to reinforce the inducement of a more estimable future status by the threatened penalty of being "left back" for not making the grade. For a system intended, at least in principle, to be *both universal and educational*, a less effective—or efficient—scheme would be hard to contrive. The result is an institution that while educational for many is universal only in the sense that it permits all children to submit themselves to screening. The evidence is plentiful and conclusive that by using schools as sorting mechanisms we reject, psychologically and physically, vast numbers of children whose potentiality is neither determined nor developed. For others, who do manage after a fashion to survive, the overriding lesson learned in school is that education is a meaningless waste of time.

Yet, in all fairness, it must be conceded that as long as the public interest and private well-being both could be served by a low standard of common literacy and by the preparation of a small minority for the more demanding intellectual tasks, the sharply narrowing pyramid offered a workable model for an educational system. That such a model makes no sense today has become embarrassingly plain.

The question is how to do it, for the central issue is not so much one of techniques or policy as of definition—*the* definition, to put it most simply, of a good school. Learned disquisitions on the matter are legion, but for all the rhetoric the most widely held view is old and simple: A good school is a school full of good pupils—that is to say, pupils who, for whatever reason, could survive successive screenings. By the same token, when one found a class of such pupils, one was entitled to assume that he had also come upon an effective teacher. Whether the pupils' performance was due to heredity, fortunate homes, good health, or compliant dispositions was irrelevant. Accountability was easy and direct: Schools and teachers were given straightforward credit for the gross performance of their pupils and few other questions were asked.

Now we can no longer delay coming to grips with the essential queries: What kinds of difference should the school be expected to make in the learning, growth, and development of children? What factors in the school induce such differences? How can they be discovered? How are they best introduced, cultivated, recognized, and rewarded? It is to such problems that we must now direct attention, not to create a scattering of shining exceptions, but to revise the character of the entire educational system.

We could, however, fall into another fallacy were we to embark upon a search for the effective school in the hope of arriving at some optimum pattern that might then be replicated in ten thousand places. Long since, we should have learned that equality of opportunity—or of any other humane value—is rarely achieved through uniformity. The misconception that uniform treatment of people respects or promotes equality plagues in many situations. It persists with impressive vigor in public schools. Despite contrary protestations for the record, conformance with standard operating procedure remains more the rule than the exception in school management. In the design of buildings, the certification and selection of staff, the fixing of salaries, the construction of curriculums, the classification of pupils, and even the wording of diplomas, schools in general and the schools of any single district in particular are disconcertingly alike. Such differences as do distinguish schools reflect less often the planning and procedures instituted by staffs than the cultural backgrounds of children and the indigenous qualities of communities.

A fundamental problem all school policy makers confront is to get beyond the conventional platitudes in praise of individuality and to set up policies and supportive administrative schemes that truly facilitate originality, inventiveness, and initiative in the classroom and the school. One hardly needs to say that such changes do not come easily. The chief difficulty is not simply the hidebound behavior of superintendents, for a looser structure not only opposes assumptions long held by professionals and the public alike, but denies teachers and principals the support and comfort of the remote authority on which many of them habitually depend. Once the power of decision, together with equivalent responsibility and accountability, lodges in the school, the dynamics of control and criticism takes on a new format.

The current trend in large cities toward decentralized administration and community control may prove to be steps in a useful direction, but at best they will be only partial solutions. While these reforms are understandable and logical responses to present pressures, expecting too much of them could lead to disappointment and frustration. A school board and central administration responsible for thirty schools—or ten—may be less remote, but it can be just as restrictive as a central authority directing five hundred schools. Sooner or later we shall have to learn that what counts most in education is always what happens to the pupil in the school.

The development of collective bargaining, despite its power to enhance the status and improve the working conditions of teachers, could also become a threat to the freedom of individual schools to adapt to the requirements of local situations. What is called for, however, is not less bargaining or weak teacher organizations, but more imaginative contracts. The standard procedures and objectives of negotiation will have to be revised as radically as the outmoded practices of school boards and administrators.

The distinctive and attractive qualities of the alternative schools that have appeared recently are due in virtually every case to the broad latitude their teachers and directors enjoy in collaborating with community people and responding to children's needs. If, now, the means and the will can be found to give the faculty of every public school a substantial measure of such latitude and a similarly close identification with their clientele, while maintaining at the same time the stability of public financial support, we could be on our way toward the schools we need.

But while the education of the public cannot and should not be considered exclusively the province of the public school system, neither can it be left to the uncertain enthusiasms of voluntary enterprise. If we have learned anything about promoting the general welfare of the American people, it is that a fundamental factor in that effort is the power of education. The wise use of that power through humanely conceived and administered institutions must have first rank priority on the agenda at every governmental level. There is no more important segment of the public business. Yet, with due concern for the dangers of uniformity and monopoly, and with full appreciation of independent initiative, we must nonetheless insist that whatever else happens in education, the public schools be reformed, strengthened, and preserved.



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## End of the Impossible Dream

*Continued from page 70*

kraut and limburger cheese?" The differences, in these views, should be equalized away: All comers should be transformed into mainstream, middle-class competitors (or consumers?) who are equally able to run the race.

There was nothing insidious or sinister about these things; they are as American as the flag. Our dream, as a society, was in the possibilities of transformation: frogs into princes, immigrants into Americans, poor children into affluent adults. And now, with other options closed, the schools, which always have received a major share of the credit for such accomplishments, are expected to do it all. But the schools never did what they were praised for doing; many immigrant groups, for example, did not achieve economic and social success through the public school, but through an open market for unskilled and semi-skilled labor, through sweatshops and factories, through political organizations and civil service jobs. There are more poor whites in America than poor blacks, and if the schools can be credited with the success of those who made it, they also have to be blamed for the failure of those who did not. But to say all this is not to say very much, because in the definition of making it, in a competitive race with one set of criteria, one man's success is defined by another's failure.

Then what do the schools actually do? More than anything else they certify and legitimize success and failure. "Equality of educational opportunity," even if it has no meaning, is necessary because it says to the loser, "You had your chance." Therefore equality remains a significant political and moral imperative, a tune that has to be sung by politicians, guidance counselors, and other apologists of the status quo. (Increasingly it also becomes a rallying cry of liberal intellectuals, who now ascribe their personal triumphs in the brain business to the same ego-flattering virtues as the self-made entrepreneurs of another age: opportunity, hard work, ingenuity. I have made it, son, and so can you.) But there is, as Mr. Conant once said in another context, social dynamite in this propaganda.

The common school, quite simply, no longer exists, except as public rhetoric. With the large-scale movement to the suburbs after World War II, much of the American middle class seceded from the common school by physically removing its children to what it regarded as a more salubrious educational environment. For the successful in the suburbs the schools became contractual partners in a bargain that trades economic support (higher taxes, teacher salaries, bond issues) for academic credentials and some guarantee of advancement in the form of college admission. They went there seeking not equality but advantage, a head start for the rich. And who can blame them? We all "want the best for our children." Education, and especially higher education, is regarded as the sine qua non of position and power in this society. The "new class" of managers and technicians, as David Bazelon has said, is not based on birth or social standing but on educational skills (or at least on credentials). Cash and power, in other words, can be converted into degrees, then reconverted into more cash and power. The suburban school, the current demands for community control, and the concomitant failure of integration are all massive testimonials to the end of the common school.

What is being ignored is that the suburban schools don't actually do anything for most kids, other than bore them. Their prime function (aside from baby sitting) is to certify skills and reinforce characteristics and attitudes that are produced somewhere else. The money, in other words, did not buy much learning. But it did buy exclusiveness. They come in at this end, bright and shiny, and come out at that one, ready for Harvard or Cornell. The schools are, in brief, selective mechanisms, and through their selections they appear to justify (and are, in turn, justified by) the distinctions the society wants to make.

This is why we are fighting about schools and why we are in such serious trouble. Part of the fight—in the cities at least—is over a share of political power, over jobs and patronage and control. But the ideology that gives that battle energy, the ideas that help rally the troops, is the belief in the schools and in what remains of the dream of opportunity. But if *the* school system is the only mode of access to social and economic salvation, and if there is only one officially honored definition of such salvation (house in the suburbs, job at IBM, life insurance, and a certain set of manners), and if the school excludes any sizable minority from such salvation, then we have obviously defined ourselves into a choice between revolution and repression. The great dream of universal opportunity originated in an era of social alternatives, when schooling was one of several options for advancement;


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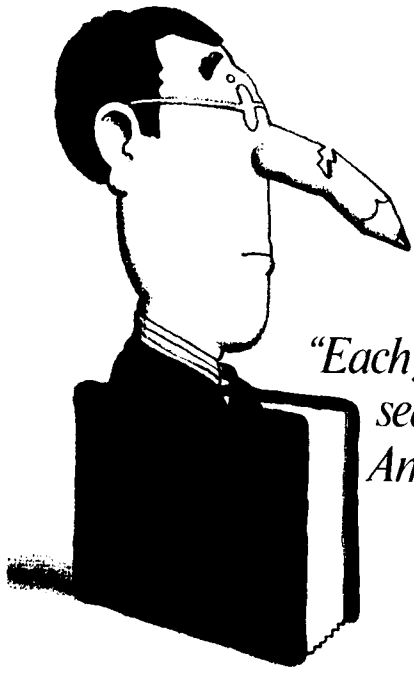
the school therefore could demand certain kinds of conformity. Individuality and pluralism could take refuge and sustenance elsewhere. But for the moment all advancement (we are told, are indeed required, to believe) begins in school, and we are, for this reason if for no other, no longer an open society. By definition, no society with but one avenue of approved entry into the mainstream of dignity can be fully open. When that single instrument of entry is charged with selecting people out, and when there are no honorable alternatives for those who are selected out, we are promising to all men things that we cannot deliver.

Inevitably, there are questions about the demands of a technological society and the necessity for universal literacy. Haven't many schools succeeded; don't we have one of the highest standards of literacy in the world? Don't schools make selections according to the demands that the technology and the culture impose? The answer is complicated, but there is nothing in it that makes the existing system of schooling imperative or even desirable, except—as always—the maintenance of the status quo. Which is to say that the system is necessary if the system is to be preserved.

Obviously, the society, as organized, makes certain demands — sometimes irrelevant, but often not—for employment and acceptability. Computers impose a rigid discipline on programmers, and heart transplants are better performed by people who have learned what they are doing. A dishwasher with the soul of a poet (or even the skills of a poet) may be more valuable than one without, but he is still a dishwasher. But for every flight of romantic nonsense there are a hundred statements about the rigors and demands of technology and about the complexities of this world. We have hitched the deities of complexity and technology to the rhetoric of success. Technology is not the curriculum (nor, needless to say, is complexity); it is the liturgy of motivation.

Even if the school system were proficient in training people to deal with a world defined as technological (which it is not), it would still be guilty of the worst sort of parochialism and idolatry. Part of the significance of technology, we are told, is to free man from all those boring, menial tasks, maybe even to free him from the necessity of working at all. To prepare for this, the school system imposes boring, menial tasks. The very propaganda of technology would suggest other worlds, other options, time for other concerns. It suggests more, not less, pluralism, more leisure time, more lonely moments, and the necessity for more per-

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sonal resources for recreation, satisfaction, and human encounter. But what actually happens is that by deifying technology, or by joining the rest of us in so doing, the schools are reinforcing the existing linear standards of judgment and selection—are, in other words, employing the rhetoric of the brave new world to coerce kids and parents rather than to free them.

What the technology argument does is to lock the schools into one definition of complexity, one version of education, and hence only one honorable way of becoming a full human being. It perpetuates and updates an essentially vocational view of schooling. Technological complexity, yes; inner, human complexity, no. We are always —all of us—asked to understand the world by studying the transistor and the laser. All arguments to the contrary notwithstanding, the message comes out backwards: Technology is given; people are dependent variables who must be trained to use and control it.

Mathematics and history and literature thus become tokens of acquiescence rather than instruments of liberation. They are used by teachers to maintain order, reinforce distinctions, and intimidate or embarrass students. Complexity becomes a club and technology a prison. We are training a generation of people who regard the disciplines of the intellect as instruments of oppression.

One of the things we learned in the past decade is that we don't know very much. We don't know much about kids, about learning, or about motivation. One of the more fundamental assumptions of ten years ago was that curriculum planners sitting in some university, a foundation, or a central school office could invent programs (for teachers and students) and thereby engineer pedagogical success. What we discovered is that most of the time it couldn't be done, which may well be a good thing. If our pedagogical instruments were really powerful, we would have in hand one of the most totalitarian instruments imaginable. It is by now patently clear that not only history and politics but the very way that people think can be loaded with cultural and social presumptions, and that "reason" itself is often, if not always, political. Teaching inevitably assumes a form of control; it may be directed toward independence, but there is no assurance of it: The more centralized our school systems and our social agencies become, the greater the danger of creating pressures for the production of socially and technologically acceptable people. Fortunately, we don't yet know how to do these things.

What we do know is that children are different, and that different people learn different things in different ways, that some people think better in numbers than in words, that certain groups perceive and understand mathematical relationships more easily than verbal relationships, and that still others are particularly skillful in manipulating spatial problems but relatively incompetent with literature. Most of all, we know that personalities, backgrounds, and interests differ. It may well be that certain levels of literacy and ability in arithmetic constitute "fundamentals" for survival in America or anywhere in the Western world. But it does not follow that learning these things can be achieved by a single set of techniques, or that any teacher can be trained to them. More defensible is the assumption that, while drill, order, and tight discipline may be suitable for some students and teachers, they may be destructive for others; that "permissive" classes or Deweyan practices may work well with certain personalities but not with everyone. It is even possible to assume that the "fundamentals" should not always precede music or auto mechanics, but may, in many cases, grow naturally from other activities and from curiosity stimulated in other ways. We know that illiterate adults, properly motivated, have learned to read and write in a few months, and that recruits who almost failed Selective Service intelligence tests can be trained to operate computers and maintain radar equipment.

More important, we should have learned in the last decade that there is no magic in the single school system or in any set of curricular prescriptions, and that the most successful motivating device may simply be the sense that one has chosen what one wants to learn and under what conditions. In urban areas there is no reason why children in one neighborhood should be forced to attend one particular school for a specified period of time; why there should not be choice as to place, subject, style of teaching, and hours; why, for all children, French and history and algebra should have absolutely equal value; why, for some, art or dance or music should not be given more time than history; why reading a book is more of a humanistic activity than making a film or playing an instrument; why children should

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not be allowed to choose between permissive and highly structured situations (many would choose the latter); why parents and children should not have the economic power to punish unsuccessful schools (by leaving them) and reward effective ones; or why single, self-serving bureaucracies should continue to hold monopoly power in what is probably the most crucial, and certainly the most universal, public enterprise in America. Wealthy children and middle-class parents have some options about schools; lower-class children have none.

What I am arguing for, obviously, is a restoration of multiple options and, as much as possible, multiple values. Christopher Jencks and others have proposed a system whereby parents are given educational vouchers that they can spend in any school or educational activity of their choice. The voucher would be roughly equal in cash value to the amount that the local school system spends each year on the education of one child, and it could be spent in any school that does not charge more in tuition than the voucher is worth. With support from the Office of Economic Opportunity, Jencks will try the system over a period of eight years in a place yet to be chosen. No one claims that this is the only way of restoring choice, options, and multiple values. It is conceivable that single public school systems might, on their own initiative, introduce the kind of pluralism that the voucher system is designed to achieve. Clearly, many have become more "flexible" and more cognizant of individual choice. And yet the pressure within a single system is likely to be the other way; it is likely, always, to demand a certain caution. Separate schools, accountable not to public vote and citizen support but only to their clients, may be immune to such pressure; they will have to make their way on the basis of performance. Ideally, moreover, vouchers would be usable in apprenticeships, in community-operated schools, in projects of independent study, travel (for older kids), or simply for learning resources to be used at home.

There is, obviously, no certainty that changes in the structure or financing of public education will generate a situation in which individuality is honored and where the system does not impose the fearful price it now extracts from the young in the name of "growing up." But such changes may, at least, remove some obstacles. They may, if nothing else, represent a social declaration by the system—by the state and the citizen—that education is not simply the acceptance of impersonality and conformity, and that schooling is not mere-

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ly the training and selection of candidates for corporate life. The practice of encouraging, through a new structure, the idea that personal fulfillment is the first responsibility of an educational system, and that human dignity is not founded on a single standard, may do more than anything else to mitigate the alienation and hostility of the angry young. What the ideal system would do—not in rhetoric nor with slogans from the principal, but in practice—would be to declare itself unequivocally to be the ally of difference, of individuals, and of the tolerant against the invidious; it would recognize its own limitations in choosing for people and recognize their ability to choose for themselves, and it would, in all cases, stand at their side against the imperious collective demands of crowds, machines, and bureaucrats. All of that may be a vain hope, but given the impossible and possibly destructive hopes of social engineering that we entertained in the Sixties, it is, at least, a hope worth hoping.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 83: wordy, rowdy, dowry.


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## Phoenix Nest

*Continued from page 6*

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The automobile opened up the country for the average citizen and gave him a feeling of power. He got to love the car and shined it all the time. He petted it a lot and talked about his gas mileage and flats and speed, and his kids grew up with greasy hands from fiddling with the engine, and they were referred to as bright-eyed American lads who were born knowing all about machinery.

Later, the cars grew bigger and more powerful and faster, and everybody who was anything at all owned at least one car and built heated garages for them and bought special covers to keep the seats clean and specially mixed gasolines and put radios and air conditioners and bars in them and loved them and gave them cutely humorous nicknames such as "bus" to show that, although it was a romance, a real American is strong and not emotional like some foreigner.

As the affair grew stronger, men demanded more gifts for their cars. They removed ugly forests and put in grand highways. Along the highways they put up signboards with lovely pictures of even newer cars. They gave the cars the names of beasts and measured their value in terms of horsepower. They put roads into landscapes so the people could see them better without having to walk, and they put up stations with gay flags and colorful signs where the cars could refresh themselves. They gave them the streets of the city in their entirety and paved over huge areas of countryside for parking, and they built mile on mile of shoe stores and boat stores and mattress stores and lunch stands and salt-shaker stores and antique shops to cater to the people in the cars. They built motels for them. They constructed bridges and turnouts and millions of direction signs and warnings about falling rocks, and they put in toll booths and car ferries and automatic washers and inspection stations and repair depots.

In return for all this attention, the autos filled the air with valuable chemicals and blew their horns night and day. They were now more American than the people, because they were the end product of the iron mines of Minnesota, the oil wells of Texas, the art of the paint makers, the glass makers, the upholstery people, and the millions of workers of many major cities who made the thousands of turning things and electric things and gadget things. The big banks lent money to the car makers, and the little banks lent to the car buyers. Seven or eight million new cars arrived every year, and the automobile was the nation and the nation was the automobile.

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—HENRY MORGAN.

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*(Continued from page 97)*

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## VACATIONS

(Continued from page 99)

**WITHOUT BEING EXTRAVAGANT,** through our new Golf Vacation Package you now can enjoy a luxurious vacation at the oceanfront Sheraton-Adventure Inn, Hilton Head Island, S.C. This lovely, subtropical island on the South Carolina coast is easily reached by highway, air and water . . . Here, we offer a wide, clean, sun-kissed beach, clean water and clean air; outdoor sports all year, including golf, tennis, cycling, horseback, boating and fishing, heated pools . . . As a guest, you'll enjoy golf at reduced rates on the challenging, new 18 hole course of the Hilton Head Golf Club; also on four other championship courses. Too, adjacent to the Inn is our Par 3 Executive Course, lighted for night play . . . Our menus feature local seafoods and famed plantation dishes. For color brochures and details of the new Golf Vacation Package write: Sheraton-Adventure Inn & Beach Villas, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C., 29928. Reservations through any Sheraton Hotel or Motor Inn.

**MIMOSA INN**—and furnished log cabin—Tryon, N.C. 28782. Thermal Belt, quaintly historical. Restful, excellent food. Golfing privileges. Brochure. Peter J. Gilmore, Chef-Owner.

**AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE** in White Mountains. $800,000 Alpine Inn, Motor Wing, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms; cocktail lounges. Open year 'round. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

**BEST FOOD IN VERMONT** is found at the Green Mountain Inn in Stowe. Since 1833. Rooms and everything else, too. Motels even.

**JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE,** Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

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**LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS**—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel D. Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

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**DIVI DIVI**—No double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar and sand beach. See your travel agent or contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019, 212-PL 7-2981. Write for color brochure to P.O. Box 686, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

**PARADOR MARTORELL,** inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

**HEALTHFUL VACATIONING**—Reducing, Fasting, Rejuvenation. Organic foods. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

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## VACATIONS

**THE FLYING CLOUD,** New Marlboro, Massachusetts 01230. 1771 New England country home on 200 acres adjoining State Forest (8,600 acres). Twenty-fourth year of continuous operation. Rated ★ ★ ★ Mobil Travel Guide. Fall foliage reservations now being accepted. Superb tennis courts, coach, golf practice on grounds. American Plan, $25 to $30 per person including gratuities. Bar. Open year 'round. Brochure. Harry Rittgers, Manager, H. Luftman, Assistant Manager. 413-229-2113.

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**FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA,** Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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**COME EARLY TO TUCSON** before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $17 to $22 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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**GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE** — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

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**STUDY MUSIC, ART** in Italy—Fully accredited Graduate School of Fine Arts, Villa Schifanoia in Florence, operated by Rosary College. Programs leading to M.A., M.M., M.F.A. Summer travel-seminars for graduate credit. Information: Coordinator of Study Abroad, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois 60305.

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**THIS AD + $7.00** per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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**AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC.** INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pick up/delivery—airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

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**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD,** or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

**65 CHARMING COUNTRY INNS** from New England to California in complete Directory with location, rates, personal recommendations. 25 cents. The Berkshire Traveller, Box 286, Stockbridge, Massachusetts 01262.

**VIRGIN ISLANDS YACHT CHARTER.** My 41' Reliant auxiliary yawl is ready for active sailors or lazy escapists. Economy summer rates now in effect. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1902

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

**By Thomas H. Middleton**

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. General who accepted Cornwallis' sword at Yorktown | 44 48 76 133 141 156 175 |
| B. It contains the D region, E region, and F region | 183 192 6 11 22 88 94 98 111 132 |
| C. Of very little importance | 138 153 161 201 59 61 79 119 |
| D. 2nd man to go into orbital space flight | 122 128 147 157 31 |
| E. Ceremonial drink | 67 68 83 95 103 106 110 114 |
| F. 3 wds. after *The*, followed by WORD G: poem by Keats | 136 72 85 90 127 146 151 |
| G. See WORD F | 174 178 189 3 39 |
| H. "The———Tale": Canterbury Tale about Chanticleer and the fox (2 wds.) | 55 78 118 137 9 20 41 71 100 109 160 |
| I. Sinclair Lewis novel | 162 179 190 205 194 5 23 43 139 |
| J. Transatlantic harbor of County Cork | 165 195 35 40 |
| K. Improved | 82 87 104 129 167 19 49 66 77 149 38 |
| L. Coin-shaped | 121 142 180 62 158 168 16 50 |
| M. Slightly mad | 193 8 13 17 144 150 169 |
| N. "Brother" played by Edward G. Robinson in 1940 | 24 65 185 198 57 105 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. Slovenly, unkempt, broken-down | 140 155 204 29 4 14 112 |
| P. Italian composer and teacher (1846-1916; "Serenade", "Goodbye") | 159 36 46 81 86 |
| Q. Semitone (2 wds.) | 166 181 84 42 52 197 27 91 |
| R. Corrigenda | 92 99 164 184 202 28 |
| S. Jabbed; incited | 97 196 54 115 126 152 30 |
| T. First baseball commissioner | 170 32 125 176 101 116 |
| U. Goa powder | 34 69 186 203 64 58 113 |
| V. Highest peak of the Segura Mts., Spain | 199 45 187 135 117 |
| W. ———Moreland: "Birmingham" in the Charlie Chan series | 130 145 182 1 124 37 |
| X. Great wizards | 188 70 7 2 171 63 21 25 51 80 |
| Y. 3 wds. followed by *hill*: children's game | 172 120 191 33 134 12 10 131 73 |
| Z. "O God within my breast, /Almighty, ——— Deity!" (comp.; Brontë, "Last Lines") | 15 123 163 93 53 74 173 47 177 154 18 |
| $Z^1$ Feels indignation at | 89 75 102 60 107 206 96 |
| $Z^2$ Makes a rustling or murmuring sound | 56 200 26 143 148 108 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes, one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

| | | | 1 W | 2 X | 3 G | | 4 O | 5 I | 6 B | 7 X | 8 M | 9 H | 10 Y | | 11 B | 12 Y | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 M | 14 O | 15 Z | | 16 L | 17 M | 18 Z | 19 K | 20 H | | 21 X | 22 B | | 23 I | 24 N | 25 X | 26 $Z^2$ | 27 Q |
| | 28 R | 29 O | 30 S | | 31 D | 32 T | 33 Y | 34 U | 35 J | 36 P | 37 W | 38 K | | 39 G | 40 J | 41 H | 42 Q |
| 43 I | 44 A | 45 V | 46 P | 47 Z | | 48 A | 49 K | 50 L | 51 X | 52 Q | 53 Z | 54 S | 55 H | 56 $Z^2$ | 57 N | 58 U | 59 C |
| 60 $Z^1$ | | 61 C | 62 L | 63 X | 64 U | 65 N | 66 K | 67 E | | 68 E | 69 U | 70 X | 71 H | 72 F | 73 Y | 74 Z | 75 $Z^1$ |
| 76 A | 77 K | | 78 H | 79 C | 80 X | 81 P | 82 K | 83 E | 84 Q | 85 F | | 86 P | 87 K | 88 B | 89 $Z^1$ | 90 F | 91 Q |
| 92 R | 93 Z | | 94 B | 95 E | 96 $Z^1$ | | 97 S | 98 B | 99 R | 100 H | 101 T | 102 $Z^1$ | 103 E | 104 K | 105 N | | 106 E |
| 107 $Z^1$ | | 108 $Z^2$ | 109 H | 110 E | 111 B | 112 O | | 113 U | 114 E | 115 S | | 116 T | 117 V | 118 H | 119 C | | 120 Y |
| 121 L | | 122 D | 123 Z | | 124 W | 125 T | 126 S | | 127 F | 128 D | 129 K | 130 W | | 131 Y | 132 B | | 133 A |
| 134 Y | 135 V | 136 F | 137 H | | 138 C | 139 I | 140 O | 141 A | 142 L | 143 $Z^2$ | 144 M | | 145 W | 146 F | | 147 D | 148 $Z^2$ |
| 149 K | | 150 M | 151 F | 152 S | 153 C | 154 Z | 155 O | 156 A | | 157 D | 158 L | 159 P | 160 H | 161 C | 162 I | 163 Z | 164 R |
| | 165 J | 166 Q | 167 K | 168 L | 169 M | 170 T | 171 X | 172 Y | 173 Z | | 174 G | 175 A | 176 T | | 177 Z | 178 G | 179 I |
| 180 L | 181 Q | 182 W | 183 B | 184 R | 185 N | 186 U | 187 V | | 188 X | 189 G | 190 I | | 191 Y | 192 B | 193 M | | 194 I |
| 195 J | 196 S | 197 Q | 198 N | 199 V | | 200 $Z^2$ | 201 C | | 202 R | 203 U | 204 O | 205 I | 206 $Z^1$ | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.



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# In Lexington, Mass., there's a service station

Lexington, Massachusetts, is rich in colonial history. 200 years ago, the great and near great swept through Lexington. Men like George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

And on practically every corner stands a landmark, or a famous colonial home. The Hancock-Clarke house built in 1698. The old Monroe Tavern on Massachusetts Avenue, where George Washington was wined and dined in 1789.

The people of Lexington are deeply committed to their heritage. And, needless to say, they wanted to preserve it. Thus, when Shell arrived in Lexington to redesign a service station, some questions were raised. The people feared a station that would be a complete contradiction to their community. Its character and its history.

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# f the people, by the people and for the people.

But their fears were unnecessary. Shell engineers ıbmitted a number of pleasing designs to the town's istorical Architectural Board. And the people on the oard selected one.

The result: Shell has a thriving, attractive station. 'ith a portico and a quaint belfry. And the people of exington have a station that blends in with the town's story and its scenery.

Shell, as a company, is committed to enhancing the environment. Not detracting from it. That's why our new stations are specifically designed to blend in. Older ones are remodeled. Dilapidated ones, torn down.

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SHELL

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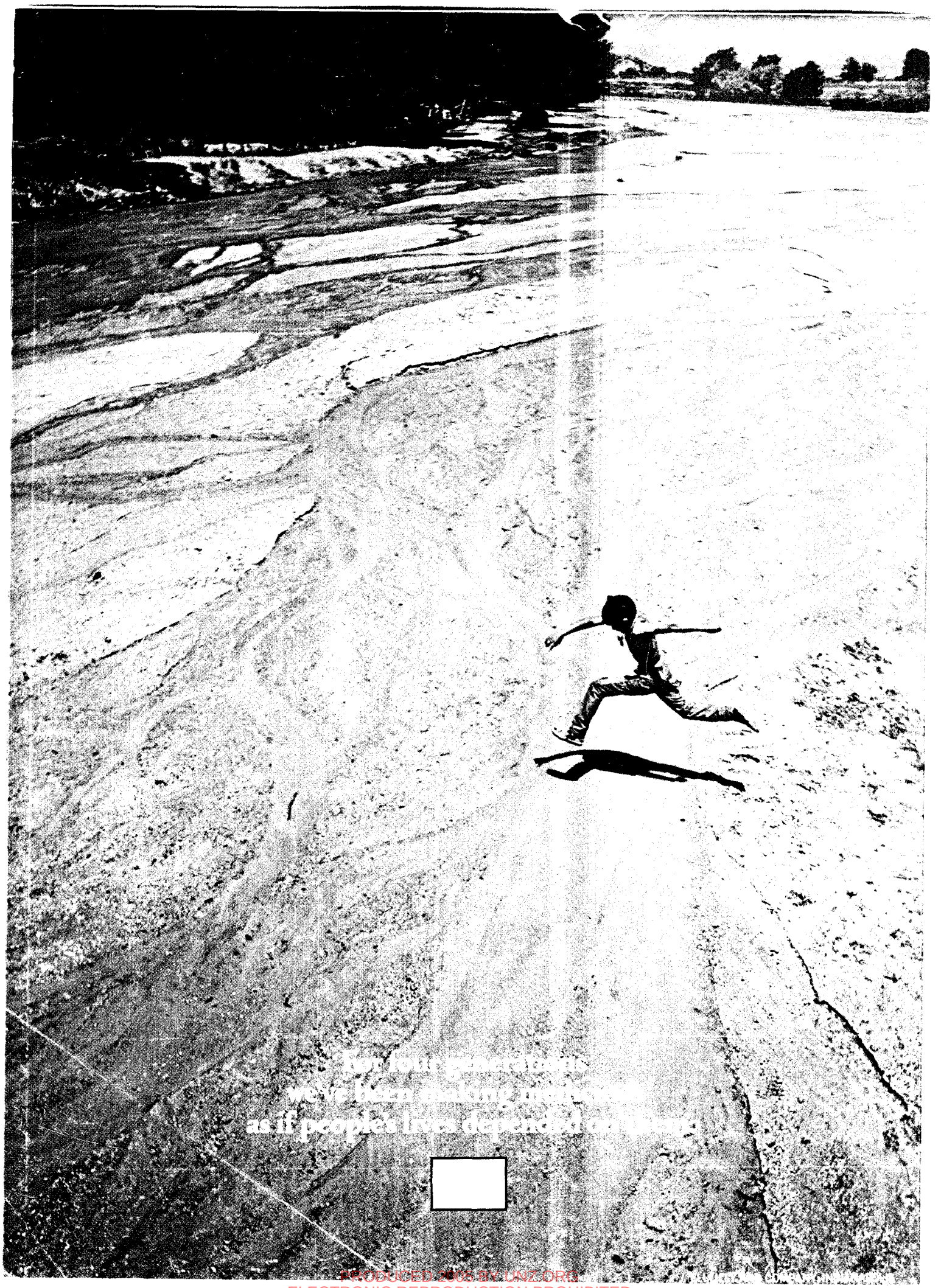

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